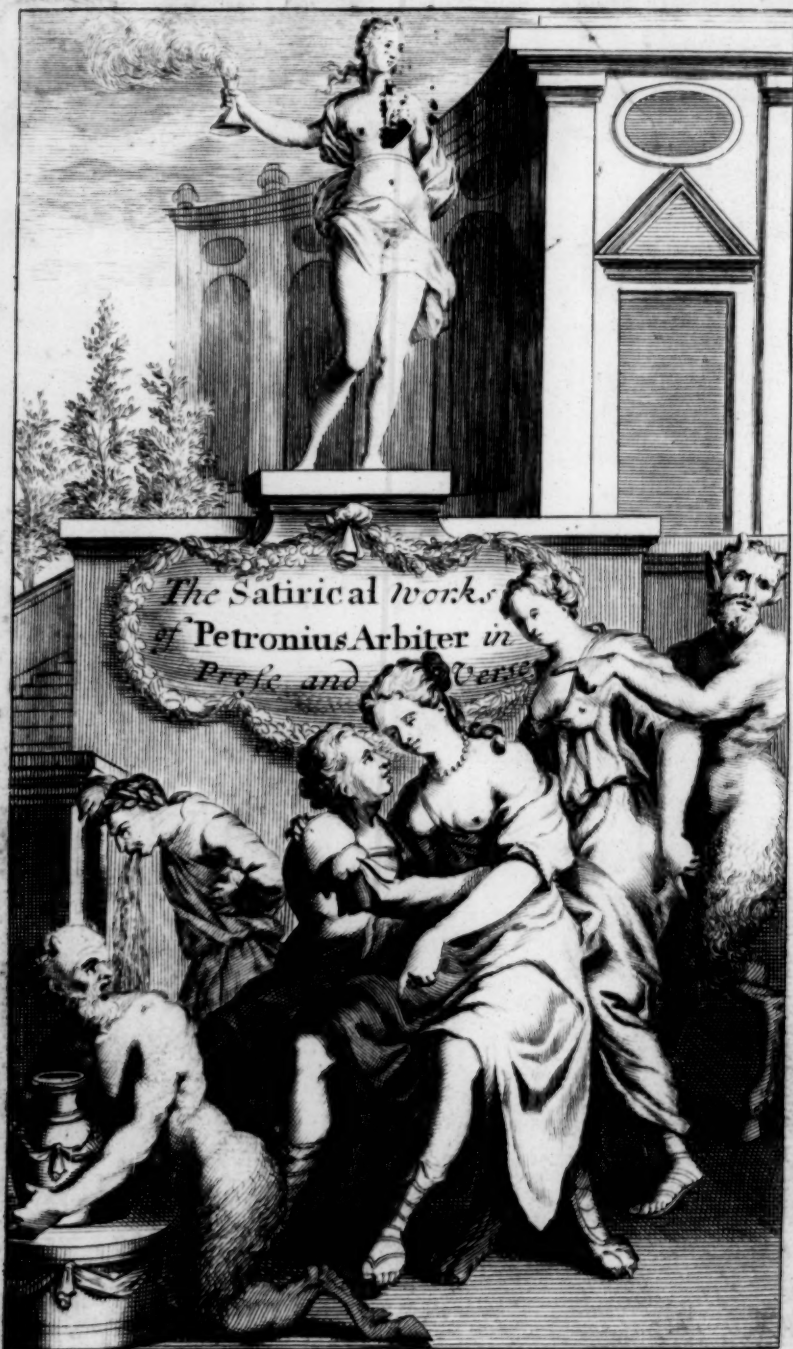
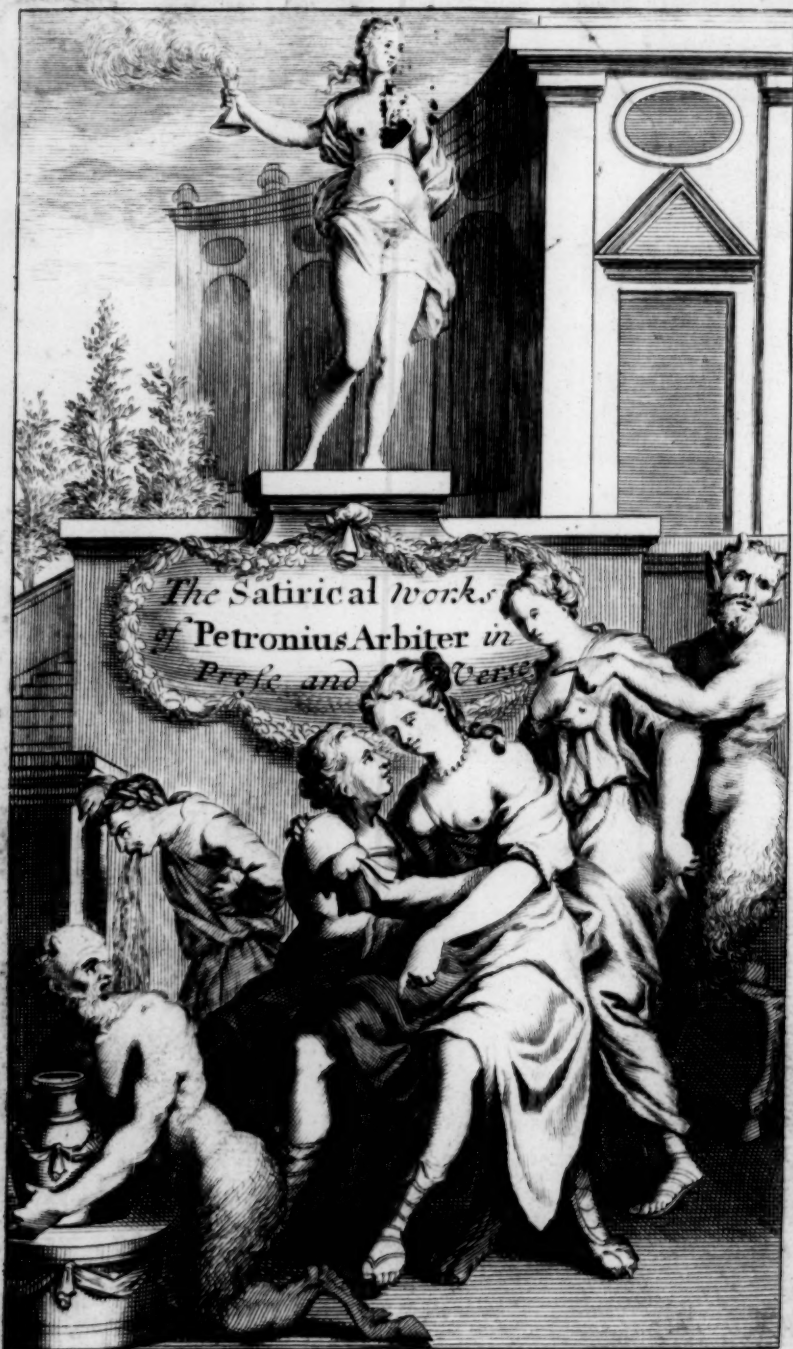




J. Knight delin.

M. V. G. G. sculp.



J. Knight delin.

M. V. G. G. sculp.

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THE
WORKS
OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER,

Translated by several Hands.

With a KEY by a Person of Honour,

AND ALSO

HIS LIFE and CHARACTER,

By Monsieur St. EVREMONT.

The Fourth Edition.

To which is added,

Some other of the ROMAN POETS, viz. *Catullus, Tibullus* and *Propertius*. And Translations from the GREEK of *Pindar, Anacreon* and *Sappho*.

With a Poem on *TELEMACHUS*,

Ry the Duke of DEVONSHIRE;

And an ESSAY on POETRY, by

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

The whole Adorn'd with CUTS.

LONDON, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by
W. Taylor in *Pater-noster-Row*, *W. Brand* and *J. Kent*, *Temple-Gate*; *J. Graves* in *St. James's-Street*. 1714.

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THE PREFACE.



Concerning the Difficulty of Translating this Author I shall say nothing, tho' the French Translator has bestow'd half his Preface to enforce it, because if the Difficulty was greater than the Undertakers could well go through with, or vanquish with Reputation, the Infamy is not lessen'd, but their Folly much magnify'd. Besides, this Version has already been receiv'd with such success, that the Bookseller has thought it worth his while to venture a new Impression, by several Hands: In short, both the Prose and Verse is so much improv'd, that this may justly be said to be wholly new; besides a Third Part never before made English.

Having said in few words all that was necessary as to the Translation, I shall come to the main point of this Prælude, which is, to remove some Reflections on the Original;

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and to give some few Remarks upon its Author.

There are some People that are prepossess'd with a Prejudice against the Works of Petronius Arbitr, not from their own Reading, or Knowledge of the Matter, but from a sort of traditional Calumny, that the Devotees have rais'd against him. But such I desire to peruse the Life of Petronius without prejudice, and what I here shall offer in his Defence against those Censures which unfair Criticks or gross Ignorance have laid upon him.

We have nothing to fear from any Charge on the Defect of his Wit, and the Purity of his Stile, his Fame for that is but too well establish'd all Europe over, and his Party every where too numerous to apprehend an Attaque from that side, for I may venture to assert, that Petronius is not much less admir'd now, than he was in ancient Rome; for our Age, by an admirable circulation of Temper, has very much of that of the time in which our Author liv'd, and of which he has left us so agreeable a Draught.

This general Inclination to Petronius is not confin'd to those learned Men of my Acquaintance, but reaches all such who have ever discover'd any just claim to Knowledge
and

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and a good Taste; because there is a sort of particular Sympathy betwixt those Persons of Quality who love Petronius, and the Knowledge of the Belle Lettres. For he, of all the Ancients, seems only to have known, and to have had a Taste of that true Gallantry, which at this time finishes the Character of Politeness. With such Address he attacks the Defects of the Understanding and Wit, or the Frailties of the Heart, in that Painting which he has left us of the Manners of his Age, that he every where keeps up his Force and Energy, according to the different Characters of his Persons introduc'd. These and his other admirable Qualities gave him such a Value with the Prince of Conde, a Man of Spirit and Wit, that he maintain'd several Learned Gentlemen to read Petronius to him.

But to omit nothing that is necessary to compleat the Defence of our Author, we must enquire further than in his Life, into the Spirit with which he wrote this Satyr, what Design he had, and how he has executed that Design. The Men of Wit among the Greeks and Romans always assum'd the Principle of that Sect of Philosophy

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which was most agreeable to his Temper and Genius. All the Authors that have wrote of Petronius, assure us, that he was of the Sect of Epicurus, which Opinion they found on several Passages of his Satyricon, which seem agreeable to the Doctrine of that Philosopher. But that is but a Problematick Opinion, for from the very same Reason we may conclude, that he was of all and every one of the Sects; because we find all their different Opinions in his Works: The only Proof this gives us, is, that his Wit lov'd to indulge it self with a Liberty in Writing.

But suppose that he was an Epicurean, we ought not to look on him with an Eye of that Injustice, which the Vulgar generally do on Epicurus himself, whose Sentiments are much more pure than is commonly imagin'd. The Morals of that Philosopher draw their Principles from Right Reason; and he was far from the usual imputed Absurdities of passing his Life in a perpetual Debauch: On the contrary, he observ'd such a severity in his Pleasures, in his Endeavours to deliver Mankind from the tyranny of the Passions, that Seneca was oblig'd to
say

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say much to the advantage of that Philosopher, That he had given his Followers not one Precept, but what was conformable to Honesty and Justice.

This Testimony which Seneca (who was himself a Stoic by Profession) gave him, was a Condemnation of the Sect opposite to Epicurus, and sufficiently discover'd their Vanity. For the Principles of the Stoics, which would be admirable in the Mouth of a Christian, are entirely ridiculous in that of those Philosophers: Nor can that Moral claim any Advantage, which dethrones, as I may say, the Divinity, and sets Man in the Seat of Jupiter; those who held, that Pain was a Good, and Pleasure an Evil, and who directed our whole Lives through Pain and Austerity, had only excessive Pride for their Virtue, and for their supream Good nothing but a vain Name, and Chimerical Glory: Instead of which, the Morals of Epicurus were founded on good Sense, which taught the Pagans, that the sovereign Good was to have a long Life with Indolence and Pleasure.

Since it is by no means reasonable to expect a Christian in the Person of Petronius, we

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ought to be satisfy'd if we find him an honest Pagan ; a Man of good Sense, who reason'd and liv'd according to the true Principles of Natural Knowledge, which leaves neither room for Hope or Transgression. The manner of his Death alone may justify this Opinion. His Death, indeed, is the most noble of any of all those, which Antiquity so much admires. In it you cannot find either Fear, or Affectation, Despair, or Pride. Tacitus, very near his time, describes him to us dying with the same Tranquility in which he liv'd. The Deaths of Socrates, and that of Cato of Utica, which are the two most celebrated of those Ages, in no measure approach that of Petronius. The great Philosophical Discourses which the first made, and the Treatise of the Immortality of the Soul, which the other more than once had recourse to, only shew us how they were oblig'd to put off that Terror, which their approaching Fates advanc'd.

It is remarkable, that Tacitus does not venture to say, that Petronius was a Voluptuary ; but only, that he adapted his Conduct to his desire of pleasing the Emperour ;
and

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and we can much less conclude, that his Manners were corrupt, because he drew the Debocheries of Nero and his Court. If we give our selves leave to reflect, that this manner of Writing was the Mode of the Age he liv'd in, and that he gave himself the Air of a severe Philosopher, who with Freedom lays open the Vices of his Times, and explains e'ry thing by its Name; as Cicero, in his familiar Epistles, says of the Stoics, Placet Stoicis suo quamque rem nomine appellare. And the same Custom in the greatest part of the Authors, who have wrote in his way, ought to convince Posterity, that they ought to entertain no suspicion of his Libertinism. Thus Martial says, Lasciva est nobis pagina vita proba, that if his Epigrams had the Air of Debochery, yet his Life was regular. And Catullus almost to the same purpose assures us.

Nam castum decet esse pium Poetam
Ipsam; Versiculis nihil necesse est.

*That it is of no manner of necessity
that the Poet's Verses be chaste, provided
his*

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his Life be so. And Petronius himself, being apprehensive that his Writings might incur some such Censures in his Time, prevents their Objection in a manner, that shou'd inform them, that he Wrote not by a Spirit of Corruption, but by the disgust of a Court Philosopher; who had been offended by the Disorders of the Emperour and his Favourites, whom he exposes to their own View in a most Satyrical manner. And this is so plain, that in his most lively Descriptions of their Debaucheries, he so qualifies and sweetens the Images by the Terms and Expressions, that at first Modesty cannot be shock by it; and he employs none of those gross Words which the Authors we have nam'd are e'ry where full of, and which the Latin Tongue allows a certain liberty of using, tho' the Modesty of our Language will not permit it.

Tho' Fulgentius tells us, that he wrote several Books, particularly one call'd Euscus or Eustois, a Tract against a certain Advocate, whom he calls Cerberus Forensis; and a Poem, entituled, Albucia, against his Rivals in a Lady of that Name, with whom he was very much in Love; but this Satyr
against

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against Nero is all that the injury of Times has left us. This way of agreeably mixing Prose and Verse was invented by Varro, which, as Aulus Gellius informs us, he call'd Menippean, from Menippus the Cynic Philosopher; because Menippus, before him had treated of things serious in a burlesque or bantering stile or manner. This kind was call'd mixt Satyr, to distinguish it from the Satyrs in equal Verse. We have seen in the foregoing Age, in France, a Menippean Satyr; an Author of that time having describ'd the Corruptions of the Court of Henry III. in an Allegoric History, call'd, The Isles of the Hermaphrodites.

It is therefore plain enough, that this Piece of Petronius is a Species of Roman Satyr, which gives us a Draught of Rome, or rather of the Court of Nero, of his proper Person, and loose and abandon'd Life. But Fortune permitting not this admirable Piece to come down to us entire, we have from time to time made new discoveries of parts of it; in short, this valuable Treatise came to us only by piece-meal; and we have had from pure Antiquity handed down to us only some particular Fragments, which were preserv'd by
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the Studios, selected out of such places as pleas'd them best. In process of time, about Forty or Fifty Years since, the Story of Trimalchio's Feast was made perfect by the Fragments found in Dalmatia; at last, at the taking of Belgrade, we got the rest, which made the whole Work compleat, as it now appears in the English Tongue.

Is there any thing among all the Latin Authors near so fine as the History of the Ephesian Matron? or any thing comparable to the Letters of Circe and Polyenos? or any thing better turn'd, or more gallant, than the Conversation and Address of that Lady, both in her Disappointment and Joy? And where can we find a Confidant more accomplish'd than Chrisis? She may be an Example to all her Profession even to our days. Her first Conversation with Polyenos is wonderfully ravishing, but the Simplicity and Naviety is not to be imitated.

All the Learned agree, That this Roman Satyr is in its kind the most valuable Remains of Antiquity. It is a surprizing thing to find what an extent of Wit the Author has discover'd; and how he has given us so many different Characters. When he is
Declaim-

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Declaiming, you see all the Air and Stile of a Declamator; when he Philosophizes, he is sententious, and gives us charming Moral Reflections; when he plays the Poet, we can find no Verses to compare with his. There never was a Rapsody so pleasantly put together, as whatever he puts into the Mouths of his Speakers: The Debochee e'ry where maintains his Character, and the Whores are always of a Piece: The Freedmen always speak like Men without Education; and the Slaves ne'r lift their Thoughts or Expressions above the humble level of their Condition: The Lovers speak with equal Gallantry and Tendernefs. In short, he sustains the Characters of all sorts of People with so universal a Genius, as Petronius Arbiter; and fills his Satyr with a vast variety of agreeable Images judiciously dispos'd.

After what we have said, it is no wonder to find so many Authors speaking of him with such Applause: We find Tacitus a true Judge of Merit, giving Petronius a great deal. Pliny, Terentianus Maurus, Plutarch, St. Jerome, Macrobius, Sidonius, Apollinaris, Isidore of Seville, Petrus Crinitus, Turne-

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Turnebius, Scaliger, Justus Lipsius, Casaubon, and many other Authors of the foremost Rank, have celebrated the Praises of Petronius Arbitrator.

Above thirty Grammarians of all Nations have made Comments upon this Satyr, tho' it must be freely own'd, that the greatest part of them have by no means been able to penetrate into the difficult places of him, which they have endeavour'd to explain; nay, they have render'd several of them more obscure than they found 'em in their Author: They often run their Conjecture so far, that like an Ignis fatuus, they but lead you quite out of your way.

There are another sort of Learned Men, who have taken a Fancy to prove, that the Petronius mention'd by Tacitus, was not the Petronius who wrote the Satyr under our consideration; and, that it was not wrote on the Court of Nero: But certainly these Men of Letters have suspended their Penetration while they have been reading this Author, when they cou'd doubt of a thing so evident as this; for we every where through the whole Satyr discover, and plainly see the agreement with the Manners of Nero, the Customs

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Customs of those Times. We here find Seneca, Lucan, Silia, and the Emperour's Freed-men. This you will more plainly see by the Key to the Names of the Persons of this Satyr. But Tacitus himself points out this Satyr, when he mentions the Book sent Nero by Petronius just before his Death; for he says, our Author describ'd under the borrow'd Names Debochees, abandon'd Women, and the Vices of that Prince; as is hinted in the Life of Petronius. As for his calling him C. Petronius, it was a Mistake of the first or later Transcribers, in putting a C, for a T, which is plain from a Passage of Plutarch to this purpose—
As whenever you reproach Debochees with their Infamy, as Titus Petronius did Nero. And by this other of Pliny——
Titus Petronius a Man of Consular Dignity, on the point of Death, by reason of the Hatred which Nero bore him. But we no where find any mention of two Petronius's in the time of that Emperor, and much less can we make two of the Name, who lost their Lives by the Hate of Nero. 'Tis therefore evident, that the Petronius mention'd by Tacitus was
Titus,

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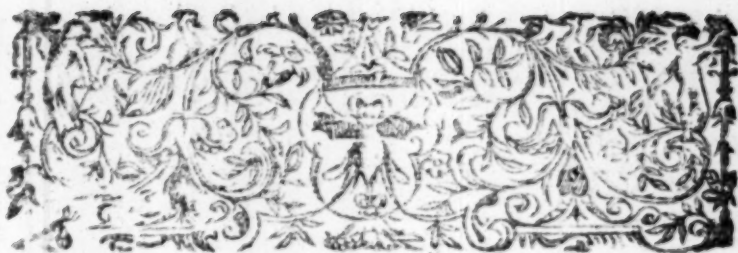
Titus, since it is confirm'd by Plutarch and Pliny.

But Petronius, and the Poets we have nam'd, are not the only People who have made use of such a liberty of Stile ; but we may justifie their Practice by the Example of many grave Authors, as the Mode of the Age. Let us cast an Eye to Suetonius, Dion Cassius, Lampridius, Orosius, Xiphilin, who all take a pleasure to paint in lively Colours the Vices of Nero, Domitian, Heliogabalus, all whose Pictures they have left us.

If I should push this Defence farther in this particular, it is no difficult matter to prove, that the very Fathers of the Church sometimes speak the same Language, and imploy such Figures, Images, and Expressions, as seem most proper to inspire a Horrour of Vice.

E Veneno Salus.

The



T H E
L I F E
O F
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Written by Monsieur St. Evremont;
Made English by Mr. Tho. Brown.

Thus Petronius was a Roman Knight, descended from that Branch of the Family of the *Petronius's*, which deriv'd their Original from the *Sabines*, and who gave so many great Men to the Service of the *Roman Republick*. We cannot doubt but he was brought up with the same prudent Care that they then employ'd at *Rome*, in the Education of Children of Quality, and that his Genius was continually exercis'd and cultivated in the attainment of polite Learning, even from his very Youth; for in those things the *Romans* were as strict and severe as the *Greeks*. *Petronius* himself was also naturally and more particularly inclin'd to the Study of good Literature; and it's appa-

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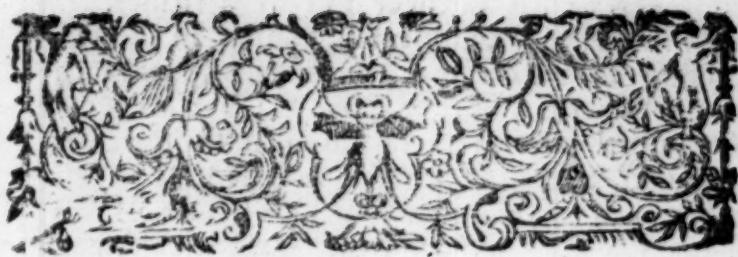
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L I F E
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PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Written by Monsieur St. Evremont;
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T*itus Petronius* was a Roman Knight, descended from that Branch of the Family of the *Petronius's*, which deriv'd their Original from the *Sabines*, and who gave so many great Men to the Service of the *Roman* Republick. We cannot doubt but he was brought up with the same prudent Care that they then employ'd at *Rome*, in the Education of Children of Quality, and that his Genius was continually exercis'd and cultivated in the attainment of polite Learning, even from his very Youth; for in those things the *Romans* were as strict and severe as the *Greeks*. *Petronius* himself was also naturally and more particularly inclin'd to the Study of good Literature; and it's appa-

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ent that he excell'd in it, by the Ingenuity and Politeness he has discover'd in his Writings.

When he had compleated himself in the first Rudiments in Learning, he made his appearance at the Imperial Court of *Claudius*; but his great Assiduity there was no Impediment to the chief design of perfecting himself in the Liberal Sciences, and therefore employ'd his leisure Hours in making *Declamations*, which was the custom of those times, in order to exercise and enable their young Men of the first Quality to speak in Publick, for which purpose they had Schools to Declaim in, and by this successful method, furnish'd themselves with so many famous Oratours, both in their *Senate* and *Armies*; to the great advantage of their Republick.

The Court of *Claudius* was then the very Seat or Mansion of Pleasures; for the Empress *Messalina* employ'd all her Cares and Thoughts to make it so, in accommodating it with all imaginable Delights and Recreations, which she more easily accomplish'd, by having a great Ascendant over the Person and Inclinations of the Emperor; for he being a weak Prince, comply'd with every thing, provided they accommodated him with a plentiful Table, for he was an extreme lover of good Eating, and of drinking Wine even to excess; and his Courtiers following the Example of their Prince, Debauchery was no less familiar with them.

Petronius becoming a Courtier under a Reign where the manner of living was agreeable to his Temper, he also became insensibly Voluptuous; tho' at the same time it was observ'd, that he took no delight in the brutal Pleasures of Love, like *Messalina*, nor in those of the Table and Drunkenness with *Claudius*; only in a gallant and delicate manner took a relish of both, rather to gratifie his Curiosity than his Senses. In this manner

manner he employ'd a part of the Day in Sleeping, and dedicated the whole Night to Pleasure and Business. His House was the Rendezvous of the better sort of the People of *Rome*: He pass'd away his time agreeably with those that visited him, and with others was celebrated for *Intrigues*. *Petronius* also procur'd himself a Reputation by an agreeable Employment, and in a method of acting easily, readily and freely, and his natural way of discoursing. One might then represent him in a continual exercise of Wit in Conversation, in the most charming Pleasures of the Table, publick Sights, Gaming, and in spending his Estate, not like a Prodigal and Debaoshee, but like a nice and learned Artist in the Science of Voluptuousness.

When *Petronius* had thus pass'd away his Youth, in a Life of so much Softness and Tranquility, he took a Resolution, to convince those that doubted of the extent of his Mind and Qualifications, that he was capable of the first and chiefest Employments in the Government; for putting an Interval to his Pleasures, he accepted the Office of *Pro-Consul* of *Bithynia*; went into that Province, where he discharg'd all the Duties of his Place with great Applause; but having put a period to that exercise of his Parts, and returning to *Rome*, *Nero*, who succeeded *Claudius* in the Empire, in recompence of the Services, made him *Consul*. This new Dignity gave him a great and ready Access to the Emperor, who at first honour'd him with his Esteem, and afterwards with his Friendship, in acknowledgment of the sumptuous Entertainments he sometimes gave that Prince, to refresh him when fatigued with Business.

The time of *Petronius's* Consulate being come to a Conclusion, after having laboured in quest of Glory, without quitting the Court, he reasum'd his first manner of living, and whether it proceeded from his own Inclination, or a desire to please *Nero*, he soon became one of the Emperor's Confidants, who could find nothing agreeable to his Humour, but what was approv'd by *Petronius*; and being thus possess'd of the Authority of deciding what might be acceptable, gave him the Surname of *Arbiter*, as being Master and Controller in those Affairs.

Nero, in the first part of his Reign, acted like a very wise Prince, and apply'd himself with care to the Government of the State: However *Petronius* remembred, that he was naturally inclin'd to Lust and Sensuality, and therefore like an able Politician, being in possession of his Prince's Mind, he season'd it with honest Delights, and procur'd him all the Charms imaginable, in order to remove the thoughts of seeking after others, which peradventure would have been more disorderly, and to be dreaded by the Republick.

Things continu'd in this posture while the Emperor kept within the bounds of Moderation, and *Petronius* acted chearfully under him, as *Intendant* of his Pleasures, ordering him Shows, Games, Comedies, Musick, Feasts, pleasant Seats in the Country, with delicious Gardens, charming Lakes, and all that might contribute towards the making of a Prince's Life happy and delightful.

But the Emperor some time after complying with his Nature, chang'd his Conduct, not only in respect of Governing the Empire, but also in relation to his own Person. He gave ear to the Counsels of others, rather than those of *Petronius*, insensibly plung'd into Debauchery, abandon'd himself

himself to his Passions, and became as morose and wicked a Prince, as before he had been pleasant and equitable.

Nero was a learned Prince, of which he had given sufficient Proofs from his Youth; for at Fifteen Years of Age he pleaded in the *Senate*, in his own Tongue, on behalf of the *Boulonnois*, and in Greek for the *Rhodians*; but his Knowledge was confus'd and much embarrass'd.

He also lov'd Men of Wit, and had Courtiers near him, who following the corruption of the Court, treated *Seneca* like a *Pedant*, and could not suffer that he should Preach to them the Exercise of Vertue and Modesty, because they had imbib'd an Opinion, that he himself did not live like a *Philosopher* in that particular.

Thus continuing frequently to ridicule him, it at length insinuated into the Emperor's Mind, and expos'd him to his Contempt, which being joyn'd with his own Knowledge of the unjust ways by which he had acquir'd the immense Riches he was possess'd of, his Contempt grew into Hatred, and his Hate at last caus'd the Ruin of *Seneca*.

And now indeed *Petronius* saw with sorrow, that the Emperor began to hide himself from him, and sometimes to shun him, and that, following his own corrupt Inclinations, he was grown utterly debauch'd, and forgot what he ow'd to his Imperial Dignity, that he would frequently run wild up and down the Streets, and into wicked Places, outraging all he met, and would also offer Violencies to *Roman Ladies* of the best Quality.

The Favour to which *Petronius* was rais'd had also drawn upon him the Jealousie of those who pretended, as well as he, to the Grace and Favour of the Prince, and, among others, that of *Tigellinus*, Captain of the Guards, who was a dan-

gerous Rival. This Man, of obscure Birth and corrupt Manners, had in a short time acquir'd a great power over the Emperor's Genius, and as he perfectly knew his blind side, began seriously to contrive the Ruin of his Competitor, and by such means, as 'twas thought would also have destroy'd the Empire.

The choice and delicious Pleasures invented by *Petronius* grated the gross Debauchés of *Tigellinus*, and foreseeing that the Credit *Pretronus* had with the Emperor would always be an Obstacle to his Designs, he therefore endeavour'd to possess himself of the Heart of the Prince; and finding himself prevail by degrees, he soon engag'd him in the foulest *Brutalities*.

It's true, 'twas no difficult thing to succeed in this attempt, for finding a Nature wholly dispos'd, he quickly, and with little trouble, seduc'd him to embrace such Pleasures, as were neither approv'd nor advis'd by *Petronius*, which were entirely dropt in order to remove his Rival; for *Nero* had already committed *Parricide*, by murdering his Mother, and no sooner hearken'd to the Persuasions of *Tigellinus*, but he signaliz'd his Power, by putting *Sylla* and *Rubellius Plautus* to death, who were both Persons dreaded by them for their celebrated Vertues, and being highly esteemed and in favour with the People. Afterwards, Fury and Brutality render'd themselves Mistresses of his Heart to such an excess, that all manner of Crimes were perpetrated by him.

When the Emperor had confirm'd himself in these Disorders, our ancient Favourite, by the Artifices of the new one, found himself almost without Employment near the Prince, and *Nero* himself could not endure so nice a Witness of his *Infamias*, nor give him so free an entrance into his Pleasures as he formerly enjoy'd.

Tigillinus serving himself of these Dispositions, omitted nothing that might satisfy the Desires of his Prince, by the magnificent Feasts he provided; and as his Rival (according to *Tacitus*) much surpass'd him in the Science of Pleasures, one might conclude, without fear of being deceiv'd, that those which *Petronius* order'd were of another nature, and had nothing of those disorders in them that were seen in one of the Feasts which that Historian relates as an Example of all the rest, which he describes in this manner: They provided a stately Feast on the Lake of *Agrippa*; in a Vessel cover'd with Plates of Gold and Ivory; the Rowers were plac'd in their Ranks, which they took according to their Age and Experience in Debauchery. They had sent to the very ends of the Earth for the rarest Eatables. The Lake was edg'd with Porches, in which were great numbers of Chambers, fill'd on one side with Women of Quality, who prostituted themselves to the first comers, and the other with naked Courtizans in a thousand lascivious postures; at Night appear'd in all parts surprizing Illuminations, the Woods and Palaces round about ecchoed with Consorts of Musical Instruments and Songs adapted to the Feast. To conclude this grand Debauch in a famous Action, *Nero* was married a little after, to one of the most corrupted Wretches of this Troop, named *Pythagora*, and that publickly, with all the accusom'd Ceremonies. They put upon the Emperor's Head the Espoused's Vail, sent him two *Auspices*, assign'd him the Marriage-Portion, adorn'd the Nuptial Bed, lighted Flambeaux, and to conclude the Marriage, permitted that to be seen to the open view of all the Company, which the Shades of Night hide from the Eyes in the most lawful Pleasures.

Petronius being extremely disgusted at the Horrors he saw, insensibly withdrew himself from Court, and being of a mild and unenterprising Nature, suffer'd things to run in the train they had form'd, without attempting to re-establish them in the Condition he had left them. I am of Opinion, it was about this time that he took his Pen in Hand to compose this *Satyre*, which so exactly represents the Nature and Character of *Nero* and under the Names of *Debauchees* and *Lewd Women*, decry'd all the Vices of this Prince and his Courtiers.

While *Petronius* liv'd in a retired Tranquillity, *Tigellinus* labour'd with all his power to destroy him, and take away his Rival from all possibility of re-ent'ring into favour; and knowing that the Prince's Nature was inclining to Cruelty, he insinuated, that *Petronius* was too familiar with *Scevinus*, not to be dipt in *Piso's* Conspiracy; and for that end having suborn'd one of *Petronius's* Slaves to swear against his Master, to deprive him of all means of justifying himself, they put the greatest part of his Domesticks in Prison.

Nero was well enough pleas'd to find an opportunity of losing a Man who was become a dead Weight upon his Affairs; for the Vicious cannot endure the presence of such Persons, whose sight reproaches them with their abominable Practices; therefore favourably receiv'd the Accusation against *Petronius*, and order'd him to be apprehended at *Cumæ*, when the Emperor made a Voyage thither, where he was one of the Company: But as it requir'd some time to deliberate, whether they ought to put a Man of his consideration to Death, without clearer Proofs of his being guilty of the Crimes he stood charg'd with; he was so extremely disgusted, and also weary of living under the Domination of such a detestable Prince, that

that seeing himself so long a time made the Sport of his Caprices, he resolv'd to *dye*. However, that he might not give himself a precipitate Death, he open'd his Veins, and afterwards clos'd them again, that he might have time to enjoy the Conversation of his Friends, who came to see him in his last Moments; whom he requested to entertain him, not with Discourses of the *Immortality of the Soul*, and the celebrated Axioms that the Pride of Philosophers had invented, to acquire Glory and a vain opinion of their Constancy, but with the recital of some curious Pieces of Poetry.

And to convince the Spectators that he did not *Dye*, but only cease to *Live*, he continu'd his ordinary Functions; took a particular account of the Demeanour of Domesticks; recompenc'd some of his Slaves, and chastis'd others; set himself as formerly at his Table, and also slept very quietly, insomuch, that he rather seem'd a Man in perfect Health than one that was dying; so that his Death, tho' *Violent*, appear'd to his Friends as if it had been *Natural*.

Now, as *Petronius* abhorr'd the People of *Nero's* and *Tigellinus's* Character; so he would never condescend to the baseness of imitating those Animals, who dying in these wretched Times by the order of this Prince, made him their Heir, and stuff'd their Testaments with *Elogies* on the Tyrant and his Favourite.

But on the contrary, being possess'd of a *Goblet* of precious Stones, which cost him above 2000 Pistoles, and out of which he commonly drank, he broke it to pieces, that *Nero* might not have it after his death; and after this, thought fit to present him this *Satyr*, writ against him, and having seal'd it up, tore off the Seal again, for fear (after his Death) they might employ it as an Instrument to destroy those in whose Hands it might be found.

This

This made *Nero* extremely chagrine, to see his infamous Actions made known to *Petronius*; and having levell'd his *Suspicion* upon all those who he thought might discover his Secrets, at last fix'd it upon the Wife of a *Senator*; named *Silia*, with whom he had been *too familiar*; but because she was also a great Friend of *Petronius's*, he imagin'd that, by a particular grief, she had hazarded a discovery of what had been more her Interest to conceal; upon which she was exil'd.

It was in the Year of the Foundation of *Rome* 819, (under the Consulate of *Caius Suetonius Paulinus*, and of *Lucius Pontius Telesinus*) that City lost so great a Person.

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Person of Honour.

E *Ncolpius*, a Word which takes its Original from the *Greek*, and signifies *Insinuate*. So *Petronius* nam'd this Person; because he related, from the beginning to the end, all the Adventures of this *Roman*, who frequently in his Morals insinuated the Horrour of Vice.

Ascylos, in *Greek*, signifies *Indefatigable*, a Name well adapted to this young Man, who was handsome, vigorous, and endow'd with the choicest Talents of Nature.

Gito, in the same Language, signifies *Neighbour*, a Term of Friendship, as if he had said, *my Inseparable*; for *Gito* did not abandon *Encolpius*, till he was forc'd by *Ascylos*.

These three Persons serve only to embellish the History, their Conduct is the Portraiture of the disorderly Life of young People. They were Associates in all sorts of Friponeries and Debaucheries, and wore the Habit of Philosophers to cover their designs.

Agamemnon, a Professor of Eloquence, whose Character is that of a true *Pedant*, and under his
Name,

A KEY.

Name, *Petronius*, who had in view all the Orators of his time, particularly designs *Seneca*, who was *Nero's Preceptor*, and a *Stoic Philosopher*; the same whom this Prince describ'd under the Name of *Trimalchio*, and whom he calls his *Master*, in the Feast he made for his Friends. The Author gives him the Name of a great King; peradventure in imitation of *Varro*, who has also describ'd a *Declamator* under the Name of *Agamemnon*; because *Homer*, the chief of the *Greeks*, harangues like an Orator. We see also that *Martial* has pointed another under the Name of King *Attalus*, and calls these publick *Haranguers*, proud Kings and Triflers; for really, in ancient Times, they often enough gave this Title to *Rhetoricians* by way of derision, to mock them out of the vain pomp of their affected Eloquence and swelling windy Style. So in some places we find *Seneca* preaching *Frugality* and *Poverty* in the midst of Riches and a plentiful Table, which was nothing less than appearing what he was not, as *Suillus* made apparent, when he accus'd him for taking Money to plead the Causes of his own Parties, in opposition to the *Cincian Law*. *Tacitus* also reproach'd him; That he had always a great Animosity against the Friends of *Claudius*. That his Studies being to promote insignificant Trifles, and to cajole young Scholars in their Ignorance, he env'y'd all those that were endow'd with a *Masculine uncorrupted Eloquence*, and employ'd it in defence of their fellow-Citizens. That he was made *Treasurer* of *Germanicus*, That he introduc'd *Adultery* into the Prince's Palace. That it was easie to judge which was most culpable, he that receiv'd a voluntary Recompence for his honest Industry; or he that labour'd to support unjust Causes at the Bar in Courts of Judicature, and corrupt Ladies of the first Quality. That it ought to be known, by what kind of Wisdom or Precepts of Philosophy, in only four

Years

A KEY.

Years time, he possess'd the Favour and Graces of Nero, and acquir'd three Millions of Riches. That he search'd all Rome for such as had no Children, to make them fall into the Snares he had laid, to oblige them to make their Testaments in his Favour. That by exorbitant Usury, he exhausted the Wealth of Italy and the Provinces, &c. I have, you see, been very particular, and have related these Passages almost entire, because the Author frequently insists upon them in many places of this Satyr, where occasionally he falls upon Seneca; which you will find at large in the Work it self.

Lycurgus a Roman Knight, Friend of Ascylos, whose House in the Country was pillag'd in a pleasant Adventure.

Quartilla, Priestess of Priapus.

Psyche, Waiting-woman to Quartilla. This word in Greek signifies the Soul, and was a Name of tenderness given to a Courtizan.

Pannychis, a little Girl, very pretty. The Name is Greek, and signifies Night, proper enough for Whores; because anciently the greatest Debaucheries were practis'd in the Night, and so it continues among the nicest sort of this Tribe to this day, and particularly at Rome.

The History of these three Adventurers comprehends Truths that are unknown to us. Their business is to give Diversion, to shew the Address, Effronteries; and Debaucheries of lewd Women.

Trimalchio is compounded of two Greek words and signifies in Latin, ter mollis, to express a Man consummated in all kinds of Debauchery. 'Tis, the Name of a Rich Freeman, who made a sumptuous Banquet; a vain Person, learn'd, but confus'd having his Wit cross-wise, and his Manners entirely corrupted. The Author purposely made this Hero ridiculous, and extremely loaded his Picture, that he might the more resemble Nero.

Bour-

A K E Y.

Bourdelot assures us, that anciently this Emperor was represented on *Medals* in these words, *C. Nero. August. Imp.* and on the reverse, *Trimalchio*, which according to the *Commentator*, shews how much they are deceiv'd, who pretended that *Petronius* describ'd *Seneca* under that Name. *Nero* is also represented under the Person of a *Franchise* or *Freed-man*, and that for two reasons. 1. Because he had a perfect conformity with the Vices of that sort of People. 2. To reproach him with the too great Familiarity he held with them: Which caus'd *Tacitus* to say, That *Franchis'd* Persons were never in so much Credit as under the Reign of *Nero*.

Fortunata Wife to *Trimalchio*. This Woman was of obscure Birth, and also had been a Slave; so that his marrying her was a reproach to himself.

Seleucus, Phileros, Ganymedes, Echion, Niceros, Plocrime, were a Troop of *Freed-men*, invited to a Feast by *Trimalchio*, which was never known in *Rome* before that time.

Norbanius, under this Name must be understood *Tigellinus*, Captain of *Nero's* Guards, and his Favourite.

Hermeros, a very impudent *Freed-man* of *Trimalchio's*.

Habinnas, an inferiour Magistrate, who, accompanied by his wife, went to *Trimalchio* at the latter end of the Repast, with attendance, and in the Majesty of *Prator*, as one who design'd to build a *Mausoleum*, of which he had laid the Plan according to his Genius: Which is a piquant piece of Raillery, design'd by the Author to scoff at *Nero's* intentions, to erect an Eternal Monument to his own Memory.

Scintilla, Wife of *Habinnas*, under which appellation you have a Character of those superficial Women, that have no solidity in them.

Eumol-

A K E Y.

Eumolpus, besides his being a Poet, and in a forlorn Equipage, was a great Debauchee, and had suffered many Disgraces under this Name; the Author represents the management of *Nero* in making Verses, in which he was so strongly conceited of his own Abilities, that he put to death all that succeeded in that Art, better than himself. Another End was, to give himself the liberty of representing *Nero* under different Characters, all ridiculous, and under different Names, the principal whereof were *Trimalchio*, *Eumolpus*, and *Polyanus*.

Cōrax, Servant to *Eumolpus*.

Lycas, Captain of the Ship, a very debauch'd Person, who provok'd the Anger of the Gods.

Doris, Wife of *Lycas* and Mistress of *Encolpius*.

Tryphana, a perfectly fine Courtizan, belov'd of *Lycas*, and to whom there happen'd pleasant Adventures with *Encolpius* and *Gito*.

Esius, a Passenger in the Ship commanded by *Lycas*, who caus'd all the troubles that beset them.

Polyanos, a Name taken by *Encolpius*, disguised like a Slave in *Crotona* under which Name *Petronius* describes an Adventure that happen'd to *Nero* with a Roman Lady. The Character of *Polyanos* is extremely fine, and might have done *Nero* honour, if the Author had not first represented him under the vile Person of a Slave, which part this Emperour often acted, in running about the Streets in the Night, and frequenting infamous Places, which shew'd his Impuissance, and doubtless, was a great mortification to him, to find his Weaknesses in this kind so openly discovered. Further we have reason to believe, that *Petronius* also shew'd how easily he cou'd embellish his Work, and do himself Honour by his excellent Wit, which shines in all these incomparable Descriptions.

Circe, a Lady of *Crotona*, amorous of *Polyanus*,
by

A KEY.

by whom it may be reasonably conjectur'd, that the Author would be understood of *Silia*, a Roman Lady, who was married to a Senator, and banish'd, as you heard already in the Life of *Petronius*, under suspicion of revealing *Nero's* Secrets, out of grief for what happen'd to the Author: For if this Prince drown'd in Debauchery, and who, without shame, made himself a Spectacle of contempt in the midst of *Rome*, could be concern'd to see his Pleasures turn'd to Ridicule in this Satyr; there is great appearance, that the Picture of his Weakness in this Instance touch'd him most sensibly; and by consequence, that the Adventure had rather relation to *Silia*, than any other.

Chrysis, Waiting-woman to *Circe*, and her Confident. This Name is Greek, and signifies *Dorea*, or *Fine*; an Epithet given to *Venus*, and was voluntarily taken by the ancient Courtizans.

Profelenos, a Sorcerer, that *Chrysis* led to *Polyxenos*.

Enothea, a Priestess of *Priapus*.

Philumena, another Lady of *Crotona*, who sometimes serv'd her self of her Beauty to get Visitors, and upon the Reputation of *Eumolpus's* being rich presented him with her Son and Daughter, who were both very young and very handsome, that they might profit by his good Instructions. Under his Name *Eumolpus*, *Petronius* describes *Nero's* *Novitates Stupri*, as *Tacitus* says, new-invented ways of Whoring and Filthiness.

The Places where these Adventures pass'd, are *Naples* and *Crotona*, under whose Names the Author chose to draw the natural Portraiture of *Rome*.

THE



THE
WORKS
OF

Petronius Arbiter,

A ROMAN Knight.

In PROSE and VERSE;

WITH

The Fragments recover'd at *Belgrade*
in the Year 1688.

Made English by Mr. WILSON of the Middle-
Temple, and several others.

I Formerly promis'd you an Account of my Adventures, and am now resolv'd to be as good as my Word, being opportunely met; not only to improve our Learning, but to make merry with pleasant Tales, and a free Conversation.

B

Fabritius

Fabricius Vejento has already, with a world of Wit, expos'd the Juggle of Religion, and withal discover'd with what Impudence and Ignorance *Priests* pretend to be inspir'd: But are not our wrangling Pleaders possess'd with the same Frenzy, who harangue their Audience? These Wounds I receiv'd in defence of your Liberty; this Eye was lost in your Service; give me a Hand to lead me to my Children, for my wounded Hams are too feeble to support me.

Yet even this might pass for tolerable, did it put young beginners in the least way to well-speaking: Whereas now, what with the irregular swelling of Matter, and the empty rattling of Words, they only gain this, That when they come to appear in publick, they think themselves in another World. And therefore I look upon the young fry of Collegiates as likely to make the most promising Blockheads, because they neither hear nor see any thing that is in use amongst Men: But a company of Pirates with Chains on the shoar; Tyrants issuing Proclamations to make Children kill their Fathers; the Answers of Oracles in a Plague-time; that three or more Virgins be sacrific'd to appease the angry Gods; dainty fine Words without any Substance, like a Dish prettily garnish'd without any Meat in it, and every thing so done, as if 'twere all Spice and Garnish.

Such as are thus bred can no more judge aright, than those that live in a Kitchen not stink of the Grease: Give me, with your favour,

your, leave to say, 'twas you first lost the good Grace of Speaking; for with light idle gingles of Words, to make sport, you have brought Oratory to this, That the substance thereof is become invalid and effeminate.

Our Youth were not confin'd to this way of declaiming when *Sophocles* and *Euripides* influenc'd the Age: Nor yet had any Garret-Professor debauch'd their Studies, when *Pindar* and the nine *Lyrick* Poets durst not attempt the inimitable Numbers of *Homer*: And that I may not derive my Authority from Poets only, 'tis certain neither *Plato* nor *Demosthenes* ever put in practice these affected Declamations. Their chaste Orations were neither turgid, painted, or adulterate, but had all the Ornaments and Charms of a Natural Beauty.

This windy and irregular way of babbling came lately out of *Asia* into *Athens*; and having, like some ill Planet, blasted the aspiring Genius of their Youth, at once corrupted and put a period to all true Eloquence.

After this, Who came up to the height of *Thucydides*? Who reach'd the Fame of *Hyperrides*? Nay, there was hardly a clean Verse, but all were of the same strain, and died with their Author. Painting also had the same fate, after the boldness of the *Egyptians* ventur'd to bring so great an Art into Miniature.

At this and the like rate I was upon a time declaiming, when one *Agamemnon* made up to us, and looking sharply on a Person

whom the Mob with such diligence gave attention to, he would not suffer me to declaim longer in the Portico, than he had sweated in the School; " But, young Man, " said he, because your Discourse is beyond " the common apprehension, and, which is " not often seen, that you are a lover of " Understanding, I won't deceive you: The " Masters of these Schools are not to blame, " who think it necessary to be mad with " mad Men: For unless they teach what " their Scholars approve, they might, as " *Cicero* says, keep School to themselves: " like flattering Parasites, who when they " come to great Mens Tables, study nothing more than what they think may be " most agreeable to the Company, (being " sensible they shall never effect their Designs, unless they first charm the Ear) " so a Master of Eloquence, Fisherman-like, " unless he first baits his Hook with what " he knows the Fish will bite at, may wait " long enough on the Rock without hopes " of catching any thing.

" Where lies the Fault then? Parents " ought to be sharply reprehended, who are " unwilling their Children should observe a " strict Method in their Studies; but in this, " as in all things else, they are so fond of " making a Noise in the World, and in such " haste to arrive at their Wishes, that they " hurry Youth into the Publick e're they " have well digested what they have read, " and put Children, before they are past " their

“ their Sucking-bottle, into the Lists of Elo-
 “ quence; than which, by their own Con-
 “ fession, nothing is harder to attain:
 “ Whereas if they would suffer them to
 “ come up by degrees, that their Studies
 “ might be temper’d with grave Lectures;
 “ their Affections fashion’d by the Dictates
 “ of Wisdom; that they might work them-
 “ selves into a Mastery of Words; and
 “ for a long time hear, what they’re in-
 “ clin’d to imitate, nothing that pleas’d
 “ Children wou’d be admir’d by them.
 “ But now Boys trifle in the Schools, young
 “ Men are laugh’d at in Publick, and,
 “ which is worse than both, what ill Ha-
 “ bits are foolishly assum’d in Youth, we
 “ refuse to acknowledge in Age.
 “ And that I may not be thought to
 “ have condemn’d *Lucilius’s* manner of Wri-
 “ ting, I will also my self give you my
 “ Thoughts in Verse.

*By Liberal Arts would you acquire Renown,
 And rise to Power by Honours of the Gown?
 Striçt in your Life, of Conversation chaste,
 Far from the Court with just precaution haste,
 The Haughty Great but very rare attend,
 Nor drink too deeply to oblige a Friend.
 Let no soft Vows your blooming Youth engage,
 And flye the luscious Accents of the Stage,
 Whether the Bard of fair Briseis Sings,
 Of stern Pelides and the Fate of Kings,*

Or wounded Gods, the immortal Verse inspire
 Atrides Wrongs, or burnt Scamander's Ire :
 Let Homer's Muse your early Studies guide,
 And largely drink of that enchanting Tide.
 Next let Philosophy employ your Thought,
 And Maxims learn the Wise Athenian * taught.
 From thence——

A fresh Career, with rapid Courses run,
 And equal him † oppos'd great Philip's Son.

While I was wholly taken up with *Agamemnon*, I did not observe how *Ascylos* had given me the slip, and being still intent upon his Discourse, a great crowd of Scholars fill'd the Portico, to hear, (as it appear'd afterwards) an extemporary Declamation, of I know not whom, that was descanting on what *Agamemnon* had said; while therefore they ridicul'd his Advice, and condemn'd the method of the whole, I took an opportunity of getting from them, and ran in quest of *Ascylos*: But the hurry I was in, with my ignorance where our Inn stood, so distracted me, that what way soever I went, I return'd the same, till tir'd in the pursuit, and all in a sweat, I met an old Herb-woman: I beseech you Mother, says I, do you know whereabouts I dwell? Pleas'd with the humour of the question, Why should I not? answer'd she; and rising up, went on before me: I

‡ Socrates. † Demosthenes.

thought her no less than a Witch: But having led me into a bye Lane, she threw off her Pyebal'd Patch'd Mantle, *and here, says she, you can't want a Lodging.*

As I was denying I knew the House, I observ'd a company of *Beaux* reading the Bills o'er the Boxes, on which was inscrib'd the Name of the respective Whore and her Price; and others of the same Function naked, scuttling it here and there, as if they would not, yet would be seen: When too late I found my self in a Bawdy-house, cursing the Hag that had trapan'd me thither, I cover'd my Face, and was just making off through the midst of them, when in the very Entry *Ascylltos* met me, but as tired as my self, and in a manner dead; you'd have sworn the same old Woman decoy'd him there. I could not forbear laughing, we saluted each other, and I ask'd him what business he had in so scandalous a place? he wip'd his Face, *And if you knew, reply'd he, what has happen'd to me——* As what, says I.

He faintly reply'd; *When I had rov'd the whole City without finding our Inn, the Master of this House came up to me, and obligingly proffer'd to be my Guide; so through many a cross Lane and blind turning, having brought me to this House, he drew upon me, and press'd to a closer Ingagement. In this Affliction the Whore of the Cell also demanded a Reward for the use of her Apartment; and that loose Fellow laid such violent Hands on me, that had I not been too strong for him, I had got the worst of it.*

While *Ascylos* was telling his Tale, in come the same Fellow, with a Woman, none of the least agreeable, and looking upon *Ascylos*, entreated him to walk in and fear nothing, for if he would not be Passive he might be Active: The Woman on the other hand press'd me to go in with her. We follow'd therefore, and being led among those little Apartments, we saw many of both Sexes imploy'd in the Boxes, * so that we concluded all of them had drank a Love Potion. *

We were no sooner discover'd, but they wou'd have attack'd us with the like Impudence, and in a trice one of their number with his Coat tuck'd under his Girdle, laid hold on *Ascylos*, and having thrown him cross a Couch, would have charg'd him in the rear: I presently ran to help the undermost, * and uniting our forces, we made Nothing of the troublesome Fool *. *Ascylos* went off, and flying, left me expos'd to their Violence; but thanks to my Strength and Courage, I got off without Injury.

I had almost travers'd the City round,* when in the dusk of the Evening I saw *Gito* at the Bench of our Inn *; I placed my self by him, and enquir'd what *Ascylos* had got us for Dinner? the Boy sitting down, began to wipe away the Tears that stood in his Eyes; I was much concern'd at it, and ask'd him the occasion; he was slow in his answer, and seem'd unwilling to inform me; but mixing Threats with my Entreaties; *Twas that Brother or Comraogue of yours*, said he, *that com-*
ing

ing ere while into our Lodging, wou'd have violated my Virtue: When I cry'd out, he drew his Sword, and if thou art a Lucrece, said he, thou hast met a Tarquin.

I heard him, and pointing at *Ascylos*, what say'st thou, thou Catamite, whose very Breath is infectious?

Ascylos at first pretended to be mightily surpriz'd, but presently putting my Hand aside, in a higher Voice, cry'd out, *Must you be prating, thou Lascivious Cut-throat, *, who was condemn'd for murdering thine Host *, and sav'd only by the breaking of the Rope? You make a noise, you Night-Pad, whose top Mistriss was but a Bawd. On what account did you and I keep Company formerly? Upon the same, I suppose, the Boy is admitted the honour of your Conversation.*

And who but you, interrupted I, gave me that slip in the Portico? *Why, what a wise Man of Gotham, continu'd he, must I have been, when I was dying for hunger, to hear Sentences, forsooth, as much to the purpose as the rattling of broken Glasses, or the expounding of Dreams? by Hercules, thou wert by much the greater Rogue of the two, who to get a meals Meat, did not blush to commend an insipid Poet. When at last, turning from Scolding to Laughing, we began to be in a better humour, and to talk of our Affairs with a little more sedateness.*

But a sense of the late Injury still sticking in my Stomach, *Ascylos, said I, I find we shall never agree together, therefore let's divide the common Stock, and each of us set up for himself: You are a piece of a Scholar,*
and

and I'll be no hinderance to your Projects, but think of some other way; for otherwise we shall run into a thousand Mischiefs, and become scandalous all over the Town.

Ascyrtos was not against the Project; *And since we have promis'd*, said he, *as Scholars, to sup together, let's husband the Night too; and to morrow I'll get me a new Lodging, and some Comrade or other.*

'Tis Nonsense, said I, to defer what we desire: I had for a considerable time Intentions to part with *Ascyrtos*, looking upon him as a Person who too narrowly observ'd my Actions; but a stronger Motive to it was, that I might renew my old friendship with *Gito*.

Ascyrtos taking the Affront, impatiently, without answering, flew away in a fury: I was too well acquainted with the weakness of his Mind, and the violence of his Love, not to fear the effects of so sudden a breach, and therefore made after him, both to observe his Designs and to prevent them; but losing sight of him, I was a long time in pursuit of him to no purpose.

When I had search'd the whole Town, I return'd to my Cellar, where, the Ceremony of Kisses being over, I got my Boy to a closer Embrace, and enjoying my wishes, thought my self happy even to Envy: Nor had I done when *Ascyrtos* stole to the Door, and forcing the Bolt, found us diverting our selves; upon which, clapping his Hands, he fell a laughing, and turning me about; *What*, said he, *most reverend Gentleman, what*
were

were you doing, my brother in Iniquity? Nor was he content with Words only, but untying the Thong that bound his Wallet, he belabour'd me heartily, and mingling Reproaches with his Blows, As you like this, desire a second parting.

Being thus surprized, I took little notice of the Injury, but politickly turn'd it off with a laugh; for otherwise I must have come to an Engagement with my Rival: Whereas sweetning him with a counterfeited Mirth, I brought him also to laugh for company: *And you, Eucolpius, began he, are so wrapt in Pleasures, you little consider how short our Money grows, and what we have left will turn to no account: There's nothing to be got in Town this Summer-time, we shall have better luck in the Country; let's visit our Friends.*

Necessity made me approve his Advice, as well as conceal the smart of the Lash; so loading Gito with our Baggage, we left the City, and went to the House of one *Lycurgus*, a Roman Knight; who, because *Ascyrtos* had formerly been his Comrade, entertain'd us handsomely; and the Company we met with in the place, made our Entertainment the more agreeable: For, first there was *Tryphena*, a very beautiful Woman, who came with one *Lycas*, the owner of a Ship, and Master of a small Seat that lay contiguous to the Sea.

The Delight we receiv'd in this place was more than could be exprest, tho' *Lycurgus's*

' *curgus's* Table was thrifty enough, you must
 ' know we were all promiscuously employ'd
 ' in Affairs of Love: The fair *Tryphæna* pleas'd
 ' me, and readily inclin'd to my wishes;
 ' but I had scarce given her the Courtesie
 ' of the House when *Lycas* storming to be
 ' thus nickt in his Amours, accus'd me at
 ' first of underhand-dealing; but soon from
 ' a Rival addressing himself as a Lover, he
 ' pleasantly told me, I must repair his Dama-
 ' ges; and ply'd me hotly: But *Tryphæna* ha-
 ' ving my Heart, I could not lend him an
 ' Ear. The refusal made him the sharper; he
 ' follow'd me wherever I went, and getting
 ' into my Chamber at Night, when Entreaty
 ' did no good, he fell to downright Violence;
 ' but I rais'd such an out-cry, that I wak'd
 ' the whole House, and by the help of *Ly-
 ' curgus*, got rid of him for that time.

' At length perceiving *Lycurgus's* House
 ' was not for his purpose, he would have
 ' persuaded me to his own; but I rejecting
 ' the proffer, he made use of *Tryphæna's* pow-
 ' er over me; and she the rather persuaded
 ' me to yield to him, because she was in hopes
 ' of living more at liberty there. I follow'd
 ' therefore whither my Love conducted me;
 ' but *Lycurgus* having renew'd his old Con-
 ' cern with *Ascylos*, would not suffer him to
 ' absent himself: At last we agreed, that he
 ' shou'd stay with *Lycurgus*, and we go with
 ' *Lycas*: Moreover it was concluded, that e-
 ' very one of us, as opportunity offer'd, should
 ' pilfer what he could for the benefit of the
 ' common Stock.

' *Lycas*

‘ *Lycas* was overjoy’d at my Consent, and
 ‘ so hastned our departure, that, taking leave
 ‘ of our Friends, we arriv’d at his House the
 ‘ same Day.

‘ But in our Passage he so order’d the mat-
 ‘ ter that he sat next me, and *Tryphena* next to
 ‘ *Gito*, which he purposely contriv’d, to shew
 ‘ the notorious Lightness of that Woman;
 ‘ nor was he mistaken in her, for she pre-
 ‘ sently grew amorous of the Boy: I was
 ‘ quickly jealous, and *Lycas* so exactly re-
 ‘ mark’d it to me, that he soon confirm’d my
 ‘ suspicion of her. On this I began to be
 ‘ more condescending to him, which made
 ‘ him all Joy, as being assur’d the Unwor-
 ‘ thiness of my new Mistress wou’d beget my
 ‘ Contempt of her, and resenting her slight,
 ‘ I should be more easily induc’d to receive
 ‘ him favourably.

‘ So stood Affairs while we were at *Lycas*’s:
 ‘ *Tryphena* was desperately in love with *Gito*;
 ‘ *Gito* again as wholly devoted to her; I
 ‘ car’d little for the sight of either of them;
 ‘ and *Lycas* studying to please me, found me
 ‘ every day some new Diversion: In all
 ‘ which also his Wife *Doris*, a fine Woman,
 ‘ strove to exceed him, and that with so
 ‘ much gaiety, that she presently expell’d
 ‘ *Tryphena* from my Heart: I gave her the
 ‘ Wink, and she return’d her Consent by as
 ‘ wanton a Twinkle; so that this dumb Rhe-
 ‘ torick going before the Tongue, secretly
 ‘ convey’d to each other our mutual Inclina-
 ‘ tions.

' I knew *Lycas* was jealous, which kept me
 ' Tongue-ty'd so long, and the love he bore
 ' his Wife made him discover to her his in-
 ' clination to me: But the first opportunity
 ' we had of talking together, she related to
 ' me what she had learn'd from him; and I
 ' frankly confess'd it, but withal told her how
 ' absolutely averse I had ever been to't:
 ' Well then, quoth the discreet Woman, we
 ' must try our Wits, according to his own
 ' Opinion, the Permission was one's, and the
 ' Possession another's.

' By this time *Gito* had been worn off his
 ' Legs, and was gathering new strength,
 ' when *Tryphana* return'd to me, but disap-
 ' pointed of her expectation, her Love chang'd
 ' to a downright Fury; and, all on fire with
 ' following me to no purpose, she got into my
 ' Intrigue both with *Lycas* and his Wife:
 ' She made little reckoning of his Wantonness
 ' with me, as well knowing it wou'd hinder
 ' no Grist from coming to her Mill: But for
 ' *Doris*, she never left till she had found out
 ' her private Amours with me, and disco-
 ' ver'd them to *Lycas*; whose Jealousie being
 ' superior to his Love, ran all to Revenge;
 ' but *Doris*, advertis'd by *Tryphana's* Woman,
 ' to divert the Storm, forbore any clande-
 ' stine Meetings.

' As soon as I perceiv'd it, having curs'd
 ' the Treachery of *Tryphana*, and the Ingrati-
 ' tude of *Lycas*, I began to think of retiring,
 ' and Fortune favour'd me: For a Ship con-
 ' secrated to the Goddess *Isis*, laden with
 ' rich

rich Spoils, had the day before run upon the Rocks.

Gito and I laid our Heads together, and he was as willing as my self to be gone; for *Tryphæna* having exhausted his strength, began now not to be so fond of him. Early the next Morning therefore we march'd towards the Sea, where with the less difficulty we got on board the Vessel, because we were no strangers to *Lycas's* Servants, who at that time took care of her: They still honouring us with their Company, it was not a time to filch any thing; but leaving *Gito* with them, I took an opportunity of getting into the Stern, where the Image of *Isis* stood, and strip'd her of a rich Mantle, and Silver Trimming; and also having turn'd other good Booty out of the Master's Cabin, I stole down by a Rope, unseen of any but *Gito*; who also gave them the slip and sneakt after me.

As soon as I saw him I shew'd him the Purchase, and both of us resolv'd to make what haste we could to *Ascyrtos*, but *Lycurgus's* House was not to be reach'd the same day: When we came to *Ascyrtos* we shew'd him the Prize, and told him in short the manner of getting it, and how we had been the meer make-game of Love: He advis'd us to prepossess *Lycurgus* with our Case, and make him our Friend ere the others could see him; and withal boldly to assert, That the ill usage of *Lycas* was the only cause why we stole away so hastily; which when *Lycurgus*

Lycurgus came to understand, he would at all times protect us from our Enemies.

Our flight was unknown till *Tryphæna* and *Doris* were got out of Bed; for we daily attended their Levy, and waited on them while they were dressing; but, when contray to our usual custom we were found missing, *Lycas* sent after us, and especially to the Seaside, for he had heard we made that way, but not a word of the Pillage, for the Ship lay somewhat to Sea-ward, and the Master had not yet return'd on board.

But at last it being positively known we were run away, and *Lycas* becoming uneasie at our absence, fell in a desperate passion with his Wife, whom he suppos'd to be the occasion of our departure: I pass over what Words and Blows he gave her, knowing not the particulars: I'll only say, *Tryphæna*, the Mother of Mischiefe, had put *Lycas* in the head, 'twas probable we had taken Sanctuary at *Lycurgus's*, where she perswaded him to go in quest of the Fugitives, and promis'd to bear him Company, that she might load us with just Reproaches.

The next day they accordingly set forward, and came to his House; but we were out of the way: For *Lycurgus* was gone to a Festival in honour of *Hercules*, held at a neighbouring Village, and had taken us with him, of which when our Adversaries were inform'd, they made what hast they could after us, and met us in the Portico of the Temple. The sight of them very much disordered us:

Lycas

Lycas eagerly complained of our flight to *Lycurgus*, but was received with such a contracted Brow, and so haughty an Air, that I took Courage upon't, and opening my Throat charg'd him with his lascivious Attempts upon me, as well at *Lycurgus's* as in his own House; and *Tryphæna* endeavouring to stop my Mouth, had her share of the Infamy; for I set out her Harlotry to the Mob, who gather'd about us to hear the Scolding: And, as a Proof of what I said, I shew'd them poor limber-Ham'd *Gito*, and my self also, whom vicious Practices had even brought to our Graves.

The Shout of the Mob put our Enemies so out of Countenance, that they went off heavily, but contriving a Revenge; and therefore observing how we had put upon *Lycurgus*, they went back to expect him at his House, and set him right again. The Solemnity ending later than was expected, we could not reach *Lycurgus's* that Night, and therefore he brought us to a half-way House, but left us asleep next Morning, and went home to dispatch some Business, where he found *Lycas* and *Tryphæna* waiting for him, who so order'd the matter with him, that they prevail'd with him to deliver us up. *Lycurgus*, naturally barbarous and faithless, began to contrive which way to betray us, and sent *Lycas* to get some Help, whilst he secur'd us in the Village.

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Thither.

Thither he came, and at his first entry treated us in the same manner as *Lycas* had done: After which, wringing his Hands together, he upbraided us with the Lye we had made of *Lycas*, and taking *Ascyrtos* from us, lock'd us up in our Chamber, where we lay, without so much as permitting him to speak in our defence; but carrying him to his House, he set a Guard upon us, till he himself should return.

On the Road *Ascyrtos* did what he could to mollifie *Lycurgus*; but neither Entreaties mingled with Love, nor Tears, could do any good upon him: It came into our Comrade's Head to set us at Liberty by other Methods; and being all on fire at *Lycurgus's* Restiness, refus'd to lodge with him that Night, and by that means the more easily put in execution what he had been thinking on.

The Family was in their dead Sleep when *Ascyrtos* took our Baggage upon his Shoulders, and getting through a Breach in the Wall, which he had formerly taken notice of, came to the Village by break of Day, and meeting no one to stop him, boldly enter'd it, and came up to our Chamber; which the Guard that was upon us had taken care to make fast; but the Bar being of Wood, he easily wrench'd it with an Iron Crow, and waken'd us; for we soundly snor'd, in spite of all our ill Fortune.

Our

Our Guard had so over-watch'd themselves, that they were fall'n into a dead Sleep, which was the Reason we only wak'd at the breaking of the Door. To be short, *Ascylos* came in, and briefly told us what he had done for our sake: On this we got up; and as we were rigging our selves, it came into my Head to kill the Guard, and rife the Village; I told *Ascylos* my Mind: He liked the rifling well enough, but disapprov'd the other Proposal, and gave us our desired Liberty without Blood, for being acquainted with every corner of the House, he pick'd the Lock of an Inner-room where the Moveables lay, and bringing us into it, we stole what was of most value, and got off while it was yet early in the Morning; avoiding the common Road, and not resting till we thought our selves out of danger.

Then *Ascylos* having gotten heart again, began to amplifie the Delight he took in having pillag'd *Lycurgus*; of whose miserableness he complain'd with just reason; for he had neither paid him for his Nights service, nor kept a Table that had either Meat or Drink on't, being such a miserable Scoundrel; that, notwithstanding his infinite Wealth, he deny'd himself the common Necessaries of Life.

*Alternate Streams curst Tantalus surround,
Whose flatt'ring Surge with blushing Fruits abound.*

*The wanton Banquet with malicious haste,
Flies from the Wretch that perishes to taste :
Such is the Miser's Fate, who 'midst his Store,
(Fearing to use) is miserably poor.*

Ascyrtos design'd for *Naples* the same day, had I not acquainted him how imprudent it was to take up there, where, according to all probability, we were in likelihood to be sought after : And therefore, said I, let's keep out of the way for the present, and, since we have enough to defend us from want, stroul it about till the Heat be over. The Advice was approv'd, and we set forward for a pleasant Country Town, where we were sure to meet some of our Acquaintance that were taking the benefit of the Season : But we were scarce got half way, when a shovre of Rain discharging it self upon us like Buckets, forc'd us into the next Village ; where entring a House of Entertainment, we saw a great many others that had also struck in thither to avoid the Storm. The throng kept us from being taken notice of, and gave us the opportunity of prying here and there, what we might filch in a Crowd ; when *Ascyrtos*, unheeded of any body, took a Purse from the Ground, in which he found several pieces of Gold ; we leap'd for Joy at so fortunate a beginning ; but fearing lest some or other might seek after it, we slunk out at a Back-door, where we saw a Groom saddling his Horses ; but, as having forgot some-

somewhat, he ran into the House, leaving behind him an Embroider'd Mantle fastned to one of the Saddles: In his absence I cut the Straps, and under the covert of some Out-houses, we made off with it to a neighbouring Forest.

Being more out of danger among the Thickets, we were contriving where we should hide the Gold, that we might not be either charg'd with the Felony, or robb'd of it our selves: At last we concluded to sew it in the Lining of an old patcht Coat, which I threw over my Shoulders, and entrusted the Care of the Mantle to *Ascylos*, with an intent to get to the City by Cross-ways: But as we were going out, we heard some-body on our left hand speak to this purpose: They shall not escape us; they came into the Wood; let's separate our selves and beat about, that we may the better discover and take them. This put us into such a fright, that *Ascylos* and *Gito* fled thro' Briars and Brambles towards the City; but I turn'd back again in such a hurry, that without perceiving it, the precious Coat dropt from my Shoulders; At last being quite tir'd, and not able to go any further, I laid me down under the shelter of a Tree, where I first mist the Coat: Then Grief restor'd my strength, and up I got again, to try if I could recover the Treasure; I wander'd backwards and forwards to no manner of purpose; till spent and wasted with toil and sorrow, I got into a Thicket, where having tarried four Hours, and half

dead with the horreur of the place, I sought the way out; but going forward, a Country Man came in sight of me: Then had I occasion for all my stock of Confidence; nor did it fail me: I went up roundly to him, and making my moan how I had lost my self in the Wood, desir'd him to tell me the way to the City: He pitying my Figure (for I was as pale as Death, and all bemin'd) ask'd me, if I had seen any one in the Wood? I answer'd, not a Soul—on which he courteously brought me into the High-way, where he met two of his Friends, who told him, they had travers'd the Wood thro' and thro', but had lit upon nothing but a Coat, which they shew'd him.

It may easily be believed I had not the Courage to challenge it, tho' I knew well enough what the value of it was: This afflicted me more than all the rest; however, bewailing my Treasure, the Country-man not heeding me, and Feebleness growing upon me, I slacken'd my pace, and jogg'd on slower than ordinary.

It was longer ere I reach'd the City than I thought of; but coming to the Inn, I found *Ascylos* half dead, stretcht upon a Straw Pallat, and fell on another my self, not able to utter a word: He missing the Coat, was in a great disorder, and hastily demanded of me, what was become of it: I, on the other hand, scarce able to draw my Breath, resolv'd him by languishing Eyes, what my Tongue would not give me leave to speak: At length recovering by little and little, I plainly told him

him the ill Fortune I had met with: But he thought I jested, and tho' the Tears in my Eyes might have been as full Evidence to him as an Oath, he yet questioned the truth of what I said, and would not believe but I had a mind to cheat him. During this, *Gito* stood as troubled as my self, and the Boys sadness increas'd mine: But the fresh pursuit that was made after us, distracted me most. I opened the whole matter to *Ascylltos*, who seem'd little concern'd at it, as having luckily got off for the present, and withal assur'd himself, that we were past danger, in that we were neither known, nor seen by any: However, it was thought fit to pretend a Sickness, that we might have the better Pretence to keep where we were: But our Monies falling shorter than we thought of, and Necessity enforcing us, we found it high time to sell some of our Pillage.

It was almost dark, when going into the Brokers Market, we saw abundance of things to be bought and sold; of no extraordinary Value, 'tis true, yet such as might be safely disposed of at that time by the Persons who stole them. We also had the Mantle with us, and taking the opportunity of a blind Corner, fell a shaking the Skirt of it, to see if so glittering a Shew would bring us a Purchaser: Nor had we been long there, e're a certain Country-man, whom I thought I had seen before, came up to us, with a Woman after him, who beginning to inspect the Mantle more narrowly, as on the o-

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ther side did *Ascylos* our Country Chapman's Shoulders, they presently startled him, and struck him dumb: Nor could I my self behold 'em without being concern'd at it, for he seem'd to me to be the same Fellow that had found the Coat in the Wood, as in truth he was: But *Ascylos* doubting whether he might trust his Eyes or not, and that he might not do any thing rashly, first came nearer to him as a Buyer, and taking the Coat from his Shoulders, began to cheapen, and turn it more carefully: O the wonderful vagaries of Fortune! for the Country-man had not examined a Seam of it, but carelessly look'd on it as a Purchase for a Beggar.

Ascylos seeing the Coat unript, and the Person of the Seller contemptible, took me aside from the Crowd: And don't you see Brother, said he, the Treasure I made such moan about is return'd? That's the Coat with the Gold in't, all safe and untoucht: What therefore shall we do, or what course shall we take to get our own again?

I was now comforted, not so much that I had seen the Booty, but had clear'd my self of the Suspicion that lay upon me, and was by no means for going about the Bush, but downright bringing an Action against him, That if the Fellow would not give up the Coat to the right Owner, we might recover it by Law,

*Law bears the Name, but Money has the Power ;
The Cause is bad whenever the Client's Poor :*

Those



The Feast
Trimalchio



*Those strict-life'd Men that seem above our World }
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold. }
So Justice, like other Wares, are sold ; }
And the grave Judge that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Bribe, smiles, and approves the Cause.*

Ascyrtos on the other side afraid of the Law, Who, said he, knows us in this place, or will give any Credit to what we say? I am clear for buying it, tho' we know it to be our own, and rather recover the Treasure with a little Money, than embroil our selves in an uncertain Suit ; but we had not above a couple of Groats ready Money, and that we design'd should buy us somewhat to eat. Lest therefore the Coat should be gone in the mean time, we agreed, rather than fail, to sell the Mantle at a lower price, that the Advantage we got by the one, might make amends for what we lost by the other.

As soon therefore as we had spread open the Mantle, the Woman that stood muffled by the Country-man, having pryingly taken notice of some tokens about it, forcibly laid both Hands on't, and setting up her Throat, cry'd out, Thieves, Thieves!

We on the other part were very much surpriz'd at the Accident, yet lest we should be wanting to our selves in this Extremity, we got hold of the tatter'd Coat, and as spitefully roar'd out, *They have robb'd us of it.* But our Case was in no wise like theirs, and the Rabble that came in upon the Out-cry, ridicul'd,

ridicul'd, according to their manner, the weaker side, in that the others made claim to a rich Mantle, and we to a ragged Coat, scarce worth a good Patch. At this *Ascylos* could hardly keep his Countenance; but the noise being over, We see, said he, how every one likes his own best, Give us our Coat, and let them take the Mantle.

The Country-man and the Woman lik'd the exchange well enough, but a sort of Pettifoggers, most of whose business was such Night Practice, having a mind to get the Mantle in their own Custody, as importunately required, that both Mantle and Coat should be left in their Hands, and the Cause should be determin'd on the Morrow: For it was not the things alone that seem'd to be in dispute, but quite another matter to be enquir'd into, *to wit*, a strong suspicion of Robbery on both sides.

At last it was agreed to put both into some indifferent hand, till the Right was determin'd; when presently one, I know not who, with a bald Pate, and a fiery Face full of Pimples, a pettifogging kind of a Solicitor, steps from among the Rabble, and laying hold on the Mantle, said, He'd be Security it should be forth-coming the next day: when in truth his Intention was, that having gotten it into Hucksters hands, it might be smuggled amongst him and his Companions, as believing we would never come to own it, for fear of being apprehended for stealing it. For our part we were as willing as he; and

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an Accident befriended both of us: For the Country-man thinking scorn of it, that we demanded to have the patcht Coat given us, threw it at *Ascylos's* Head, discharging us of every thing but the Mantle, requiring that to be secur'd as the only Cause of the Dispute. Having therefore recover'd, as we thought, our Treasure, we made all the haste we could to the Inn, and having shut the Door upon us, made our selves Merry, as well with the judgment of the Rabble as of our Detractors, who with so much circumspection had restor'd us our Money.

While we were ripping the Coat and taking out the Gold, we overheard somebody asking mine Host, what kind of People those were that just now came in: And being startled at the question, I went down to see what was the matter, and understood that a City Serjeant, who, according to the Duty of his Office, took an account of all Strangers, had seen a couple come into the Inn, whose Names he had not yet Register'd, and therefore enquired of what Country they were, and what was their way of living.

But mine Host gave me such a blind Account of it, that I began to suspect we were not safe there; whereupon, for fear of being taken up, we thought fit to make off for the present, and not to return back again till it was late in the Night, but leave the care of our Supper to the management of *Gito*.

We

We had resolv'd to keep out of the broad Streets, and accordingly took our Walk thro' that quarter of the City, where we were likely to meet least Company ; when in a narrow winding Lane, which had no Passage thro', we saw, a little distance before us, two handsome well-drest Ladies, and followed them at a distance to a Chappel, which they entred, and from whence we heard an odd humming kind of a Noise, as it came from the hollow of a Cave : Curiosity also made us go in after them, where we saw a number of Women, as mad as if they had been Sacrificing to *Bacchus*, and each of them an Amulet (the Ensign of *Priapus*) in her Hand. More than that, we could not get to see; for they was no sooner sensible of our being amongst them, but they set up such a Shout, that the Roof of the Temple shook again, and withal endeavoured to lay Hands on us; but we scamper'd away, and made all the haste we could to our Inn.

We had scarce eaten the Supper which *Gito* had got ready for us, when a more than ordinary knocking at the Door put us into another Fright; we look'd as pale as Death, and in fear demanded who was there? Answer was made, Open the Door and you'll see : While we were talking, the Bolt dropt off and fell down of its own accord, and the Door miraculously flew open, on which, a Woman with her Head veil'd came in upon us, the very same who a little before was with the Country-man in the Market : And what,

what, said she, do you think to put a Trick upon me? I am *Quartilla's* Maid, whose Sacred Recess you so lately disturb'd: She is at the Inn-gate, and desires to speak with you: You need not be uneasie, she neither blames your Inadvertency, or has a mind to resent it, but rather wonders what God brought such civil Gentlemen into her Quarters.

We were silent as yet, and gave her the hearing, but not the least inclin'd to grant any part of her Requests, when in came *Quartilla* her self, attended with a young Girl, and sitting down by me, fell a weeping: Nor here did we put in a word, but stood expecting what would be the event of these Tears which she commanded at her discretion. At last, when the Showre was over, she disdainfully turn'd up her Hood, and wringing her Hands together, What Impudence, said she, is this? or where learnt you these Shams, and that Slight of Hand you have so lately been beholden to? By my Faith, I am sorry for ye; for no one beheld what was unlawful for him to look upon, but went off severely punisht: and sincerely our part of the Town hath so many Deities in it, you'll sooner meet with a God than a Man: Don't believe I come here with any Sentiments of Revenge, I am rather affected with Compassion for your Youth than angry at the Injuries you have done me, which, I believe, were not done with a Design, but unawares you had the Misfortune to perpetrate them, and an inexpressible abomination.

For

For my part, it troubled me all Night, and threw me into such a shaking, that I was afraid I had gotten a *Tertian* Ague, on which I took a Remedy to have made me Sleep; but the God appeared to me, and commanded me to rise and find you out, as the likeliest way to take off the violence of the Fit. Yet I am not so much in pain for a Cure, but that a greater Anguish strikes me to the Heart, and will undoubtedly make an end of me, for fear, in one of your youthful Frolicks, you should declare what you saw in *Priapus's* Chappel, and disclose the Mysteries of the Gods amongst the Vulgar. Low as your Knees, I therefore lift my Hands t'ye, that you neither make a Jest of our Night-worship, nor dishonour the Rites of so many Years, which not every one, even among our selves, is throughly acquainted with.

After this she fell a crying again, and with many a pitiful Lamentation, fell flat on my Bed; when I, at the same time, between Pity and Fear, bid her take Courage and assure her self, that we would neither divulge those Holy Mysteries, nor, if the God had prescrib'd her any other Remedy for her Ague, be wanting freely to assist in the Cure, even with the hazard of what was dearest to us.

At this Promise of mine, becoming more chearful, she fell a kissing me thick and three-fold, and changing her Tears into Laughing, she comb'd up some Hair that hung over my Eyes with her Fingers: And I, said she, am
Friends

Friends with you, and remit the Injury I intended against you ; but if you shou'd refuse me the Medicine I entreat of you for the Ague, I have those that will be ready by to Morrow, who shall both vindicate my Reputation, and revenge the Affront you have put upon me.

*Contempt's uncivil, to Command is rude ;
Love does no Force upon the Fair intrude.
The best Revenge is, to neglect an Ill,
The Wise forgive, or Kissing kindly Kill.*

Then clapping her Hands together, fell into so violent a fit of Laughter, that she gave us reason to apprehend she had some designs against us ; the Woman which came in first, and the Girl that accompanied *Quartilla* were in the same humour. Their Mirth seemed so odd and unnatural, that we who saw no reason for so sudden a change, stood amaz'd, and sometimes lookt upon the Women, and sometimes upon one another.

During these Transactions, saith *Quartilla*, I have commanded, That no Flesh alive be permitted to come into this Inn to day, that I may be at liberty to receive the Medicine for my Ague without interruption.

Ascylos was in a little confusion, but I was so surpriz'd, that I had not power to utter a word : But the Company put me in heart again, for they were but three Women, and if they had any design, must yet be too weak to

to effect it against us, who if we had nothing more of Man about us, had yet that Figure to befriend us: We were all ready for the Engagement, and I had so contriv'd the Order of Battle, that if it must come to a Rencounter I was to make my part good with *Quartilla*, *Ascylos* with her Woman, and *Gito* with the Girl.

While I was thus contriving the matter, *Quartilla* address'd her self to me to cure her of her Ague, but finding her self disappointed, she flew away in a Passion, and returning in a little while, commanded some Persons in disguise forcibly to convey us into a more magnificent Palace.

Here all our Courage fail'd us, and nothing but certain Death seem'd to appear before our Eyes.

When I began, If, Madam, you design to be more severe with us, be yet so kind as to dispatch us quickly, for the nature of our Offence is not so heinous, that we ought to be rack'd to death for it: Upon which her Woman, whose Name was *Psyche*, spread a Carpet on the Floor, and fell examining the inside of my Breeches, but her Labour was lost, all was quite gone. *Ascylos* muffled his Head in his Coat, as having had a hint given him how dangerous it was to take notice of what did not concern him: In the mean time *Psyche* took off her Garters, and with the one of them bound my Feet, and with the other my Hands.

As I lay thus fetter'd, Madam, said I, this is not the way to make me capable of curing your Ladies Ague: I grant it, answer'd *Psyche*, but I have a Dose at hand will infallibly do it: and thereupon she brought me a lusty Bowl of *Satyrion*, (a Love Potion) and so merrily ran over the wonderful Effects of it, that she induc'd me to drink the greatest part of it off: But because *Ascylos* had slighted her Addresses, she finding his Face turn'd from her, threw what was left upon his Back.

Ascylos perceiving the Affair was over, Am not I worthy, said he, to get a Sup? And *Psyche* fearing my Laughter might discover her, clapped her Hands, and told him, Young-man, I made you an offer of it, but your Friend here has just now drank it all up.

Is it so, says *Quartilla*, smiling very agreeably, and has *Encolpius* gulp'd it all down? At last also even *Gito* laugh'd for Company, at what time the young Wench flung her Arms about his Neck, and meeting no resistance, half smother'd him with Kisses.

We would have cry'd out, but there was no one near to help us; and as I was offering to bid 'em keep the Peace, *Psyche* fell a pricking me with her Bodkin: On the other side also, the young Wench half stifled *Ascylos* with a Dish-clout she had rubb'd in the Bowl.

D Lastly,

Lastly, came leaping upon us an unruly Fellow, in a rough Mantle stuck with Myrtle, girt about him; and one while almost ground us to Powder, and otherwhile dis-obligh'd us with his Kisses, till *Quartilla*, holding her Staff of Office in her Hand, discharg'd us of the Service; but not without having first oblig'd us to Swear, that so dreadful a Secret should go no further than our selves. Then came in a Company of Wrestlers, and rub'd us over with the Yolk of an Egg beaten to Oil: When being somewhat refresh'd, we put on our Night-gowns, and were led into the next Room which had three rich Beds in it, and the rest of the Entertainment as splendidly set out. The word was given, and we sate down; when having whet our Appetites with an excellent Antipast, we treated our selves with the choicest Wine; nor was it long e'er we fell a nodding. Is it so, quoth *Quartilla*, can ye sleep when ye know it is the Vigil to *Priapus*? At what time *Ascylos* snoaring soundly, and *Psyche* not forgetting the disappointment she had met with, black'd his Face, and scor'd his Shoulders with a burnt-Stick's end.

For my own part, being over-harrass'd with the Mischiefs I had suffer'd, I could not get a wink of Sleep, nor was the rest of the Family, whether within doors or without, in a much better condition; some lay up and down at our Feet, others had run their Heads against a Wall, and others lay dead asleep across the Threshold: The Lamps also having

ving drank up all their Oyl, gave a weak and
 glimmering Light. At this instant got in a
 couple of pilfering Rogues to have stolen our
 Wine; but while they fell a scuffling among
 some Silver Vessels that stood upon the
 Table, they broke the Earthen Jarr that
 held the Wine, and overthrew a Table with
 some Plate upon it, and at the same time also
 a Cup falling off the Shelf on *Psyche's* Bed,
 broke her Head as she lay fast asleep; upon
 which she cry'd out, and therewith disco-
 ver'd the Thieves, and wak'd some of the
 Drunkards: The Thieves on the other hand
 finding themselves in danger of discovery,
 threw themselves on one of the Beds, and
 fell a snoring as soundly as the rest. The
 Usher of the Hall being by this time got
 awake, put more Oyl into the dying Lamps;
 and the Boys having rub'd their Eyes, re-
 turn'd to their charge, when in came a Wo-
 man that play'd on the Harp, and ratling its
 Strings rouz'd all the rest: On which the Ban-
 quet was renew'd, and *Quartilla* gave the
 Word to go on where we left off (Drinking):
 The She-Harper also added not a little to our
 Midnight Diversion.

At last bolted in a most shameless Rascal,
 void of Grace both in Words and Action, and
 truly worthy of the House wherein he was;
 who having compos'd himself in an affected
 manner, utter'd these Verses.

O Yet! to Love's mysterious Feast repair,
 The Old, the Young, the Ugly, and the Fair,
 T invade each other with soft melting Lips,
 With kind Embraces, and with active Hips.

Having done with his Poetry, he smear'd our Lips with loathsome Kisses; then getting on our Bed, he tugg'd stoutly to have turn'd us out of it, but our Resistance render'd his Endeavours altogether fruitless. Great drops of Paint hung like Gum on his Forehead, and came trickling down the wrinkles of his Cheeks like Rain on a naked Wall. Nor could I forbear Tears any longer, but being brought to the last Extremity, I beseech you, Madam, (says I) have you commanded us to be smother'd?

When gently clapping her Hands together, A very witty Gentleman, said she, a Man of excellent Parts! what, don't you know these sort of People are always toying? Upon this, that my Companion might not 'scape better than my self, By your Integrity, Madam, said I, does *Ascylos* alone keep Holy-day among us?

Is it so, said she, even let him have his share too: And therewith the Rascal chang'd his course, and turning to *Ascylos*, with Tricks and Humours almost beat him to Powder. *Gito* stood laughing all the while, till he had well-nigh split himself; which *Quar-*
tilla

tilla perceiving, with much Curiosity enquired whose Boy he was, and I telling her he was my Comrade, Why then, said she, has he not kist me? And so calling him to her, she fell to kissing him smartly; this young Gentleman, says the Old Lady, may do well enough for a Whet, and get me an Appetite to Morrow; but having made so full a Meal already, it is not my way to put a Churl upon a Gentleman. With that *Psyche* came tittering to her, and having whisper'd something in her Ear, You are in the right on't, quoth *Quartilla*, 'twas well thought on; and since we have so fine an opportunity, why should not our *Pannychis* partake with us? And forthwith was brought in a pretty young Girl, that seem'd not to be above Seven Years of Age, and was the same that came into our Inn with *Quartilla*. All approving the Design, and desiring the Consummation, a Match was struck up between the Boy and her. For my part I stood amaz'd, and assur'd them, That neither *Gito*, a modest Lad, was able to undergoe such a Drudgery, or the Girl of years to receive it. Is that all, quoth *Quartilla*? Is she less than I was when I first enter'd on't? I vow, by all that's good, I can't remember that I ever was a Maid; for when I was in Hanging-sleeves, I went to Creep-mouse with little Boys; and as I grew in Years, I entertain'd my self with bigger, till I came to the Age you see; and truly I think hence came the Proverb;

She'll bear him a Bull that bore him a Calf.

Fearing therefore my Comrade might sustain a greater Injury by my delay, I got up to celebrate the Wedding.

And now *Psyche* put a Flame-colour'd Veil upon the Girl's Head; a Satyr led before with a Flamboe, and a long Train of drunken Women fell a shouting, and drest up the Bride-chamber; *Quartilla* all a-gog as the rest, took hold of *Gito*, and dragg'd him in with her: But truly the Boy made no resistance; nor seem'd the Girl frighted at the Name of Matrimony. When therefore they were lockt up, we stood at the Chamber-Door; and *Quartilla* having waggishly slit a Chink in the Door, as wantonly lookt thro' it; nor content with that, pluckt me to be a Witness of their Diversion, and when we were not peeping, she turn'd her Face to me, and would steal a Kifs.

The Jade's fulsomness had so tir'd me, that I began to devise which way to get off. I told *Ascylos* my Mind, and he was well pleased with it, for he was as willing to get rid of his Torment, *Psyche*: This might easily have been done, if *Gito* had not been lockt up in the Chamber; for we were resolv'd to take him with us, and not leave him expos'd unto the mercy of an Ill-house. While we were contriving how to bring about our Design, it so happened that *Pannychis* fell out of Bed, and drew *Gito* after her, with-
out

out being hurt, but the Girl got a small Knock as she fell, and therewith made such a Cry, that *Quartilla*, all in a Fright, ran headlong in, and gave us the opportunity of getting off, and taking the Boy with us; when without more ado, we flew to our Inn, and getting to Bed, past the rest of the Night without Fear.

But going out the next Day, whom should we meet with, but two of those Fellows that robb'd us of the Mantle, which *Ascylos* perceiving, he briskly attack'd one of them, and having disarm'd and desperately wounded him, came in to my Assistance, who was pressing hard upon the other; but he behav'd himself so well, that he wounded us both, altho' but slightly, and got off himself without so much as a Scratch.

And now came the third Day, on which we were invited to an Entertainment at *Trimalchio's*, where every one might speak his Mind: But having received some Wounds, we thought it convenient to withdraw to our Inn as fast as we could, and our Wounds not being great, we cured them as we lay in our Bed with Wine and Oyl.

But the Rogue whom *Ascylos* had hewn down, lay in the Street, and we were in fear of being discovered: while therefore we were pensively considering which way to avoid the impending Storm, a Servant of *Agamemnon's* interrupted our Fears: And don't you know, said he, with whom you are to Eat to Day? *Trimalchio*, a trim finical Humourist has a

Clock in his Dining-room, contriv'd on purpose to let him know how many Minutes of his Life he has lost. We therefore drest ourselves carefully, and *Gito* willingly taking upon him the part of a Servant, as he had hitherto done, we bad him put our things together, and follow us to the Bath.

Having in the mean time drest our selves, we rambled up and down we knew not where, and being resolv'd to give our selves all the Diversion we could, struck into a Tennis-Court, where we saw an old Bald-pated Fellow in a Carnation-colour'd Coat, playing at Ball with a company of Boys; nor was it so much the Boys, tho' it was worth our while to observe them, that engaged our Attention, as the Master of the House himself in Pumps, who altogether tossed the Ball, and never struck it after it once came to the Ground, but had a Servant by him with a Bag full of them, and enough for all that play'd.

We observ'd also other new things; for in the Gallery stood two Eunuchs, one of whom held a Silver Bason, the other counted the Balls; not those they kept tossing, but such as fell to the Ground. While we admir'd the Humour, one *Menelaus* came up to us, and told us, This is the Gentleman you must sup withal to Night, and that we had seen the beginning of our Entertainment. As he was yet talking, *Trimalchio*, the vainest Man alive, snapp'd his Fingers, at which sign the Eunuch held the Bason to him as he was playing; then calling for Water, he dipped

ped the tips of his Fingers in it, and dry'd
 them on the Boys head. 'Twould be too long
 to lay open the whole Scene: We went into
 the Hummums, and being presently in a
 Sweat, we descended into a Cold Bath; and
 while *Trimalchio* was anointed from Head to
 Foot with a liquid Perfume, and rubb'd clean
 again, not with Linnen, but the finest Flannel,
 his three Surgeons ply'd stoutly some Bottles
 of rich Muscadine; but brawling over their
 Cups, *Trimalchio* said it was his turn to drink;
 then wrapt up in a Scarlet Mantle, he was
 laid on a Chair, supported by six Servants,
 with four Lacqueys drest in rich Liveries run-
 ning before him, and by his side a Sedan, in
 which was carried his Darling, a Squinting
 and Blear-ey'd over-grown Boy, more ill-
 favour'd and ugly than his Master *Trimalchio*;
 who, as they went on, kept close to his Ear
 with a Flagellet, as if he had whisper'd him,
 and made him Musick all the way. Wonder-
 ing, we follow'd, and, with *Agamemnon*, ar-
 riv'd at the Gate, on which hung a Tablet
 with this Inscription:

WHATEVER SERVANT GOES OUT
 WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S LEAVE,
 SHALL RECEIVE A HUNDRED
 STRIPES.

In the Porch stood the Porter in a Green
 Livery, girt about with a Cherry-colour'd
 Girdle, cleansing of Pease in a Silver Char-
 ger; and over-head hung a Golden Cage
 with

with a Magpye in it, which saluted us as we entred: But while I was staring at these Novelties, I had like to have broke my Neck backwards; for on the Left Hand, not far from the Porter's Lodge, there was a great Dog in a Chain painted on the Wall, and over him written in Capital Letters, TAKE CARE OF THE DOG. My Companions could not forbear laughing; but I recollecting my Spirits, pursued my design of going to the end of the Wall; it containd the draught of a Market-place where Slaves were bought and sold, with Bills tackt upon them shewing their Price: There was also *Trimalchio* with a white Staff in his Hand, and *Minerva* with a Train after her entring *Rome*: A little farther was represented after what manner he had learnt to cast Account, and how he was made Auditor; all exquisitely painted, with their proper Explanations; and at the end of the Gallery *Mercury* was discovered lifting him by the Chin, and placing him on a Judgment-seat, *Fortune* stood by him with a *Cornucopia*, and the three fatal Sisters weaving a Golden Thread.

I observed also towards the lower-end of the same place a Troop of Light-horsemen, with their Commander exercising them; as also a large Armoury, in one of the Angles of which stood a Shrine with Household Gods in Silver, a Marble Statue of *Venus*, and a large Golden Box, in which it was said he kept the first Shavings of his Beard. We enquired of the Servant that had the charge of these things,





things, What Pictures those were in the middle? *The Iliads and the Odyssees*, said he, *and on the left hand are two Pieces of Sword playing.* We could not bestow much time to consider them, for by this time we were come to the Dining-room, in the entry of which sate the Steward inspecting Accounts: But what I most admir'd, were those bundles of Rods, with their Axes, that were fastned to the sides of the Door, and stood, as it were on the Brazen Prow of a Ship, on which was written,

CINNAMUS, STEWARD OF CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, A MAN OF QUALITY.

Under the same Title also hung a Lamp with two Branches, from the Roof of the Room, and two Tablets on either side of the Door; of which one, according to the best of my remembrance, had this Inscription,

THE THIRD AND SECOND OF THE
KALENDS OF JANUARY, OUR PATRON CAIUS EATS ABROAD.

On the other was represented the Course of the Moon, and the Seven Stars; and what Days were Lucky or Unlucky, each distinguish'd by an Imboss'd Studd from one another.

Full of this Luxury we were now entring the Room, where one of his Boys, set there for that purpose, call'd aloud to us, ADVANCE ORDERLY. Nor is it to be doubted, but we were somewhat concern'd for fear of breaking the Orders of the place. But while we were proceeding accordingly, a Servant stript of his Livery fell at our Feet, and besought us to save him from a Whipping, alledging his Fault was no great matter, and that he had only lost some Cloaths of the Steward's in the Bath, which were hardly worth Eighteen-pence.

We returned therefore in good Decorum, and finding the Steward in the Compting-House telling some Gold, besought him to remit the Servant's Punishment: When putting on a haughty Face, *It is not*, said he, *the loss of the thing which troubles me, but the Negligence of a careless Rascal. He has lost me the Garments I us'd to Feast in, and which a Client of mine presented me with on my Birthday; no Man can deny them to be right Purple, tho' not the double Dye; but let them be worth what they will, I grant your Request.*

Having receiv'd so great Favour, as we were entring the Dining-room, the Servant for whom we had been Intercessors, met us, and kissing us, with many Thanks for the Kindness we had done, *By and by*, says he, *you shall know, that the Wine which my Lord drinks of himself, is oftentimes in the disposition of his Servants.*

At

At length we fate down, when some Gypsie-Boys coming about us, poured Snow-water on our Heads, and others par'd the Nails of our Feet, with a mighty dexterity, and that not silently, but humming as it were to themselves. I resolv'd to try if the whole Family was good at Singing; and therefore called for Drink, which one of the Youngsters asreadily brought me, with an odd kind of Tune; and in the same humour was every one you asked for any thing.

Then came in a sumptuous Breakfast, for we were all seated but only *Trimalchio*, for whom, after a new Fashion, the chief Place was reserv'd. Besides that, as a part of the Entertainment, there was set by us a large Vessel of Metheglin, with a Pannier, in the one part of which were white Olives, in the other black; two broad pieces of Plate covered the Vessel, on the brims of which were engraven *Trimalchio's* Name, and how many Ounces of Silver they weigh'd, with little Bridges solder'd together, and on them Dormice, strew'd over with Honey and Pepper: There were also piping-hot Sausages on a Silver Grid-iron, and under that large Damsons, with the Kernels of Pomegranates.

In this Condition we were when *Trimalchio* himself was waddled into the Chorus; and being close bolster'd with Neckcloths and Pillows to keep off the Air, we could not forbear laughing in spite of our Teeth: For his bald Pate peep'd out of a Scarlet Mantle, and over the load of Cloths he lay
under,

under, there hung an Embroider'd Towel, with Purple Tassels and Fringes dingle dangle about it: He had also, on the little Finger of his left Hand, a large Ring of Gold; and on the extream Joint of the Finger next it, one lesser, which I took for all Gold; but at last it appeared to be jointed together, with a kind of Stars of Steel: And that we might see these were not all his Gallantry, he stripp'd his right Arm, on which he wore a Golden Bracelet, and an Ivory Circle, bound together with a glittering Locket, and a Medal at the end of it: Then picking his Teeth with a Silver Pin, *I had not, my Friends*, said he, *any Inclination to have come among you so soon, but fearing my absence might make you wait too long, I deny'd my self my own satisfaction; however, suffer me to make an end of my Game.* There followed him a Boy with an Inlaid Table and Chrystal Dice; and I took notice of one thing more pleasant than the rest; for instead of black and white Counters, his were all of Silver and Gold.

In the mean while he was squandring his Heap at Play, and we were yet picking a bit here and there, a Cupboard was brought in with a Basket, in which was a Hen Carved in Wood, her Wings lying round and hollow, as sitting on Brood; when presently the Confort strook up, and two Servants fell a searching the Straw under her, and taking out some Pea-hens Eggs, distributed them round the Company: At this *Trimalchio* changing Countenance, *I commanded my Friends*, said

said he, *the Hen to be set with Peahens Eggs, and by Hercules, I'm afraid they are half Hatcht ; however we'll try if they are yet fit to be Eaten.*

The thing we receiv'd was a kind of Shell, of at least six Pound weight, made of Paste, and moulded into the Figure of an Egg, which we easily broke ; and, for my own part, I was like to have thrown away my share ; for it seemed to me to have a Chick in it ; till hearing a Guest who us'd to Eat at that Table say, *There was some good Bit or other in the Egg-shell ;* I search'd further into it, and found a delicate fat Wheat-ear in the middle of a well-pepper'd Yolk : On this *Trimalchio* stopped his Play for a while, and asking the like for himself, declar'd, *If any of us would have more Metheglin, it was at our Service ;* when of a sudden the Musick gave the Sign, and the first Course was scrambled away by a Company of Singers and Dancers ; but in the Bustle, it happening that a Dish fell on the Floor, a Boy took it up, and *Trimalchio* observing the Action, gave him a Box on the Ear, and commanded him to throw it down again ; and presently the Groom of the Chamber came with a Broom and swept away the Silver Dish, with whatever else had fallen from the Table.

When presently came in two long-hair'd *Æthiopians*, with small Leather Bottles, such as they carry Sand in to strew on the Stage, and gave us Wine to wash our Hands, but no one offer'd us Water. We all admiring the Finicalness of the Entertainment, *Mars,*
said

said he, *is a lover of Justice, and therefore let every one have a Table to himself; for having more Elbow-room, these nasty stinking Boys will be less troublesome to us: And thereupon large double-ear'd Vessels of Glass close plaister'd over, were brought up, with Labels about their Necks, upon which was this Inscription.*

OPIMIAN MUSCADINE OF AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

While we were reading the Titles, *Trimalchio* clapped his Hands, and *Alas, alas,* said he, *that Wine should live longer than Man! Wine is Life, and we'll try if this has liv'd ever since the Consulship of Lucius Opimius, 'Tis right Opimian, and therefore make ready; that which I gave my Guests yesterday was not so generous as this, tho' they were Persons of better Quality that sup'd with me.*

We drank, and admir'd every thing; when in came a Servant with a Silver Puppet, so jointed and put together, that it turn'd every way; and being more than once thrown upon the Table, cast it self into several Figures; on which *Trimalchio* came out with his Poetry:

*Let's do what we can,
This Life's but a Span,
Exposed to Trouble and Sorrow;*

Then

*Then drink my good Friends,
Ere our Merriment ends,
For we may be dead by to Morrow.*

The Applause we gave him was follow'd with a Service, but respecting the place not so considerable as might have been expected: However, the Novelty of the thing drew every Man's Eye upon it; it was a large Charger with the twelve Signs of the Zodiac round it; upon every one of which the Master-Cook had laid somewhat or other suitable to the Sign: Upon *Aries*, a sort of Pease which resembled a Rams-head; upon *Taurus* a piece of Beef; upon *Gemini* Rumps and Kidneys; upon *Cancer* a Coronet; upon *Leo* an African Egg; upon the *Virgin* a lusty Boy; upon *Libra* a pair of Scales, in one of which was a Tart, in the other a Custard; upon *Scorpio* a Pilchard; upon *Sagittary* a Grey-hound; upon *Capricorn* a Lobster; upon *Aquarius* a Goose; upon *Pisces* two Mulletts; and in the middle a Plat of Herbs, cut like a green Turf, and over them an Honeycomb. During this, a black Boy carry'd about Bread in a Silver Oven, and with a hideous Voice, forced a Bawdy Song from a Buffoon that stunk like *Assa Fetida*.

When *Trimalchio* perceived we lookt awry on such course Fare, *Come, come*, said he, *fall to, this is our manner of Eating.*

Nor had he sooner uttered these Words, than the fourth Consort struck up; at which the Waiters fell a dancing; and took off the

E upper

upper part of the Charger, under which was a Dish of cramm'd Fowl, and the hinder Paps of a Sow that had Farrowed but a Day before, well powder'd, and in the middle a Hare, larded with Finns of Fish on both sides, that it look'd like a Flying-Horse; and on the sides of the Fish four little Images, that spouted a Relishing Sauce on some Fish that lay near them, brought from the River *En-ripus*.

We also seconded the Shout begun by the Family, and fell merrily aboard this; and *Trimalchio* no less pleas'd than our selves, cryed *Cut*; at which the Musick sounding again, the Carver humour'd it, and cut up the Meat with such Antick Postures, you'd have thought him a Car-man fighting to the Musick of a Bagpipe.

Nevertheless *Trimalchio* in a lower Note cryed out again *Cut*: I hearing the word so often repeated, suspecting there might be some Joke in it, was not ashamed to ask him that fate next above me, what it meant? And he that had been often present at the like Expressions, *You see*, said he, *him that Carves about, his Name is Cutter; and as often as he says Cut; he both Calls and Commands*.

The Humour spoiled my Stomach for Eating; but turning to him that I might learn more, I talkt pleasantly to him at a distance, and at last asked him who that Woman was that so often scutled up and down the Room?

It is, said he, *Trimalchio's* Wife, her Name is *Fortunata*, she counts her Money by the Bushel; but what sort of a Person think you she was a little while since? Pardon me, Sir, you would not have touch'd her with a pair of Tongs, but now, no one knows why or wherefore, she's as'twere got into Heaven; and is *Trimalchio's* all in all: In short, if she says it is Mid-night at Mid-day, he'll believe her. He's so very Wealthy, he can't tell his Riches, but she has an Eye every where; and when you least think to meet her, she's at your Elbow: She is a very Scold, and indiscreet, a meer Magpye in Bed; whom she loves she likes, and whom she does not love she dislikes.

Then for *Trimalchio*, he has more Lands than a Crow can fly over; Bags upon Bags: There lies more Silver in his Porter's Lodge, than any one Man's Estate is worth. And for his Family, Hey-day, hey-day, there is not (by *Hercules*) one tenth of them that know their Master. In brief, there is not one of those Fools about him, but he can change him into a Cabbage stalk. Nor has he occasion to buy any thing, he finds all things at his own Door; Wooll, Fish, Pepper, nay, Hens-Milk; look about you and you'll find it. In a word, time was, his Wool was none of the best, and therefore he bought Rams at *Tarentum* to mend his Breed; as in like manner he did by his Honey, by bringing his Bees from *Athens*. It is not long since but he sent to the *Indies* for Mushroom-

Seed: Nor has he so much as a Mule that did not come of a wild Ass. Do you see all these Quilts? there is not one of them whose Wadding is not the finest Comb'd Wooll, of Violet or Scarlet Colour, dy'd in Grain. O happy Man! but have a care how you despise those Freed Men, they are rich Rogues: Look on him that sits at the lower end of the Table, he has now the Lord knows what; and 'tis not long since he was not worth a Groat, and carried Billets and Faggots upon his Back: So it is said, but I know nothing of it my self, but by hear-say, either he got in with an old Hog-grubber, or had to do with an *Incubus*, and found a Treasure: For my part, I envy no Man, if I get any thing, it is a Bit and a Knock. He lately set up this Proclamation.

C. POMPEIUS DIOGENES HAS SOME
LODGINGS TO LET, FOR HE
HATH BOUGHT A HOUSE.

But what think you of Him who sits in the place of a Slave? how well was he once? I do not upbraid him: He was worth a Hundred Thousand Pounds, but has not now a Hair of his Head which is not Mortgaged; nor, by *Hercules*, is it his own Fault: There is not a better humour'd Man than himself; but those Rascally Freed Men have cheated him of all: For know, *when the Pot no longer Boyls, and a Man's Estate declines, farewel Friends.* And what Trade do you think

think he drove? He was an Undertaker, and by the Gains of that Employment eat like a Prince: He had his Wild Boars served up covered: All sorts of Pastry, Fish and Wild Fowl, and Cooks for each sort of Provision: More Wine was spilt under his Table, than most Men have in their Cellars; a meer Phantasm: And when his Estate was going, and he fear'd his Creditors might fall upon him, he made an Auction under this Title:

JULIUS PROCULUS WILL MAKE
AN AUCTION, AND SELL SE-
VERAL GOODS HE MAKES NO
USE OF.

The Dish was by this time taken away, and the Guests, grown mellow, began to talk of what was done abroad, when *Trimalchio* broke in upon us, and interrupted the Discourse; leaning on his Elbow, This Wine, said he, is worth drinking, and Fish must swim; but do you think I am satisfied with that part of your Supper you saw in the Charger? *Is Ulysses no better known?* what then; *we ought to exercise our Brains as well as our Teeth*; and shew, that we are not only lovers of Learning, but understand it: Peace be with my old Tutor's Bones, who made me a Man amongst Men: No body can tell me any thing that is New to me; for, like him, I am Master of the Practicks.

This Heaven that's inhabited by twelve Gods, turns it self into as many Figures; and now 'tis *Aries*: He that is born under that Sign has much Cattel, a great deal of Wooll, is a Blockhead, a Brazen-face, and will be certainly a Cuckold: There are many Scholars, Advocates, and Horned Beasts, come into the World under this Sign. We applauded our Nativity-caster's pleasantness, and he went on again: The whole Heaven is under *Taurus*, and no wonder it bore Football-players, Herdsmen, and such as can shift for themselves. Under *Gemini* are often foaled Coach-horses, Oxen calv'd, and such are born as can claw both sides. I was born my self under *Cancer*, and therefore stand on many Feet, as having large Possessions both by Sea and Land. For *Cancer* suits one as well as the other, and therefore I put nothing upon him, that I might not press my own Geniture. Under *Leo*, Spendthrifts and Bullies: Under *Virgo* Women, Runagates, and such as wear *Iron Garters*: Under *Libra* Butchers, Apothecaries, and Men of Business: Under *Scorpio*, Poisoners and Cut-throats: Under *Sagittary*, such as are Goggle-ey'd, Herb-women, and Beggars of Bacon: Under *Capricorn*, poor helpless Rascals, to whom Nature bequeath'd Horns to defend themselves: Under *Aquarius*, Cooks and Paunch-bellies: Under *Pisces*, Caterers and Orators: And so the World goes round like a Mill, and is never without its Mischief; Men continually born
perish.

perish. But for that Tuft of Herbs in the middle, and the Honey-comb upon it, I do nothing without just reason for it: Our Mother the Earth is in the middle, made round like an Egg, and has all good things in her self, like a Honey-comb.

Most Learnedly, we all cry'd; and lifting our Hands, swore, neither *Ptolemy* nor *Copernicus* were to be compared with him; till at last other Servants came in and spread Coverlets on the Beds, on which were Painted Nets, Men in Ambush with Hunting-poles, and whatever appertain'd to Hunting: Nor could we yet tell what to make of it; when we heard a great Cry without, and a pack of Beagles came and ran round the Table; after this Frolick was over, a large Dish was set before us, and in it a mighty Boar, with a Cap on his Head, (such as Slaves, at their making Free, do usually wear as tokens of Liberty) on his Tusks hung two Wicker Baskets, the one full of Dates, the other of Almonds; and about him lay little Pigs made of Sweet-meats, as if they were at Suck: They signified a Sow had Farrowed, and hung there as Presents for the Guests to carry home with them.

To the cutting up this Boar, there came (not he that had served up the Fowl as before, but) a two-handed Fellow with a swinging long Beard, Buskins on his Legs, and a short Embroidered Coat; who drawing his Wood-Knife, made a large Hole in the Boar's Side, out of which flew a number of Black-birds,

which were caught in a trice as they flutter'd about the Room, by some Fowlers, who stood in readiness for that purpose. On which, *Trimalchio* order'd to every Man his Bird; and, *See*, said he, *What kind of Acrons this Wild Boar fed on*: When presently the Boys took off the Baskets, and distributed the Dates and Almonds among the Guests.

In the mean time, I, who had private Thoughts of my own, was much concerned, to know why the Boar was brought in with a Cap upon his Head; and therefore having spun out the Thread of my Discourse, I told my Interpreter what troubled me: To which he answer'd, a very Novice can explain to you what it means, for there's no Riddle in it, but 'tis as clear as the Sun. This Boar stood the last of Yester-night's Supper, and dismiss'd by the Guests, returns now as a Free-man among us. I curst my self for a Blockhead, and asked him no more Questions, that he might not think I had never before eaten with Men of Fashion.

Before we had made an end of our Discourse, in came a handsome Boy with a Wreath of Vine-Leaves and Ivy about his Head, calling himself now and then *Bromius*, another time *Lycaeus*, and presently he said his Name was *Enhyus*, (several denominations of *Bacchus*) he carried about with him a Salver of Grapes, and with a clear Voice, repeated some of his Master's Poetry, at which *Trimalchio* turning to him, *Dionysius*, said he, *be thou Liber*, (i. e.) *Free*, (another Name of *Bacchus*)

Bacchus) whereupon the Boy took the Cap from off the Boar's Head, and putting it on his own, *Trimalchio* added, *You will not deny me, but I have a Father, Liber.* We all praised the Conceit, and soundly kissed the Boy as he went round us.

This Scene being over, *Trimalchio* rose up and went to the Close-stool: we also being left at liberty without a Tyrant, fell to some Table-talk.

When presently one calling for a Bumper, The Day, said he, is nothing, 'tis Night before a Cat can lick her Ear, and concluded it best to go streight from Bed to Board. We have had a great deal of Frost, the *Bagnio* has scarce heated me; but a merry Bottle is Meat, Drink and Cloaths: For my part, I have wound up my Bottom, the Wine is got into my Pericranium; I am down-right *Dunstable*——

Then *Selucus* took up the Cudgels, And I, said he, do not bath every Day, for he where I use to bathe is a Fuller: Cold Water has Teeth in it, and my Head grows every Day more washy than other; but when I have got my Dose in my Guts, I bid defiance to the Weather; But, faith, I was at a Funeral, *Crysanthus* has breathed his last: Well, rest his Soul, he was an honest Fellow, 'tis not long since we were drinking together, and methinks I talk with him now. Alas, alas! we are but Bubbles, meer Mites, yet they have somewhat in them; but we are meer emptiness. You'll say

say he would not be rul'd; yet not a drop of Water or crumb of Bread went down his Throat for five Days: Well, but he is departed, some say he dyed of the Doctor, but I am of opinion his time was come; for an honest Physician is a great Comfort. However he was decently carried out of his House with a rich Pall over the Coffin, and mightily lamented: He made some of his Servants free; but his Wife seem'd little troubled. You'll say again, he was not kind to her; but Women are a sort of Kites that will eat more than a Man can give them, and old Love is soon cold.

At this *Phileros* grew troublesome, and cry'd out, Let us remember the Living; He enjoy'd himself whilst he liv'd, and as he liv'd well so he dy'd well; and what has he now that any Man moans the want of? He came from nothing, and to his dying-day would have taken a Farthing from a Dunghil with his Teeth; therefore, as he grew up, he grew like a Honey comb. He dy'd worth the Lord knows what, all ready Money. But to the matter; I have eaten a Dog's Tongue, and dare speak truth: He had a foul Mouth, was all Babble, a very Make-bate, not a Man: His Brother was a brave Fellow, a Friend to his Friends, of an open Hand, and kept a full Table: He did not order his Affairs so well at first as he might have done, but the first Vintage made him up again, for he sold what Wine he would; and what kept up his Chin was the expectation of a Re-

Reversion; the Credit of which brought him more than was left him, but his Brother taking a Pett at him, devised the Estate to I know not what Bastard: He flies far that flies his Relations. Besides, this Brother of his had Whisperers about him, that were back friends to the other: *But he shall never do right that is quick of belief, especially in matters of Business*; and yet, 'tis true, he'll be counted wise while he lives, to whom the thing, whatever it be, is given; not that he ought to have had it. He was, without doubt, one of *Fortune's Sons*; Lead in his Hand would turn to Gold, and without trouble too, where there are not Rubbs in the way. And how many Years think you he liv'd? Seventy-odd; but he was as hard as Horn, bore his Age well, and as black as a Crow.

I knew him some Years ago an Oil-man, and to his last a good Womans Man; but withal such a Miser, that, by *Hercules*, I think he left not a Dog in his House. He was also a great Whore-master, and a *Jack* of all Trades; nor do I condemn him for't, for this was the only Secret he kept to himself and carry'd with him.

Thus *Phileros*, and *Ganmiedes* as followeth: Ye talk of what concerns neither Heaven nor Earth, when in the mean time no Man regards the scarcity of Provisions: I could not, by *Hercules*, get a piece of Bread to Day; and how do you think this came to pass? Why the drought continues: For my part, I have not fill'd my Belly this
Twelve-

Twelvemonth: A plague on these Clerks of the Market, the Baker and they juggle together, Claw me and I'll claw thee, which makes the poorer sort starve, whilst Rich Persons make Holiday all the Year. Oh that we had those Lyons I now find here, when I came first out of *Asia*, that had been to live: The inner part of *Sicily* had the like of them, but they so handled the Goblins, even *Jupiter* bore them no Good-will. I remember *Sasinius*, when he was a Boy, he liv'd by the Old Exchange; you'd have taken him for a Pepper-corn rather than a Man; where-ever he went the Earth parch'd under him; yet he was a sincere honest Fellow at bottom; one might depend on him; a Friend to his Friend, and one you might boldly trust in the Dark. But how behav'd he himself on the Bench? He carry'd all things before him; made no starch'd Speeches, but was downright, and acted himself what he persuaded others to: But at the Barr he sounded like a Kettle-drum, and never feign'd himself Sick for the matter. I fancy he was like a Frenchman in his Temper; for he was so wonderful civil, so ready to salute us by our Names, we imagin'd him one of us. In his time Bread was as cheap as Water, a Half-peny loaf would have given a Man a Breakfast; but now a Sheeps-head will fetch a Shilling: Alas, alas! the times are every Day worse and worse, like a Cows Tail, we grow downward: And why all this? We have a Clerk of the Market not worth a Rush, and values
more

more the getting of a Penny than the Lives
 of all Mankind: 'Tis this makes him laugh
 in his Sleeve; for he gets as much Money in
 a Day as would purchase an Estate: I know
 very well how he got the Fortune he is Ma-
 ster of; but if we were Men, he would not
 enjoy himself as he does; but now the Peo-
 ple are grown to this pass, that they are
 Lyons at home, and Foxes abroad: For my
 part, I have eaten up my Cloaths already,
 and if Corn holds at the rate it does, I shall
 be forc'd to sell my House and all: For what
 will become of us, if neither Gods nor Men
 have Mercy on us? Let me never be happy
 I don't believe all this proceeds from Hea-
 ven; for no body believes there is a God;
 no one keeps a Fast, or values *Jupiter* of a
 Hair, but all stop their Ears to good Advice,
 and only trouble their Heads about what
 they are worth. Time was when our Ma-
 trons went in Proceffion with bare Feet, and
 their Hair dishevel'd, then with sincere Minds
 they pray'd to Heaven for Rain, and forth-
 with it rained by Pitchers-full; then, or ne-
 ver, were good times, every body was in a
 good Humour: Now we have no more Re-
 verence for the Gods, than for so many Mice;
 they are bound Hand and Foot, and by rea-
 son of our Irreligion and Prophaneness, our
 Fields and Meadows languish and are bar-
 ren.

More civilly, I beseech you, said *Echion*,
 the Constable of the Hundred, the worse
 Luck now, the better another time, said the
 Clown

Clown when he lost his brindled Hog :
What falls not out to Day may happen to
Morrow ; and so Life passes away. By *Her-
cules*, a Country is said not to be the better
for having many People in it, tho' ours at
present labours under that difficulty, but it
is no fault of hers: We must not be nice,
Heaven is equally distant every where ; were
you in another place, you'd say Hogs walked
here ready dress'd: And now I think on't,
we shall have an excellent Show these Holy-
days, a Fencing-prize exhibited to the Peo-
ple ; not of Slaves bought for that purpose,
but it will consist of Freemen. Our Patron
Titus has a large Soul, but is a very Devil in
his Drink, and cares not a Straw which side
gets the better : I think I should know him,
for I belong to him ; he's of a right Breed
both by Father and Mother, no Mungril.
They are well provided with Weapons, and
will fight it out to the last: The Stage will
look like a Butcher's Shambles, and he has
wherewithal to do it; his Father left him a
vast Sum, what tho' he make Ducks and
Drakes of a thousand Pound, his Estate will
never feel it, and he always carries the Re-
putation of it. He has his Waggon Horses,
a Woman-Carter, and *Glyco's* Steward, who
was caught kissing his Mistress ; what a bu-
file's here between Cuckolds and Cuckold-
makers! But this *Glyco* a damnable Rich
Huncks , condemn'd his Steward to fight
with Beasts ; and what was that but to ex-
pose and make a Beast of himself? Where
lay

lay the Servant's Crime, who perhaps was oblig'd to do what he did ? She rather deserv'd to be brain'd, than the Bull that tossed her ; but he that cannot come at the Breech, thrashes at the Pack-saddle : yet how could *Glyco* expect *Hermogine's* Daughter should make a good End ? she'd have skin'd a Flint ; *like begets its like* : *Glyco* might do what he would with his own ; but it will be a Brand on him as long as he lives ; nor can any thing but Hell blot it out ; however every Man's Faults are to himself. I perceive now what Entertainment *Mammea* is like to give us ; he'll be at Two-pence Charges for me and my Company ; which if he does he will put *Narbanus* clean out of Favour ; for you must know, he'll live at the full height ; yet, in truth, what good has he done us ? He gave us a Company of pittiful Sword-players, but so old and decrepit, that had you breath'd on them, they'd have fallen flat on their Faces : I have seen many better at a Funeral Pile ; he would not be at the charge of Lamps for them ; you'd have taken 'em for a parcel of Dunghil Cocks fighting in the Dark : one was a downright Fool, and gouty into the bargain ; another Crump-footed, and a third half dead, and Ham-strung : There was one of them a *Thracian*, that made a Figure, and kept up to the Rule of Fighting ; but, upon the whole mattter, all of them were parted, and nothing came of this great block-headed Rabble, but a down-right running away : And yet, said he, I made you a Show, and I clap
amongst

amongst the rest for Company; but cast up the Account, I gave more than I receiv'd; one good turn requires another, You *Agamemnon* seem to tell me, what would that troublesome Fellow be at; because you can speak and not do, you are not of our Form, and therefore ridicule what poor Men say; tho', set aside your Book-learning, we know you are a meer Blockhead. Where lies the matter then? let me perswade you to take a Walk into the Country, and see our Cottage, you'll find there somewhat to eat; a Chicken, a few Eggs, or the like: The bad Weather had like to have broke us all, yet we'll find enough to fill our Bellies. Your Scholar, my Boy *Cicero*, is mightily improved, and if he lives, you'll have a Pupil after your own Heart; he is pretty forward already, and whatever spare-time he has, he spends it at his Book: He's a witty Lad, well-featur'd, takes a thing without much Study, tho' yet he is but sickly: I kill'd three of his Linnets the other day, and told him the Weasels had eaten them; yet he found other things to play with, and has a pretty knack at Painting: He has a perfect Aversion to *Greek* but seems better inclin'd to *Latin*; tho' the Master he now has humours him in the other; nor can he be kept to one thing, but is still craving more, and will not take pains with any. There is also another of this sort, not much troubled with Learning, but very diligent, and teaches more than he knows himself: He comes to our House on
Holi-

Holidays, and whatever you give him he's contented ; I therefore bought the Boy some Ruled Books, because I would have him get a smattering in Accounts and the Law ; it will be his own another day : He has Learning enough already, but if he loses what he has got— I design him for a Trade, a *Barber*, a *Parson*, or a *Lawyer*, which nothing but the Devil can take from him : How oft have I told him, Thou art, Sirrah, my first begotten, and believe thy Father, whatever thou learnest 'tis all thy own: See, there's Sir *Clodpate* the Lawyer, if he had not been a Scholar he might have starved, or have hang'd himself ; but now do but look upon his Purple Robes, I'll warrant he thinks himself as good as my Lord Chief-Justice. Letters are a Treasure, and a Trade never dies.

To this, or the like purpose, we were bandying it about, when *Trimalchio* return'd, and having wip'd the Ointment from his Face, and wash'd his Hands, Pardon me, my Friends, said he, I have been Costive for several Days, and my Physicians were to seek about the matter, when a Suppository of Pomegranate Wine, with Turpentine and Vinegar reliev'd me ; and now I hope my Belly may be asham'd if it keep no better Order ; for sometimes I have such a rumbling in my Guts, you'd think an Ox bellow'd ; and therefore if any of you has a mind to ease himself, he need not blush for the matter ; there's not one of us born without some defect or other, and I think no Torment

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greater

greater than wanting the benefit of going to Stool, which is the only thing even *Jupiter* himself can't prevent: What do you grin, *Fortunata*, you that break me so often of my Sleep by Night? I never deny'd any Man to do that in my Room might pleasure himself; and Physicians will not allow us to keep any thing in our Bodies longer than needs must; therefore if you have any further occasion, every thing is ready in the next Room: Water, Chamber-pots, Close-stools, or whatever else may be needful; believe me, being hard bound, affects the Head, and disturbs the whole Body; I have known many a Man lost by it, when they have been so modest to themselves as not to tell what they ailed.

We thank'd him for his Frankness, and the Liberty he gave us, and to suppress our Laughter, set the Glass about again; nor did we yet know that in the midst of such Dainties we were, as they say, to clamber another Hill; for upon the flourish of Musick the Cloth being taken away, there were brought in three fat Hogs with Collars and Bells about their Necks; and he that had the charge of them told us, the one was two Years old, the other three, and the third full grown. I took it at first to be a Company of Tumblers, and that the Hogs, as the manner is, were to have shewn us some Tricks, till *Trimalchio* breaking in upon my Expectation, Which of them, said he, will you have for Supper? for Cocks, Pheasants, and the like, are
but

but Country Fare, but my Cooks have Cop-pers will boil a Calf whole. And therewith commanding a Cook to be call'd for, he prevented our Choice by ordering him to kill the largest, and with a loud Voice ask'd him, Of what Rank of Servants in that House he was? to which he answering, Of the fortieth: Were you bought, said the other, or born in my House? Neither, said the Cook, but left you by *Pansa's* Testament. See then, said *Trimalchio*, that you dress it as it should be, or I'll send you to the Gallies. On which the Cook being sensible of his Power, went into the Kitchin to mind his Business.

But *Trimalchio* turning to us with a pleasanter look, ask'd us if the Wine pleased us, if not, said he, I'll have it chang'd; and if it does, let me see it by your drinking: I thank the Gods I do not buy it, but have every thing that may get an Appetite growing on my own Grounds hard by the City, which no Man that I know of has but my self; and yet it has been taken for *Burgundy* and *Champagne*. I have a Project to joyn *Sicily* to my Lands on the Continent, that when I have a mind to go into *Africa*, I may Sail by my own Coasts. But prithee, *Agamemnon*, tell me what *moot-point* was it you argued to day; for tho' I plead no Causes my self, yet I have had a share of Letters in my time; and that you may not think me out of Love with them now, I have three Libraries, the one *Greek*, the other two *Latin*; therefore, as you love me, tell me, what was the state of the Que-

tion: The Poor and the Rich are Enemies, said *Agamemnon*: And what is Poor, answer'd *Trimalchio*? Spoke like a Gentleman, reply'd *Agamemnon*. But making nothing of the matter, If it be so, said *Trimalchio*, where lies the Dispute? and if it be not so, 'tis nothing.

While we all humm'd this and the like stuff, I beseech you, said he, my dear *Agamemnon*, do you remember the Twelve Labours of *Hercules*, or the Story of *Ulysses*, how a *Cyclops* put his Thumb out of Joint with a Mawkin? I've read such things in *Homer* when I was a Boy; nay, saw my self the *Sybil* of *Cuma* hanging in a Glass Bottle: And when the Boy ask'd her, *Sybil*, what would you have? She answer'd, I would die.

He had not yet run to the end of the Rope, when an overgrown Hog was brought to the Table. We all wonder'd at the Expedition which had been us'd, thinking a Capon could not have been dress'd in that time: and what increas'd our Surprize was, this Hog seem'd larger than the Boar which was just now brought before us: When *Trimalchio* looking more intent upon him, What, what, said he, are not his Guts taken out? No, by *Hercules*, they are not: Bring hither, bring hither this Rogue of a Cook. And when the Fellow stood hanging his Head before us, excusing himself, that he was so much in haste he forgot it. How, forgot it, cry'd out *Trimalchio*! Do you think he has given it no
Sea-

Seasoning, is it neither pepper'd or salted? Strip him: When in a trice it was done, and the Cook was plac'd betwixt two Executioners: We all of us began to interceed for him, as a Fault which might now and then happen, and therefore begged his pardon; but if ever he did the like again, there was no body would speak for him; tho', for my part, I think he deserv'd what he got: And so turning to *Agamemnon's* Ear, This Fellow, said I, must be reckon'd a careless Rascal; could any one forget to Bowel a Hog? I would not, by *Hercules*, have forgiven him, if he had serv'd me so in the dressing of a Mackeril. But *Trimalchio*, it seems, had somewhat else in his Head; for bursting into a Laughter, You, said he, that have so short a Memory, let's see if you can do your Office. On which the Cook, having put on his Coat again, took up a Knife, and pretending to tremble, ripp'd up the Hog's Belly, from whence immediately tumbled out a heap of Hogs-puddings and Sauces.

After this, as it had been done of it self, the Family gave a Shout, and cry'd out, *Health and Prosperity to Caius!* The Cook also was presented with Wine, a Silver Coronet, and a Drinking-bowl, on a broad *Corinthian* Plate: which *Agamemnon* more narrowly viewing; I am, said *Trimalchio*, the only Person that has the true *Corinthian* Vessels.

I expected that according to his usual Insolence, he would have told us they had been brought from *Corinth*; but he pursued his Discourse with more Discretion: And perhaps, said he, you'll ask me why I am the only Person that have them. And why the Copper-smith from whom I buy them, is called *Corinthus*? and what is *Corinthian* but what is made by *Corinthus*? And to shew you I am a Man of Letters, I'll tell you from whence the Word *Corinthian* takes it Original. When *Troy* was taken by *Hannibal* a cunning mischievous sort of a Fellow, he gathered all the Gold, Silver and Brazen Statues together he could find, and caused Fire to be set to the Pile. The Statues melting, intermixt their different Metals together, of which the Goldsmiths made Candlesticks, Sconces and Salvers; so that *Corinthian* Vessels are a Miscellany of Gold, Silver and Brass; but neither this or that Metal in particular, pardon me what I say; I like Glass Cups better, others are not of my Opinion: If Glass was not so brittle, I would rather have it than Gold; but now 'tis of a very inconsiderable value.

There was an Artist who made Glass Vessels so tough and hard, that they were no more to be broken than Gold and Silver ones: It so happen'd, that the same Person having made a very fine Glass Mug, fit for no Man, as he thought, less than *Cæsar* himself, he went with his Present to the Emperour, and had admittance; both the Gift
and

and the Hand of the Workman was commended, and the design of the Giver accepted. This Artist, that he might turn the admiration of the Beholders into astonishment, and work himself the more into the Emperor's favour, beg'd the Glass out of *Cæsar's* Hand; and having received it, threw it with such a force against a paved Floor, that the most solid and firmest Metal could not but have received some hurt thereby. *Cæsar* also was equally amaz'd and troubled at the Action; but the other took up the Mug from the Ground, not broken but only a little buldg'd, as if the Substance of Metal had put on the likeness of Glass; and therewith taking a Hammer out of his Pocket, he hammer'd it as if it had been a Brass Kettle, and beat out the Bruise: and now the Fellow thought himself in Heaven, in having, as he fancied, gotten the Acquaintance of *Cæsar*, and the Admiration of all Mankind; But it fell out quite contrary to his expectation: *Cæsar* asking him if any one knew how to make this malleable Glass but himself, and he answering in the Negative, the Emperor commanded his Head to be struck off; For, said he, if this Art were once known, Gold and Silver will be of no more esteem than Dirt.

As for Silver, I affect it; I have several Water-pots more or less, whereon is the Story how *Cassandra* kill'd her Sons, and the dead Boys are so well Emboss'd, you'd think them real. I have also a drinking Cup left me by

an Advocate of mine, where *Dædalus* puts *Niobe* into the *Trojan Horse*, as also that other of *Hermerotes*, that they may stand as an Evidence there is truth in Cups, and all this Plate is Massy; nor will I part with what I understand of them at any rate.

While he was thus talking, a Boy let fall a Cup out of his Hand; on which, *Trimalchio* looking over his Shoulder at him, bad him be gone, and kill himself immediately; for, said he, thou art careless and mind'st not what thou art about. The Boy hung his Lip, and besought him; but he said, To what end dost thou intreat me, as if I requir'd some difficult matter? I only bid thee obtain this of thy self, that thou be not careless again: But at last he forgave him upon our Entreaty. Hereupon the Boy run round the Table and cry'd, *Water without doors, and Wine within*. We all took the Jest, but more especially *Agamemnon*, who knew on what account he had been invited thither.

Trimalchio in the mean time hearing himself commended, drank more heartily and was merrier than before; and being within an Ace of quite out, Will none of you, said he, desire my *Fortunata* to Dance? Believe me, there's no one leads up a Country Dance with a better Grace? And with that flourishing with his Hand, he began to act the part of a Scaramouch, the Family all the while singing, *Youth it self, most exactly Youth it self*; and he had gotten into the middle of the Room, but that *Fortunata* whisper'd him,

him, and I believe told him, such Whimsies did not become his Gravity: Nor was there any thing more unsteady than his Humour; for one while he inclin'd to the Advice of *Fortunata*, and another while to his natural Inclination: But what disturb'd the Pleasure we took to see her Dance, was his Notary's coming in; who, as they had been the Acts of a *Common-Council*, read aloud.

The Seventh of the Kalends of *August*, born in *Trimalchio's* Mannour near *Cumanum*, thirty Boys and forty Girls: There were also brought from the Threshing-floor into the Granary, Five hundred thousand Bushels of Wheat. The same day broke out a Fire in a Pleasure-Garden that was *Pompey's*, which first began in one of the Bayliff's Houses.

How's this, said *Trimalchio*! when were those Gardens bought for me? The Year before, answered his Notary; and therefore not yet brought to Account.

At this *Trimalchio* fell into a Passion; And whatever Lands, said he, shall be purchased for me hereafter, if I hear nothing of it in six Months, let them never, I order you, be charg'd or brought to any Account of mine. Then also were read the Orders of the Clerks of the Market, and the Wills of his Foresters, Rangers, and Park-keepers, by which they disinherited their Relations, and with ample praise of him, declared *Trimalchio* their Heir. Next that, were recited the Names of his Bayliffs; and how one of them that made his Circuits in the Country, turn'd off his Wife for

for having taking her in Bed with a Barber. We were inform'd also, that the Door-keeper of his Baths was turn'd out of Office ; that one of his Auditors was found defective in his Accounts, and that the Dispute between the Grooms of his Chamber was ended.

At last came in the Dancers on the Rope ; and a Punch-belly'd Blockhead holding out a Ladder, commanded his Boy to hop upon every Round of it singing, and to dance a Jigg on the top, and then to tumble through burning Hoops of Iron with a Glass in his Mouth. *Trimalchio* was the only person that lik'd this Diversion, but withal, he said, he did not admire it ; for there were only two Sights he was desirous to see, and those were Flyers on the High-rope, and Cock-fighting ; and that all other Creatures and Shows were Trifles : For, said he, I bought once a Sett of *Stroulers*, and chose rather to make them *Merry-Andrews* than *Comedians* ; and commanded my Bag-piper to Sing in Latin to them.

While he was chattering at this rate, a Boy chanc'd to stumble upon him, on which the Family gave a Shriek ; the same also did the Guests ; not for such a Beast, whose Neck they could willingly have seen broken, but for fear the Supper should have an unlucky end, and they be forc'd to lament the death of the Boy :

Whatever it were, *Trimalchio* gave a deep Groan, and leaning upon his Arm as if it had been hurt, the Physicians ran thick about him,

him, and *Fortunata* amongst the foremost with her Hair about her Ears, and a Bottle of Wine in her Hand, still howling, miserable unfortunate Woman she was ! Undone, she was undone.

The Boy on the other hand, ran under our Feet, and beseech'd us to procure him his Pardon : But I was much concern'd, lest our Interposition might make but a scurvey end of the matter ; for the Cook, that had forgotten to disbowel the Hog was still in my Thoughts. I began therefore to look about the Room, for fear somewhat or other might drop through the Ceiling ; while the Servant that had bound up his Arm in white instead of scarlet colour'd Flannel, was soundly beaten : Nor was I wrong in my Conjecture, for in lieu of another Course, came in an Order of *Trimalchio's*, by which he gave the Boy his Freedom, that it might not be said, so Honourable a Person had been hurt by his Slave. We all commended the Action, and from thence fell into a Chat of the instability of all Humane Affairs. You're in the right, said *Trimalchio* ; nor ought this Accident to pass without Recording ; and so calling for the Journal, he commanded it to be Enter'd ; and presently, without much thinking, tumbled out these Verses.

What's

*What's least expected falls into our Dish,
And Fortune's more indulgent than our Wish;
Therefore, Boy, fill the generous Wine about.*

This Epigram gave us an occasion to talk of the Poets, and *Marsus* the *Thracian* was thought most deserving the Bays, till *Trimalchio* (turning to one in the Company) I beseech you, said he, tell me the difference between *Cicero* the Orator, and *Publius* the Poet? for my part, I think one was the more Eloquent, the other the honestest Man; for what could be said better than this?

*Now sinking Rome grows weak with Luxury, }
To please her Appetite cram'd Peacocks die, }
Whose gaudy Plumes a modish Dish supply. }
For her the Guinea Hen and Capon's drest: }
The Stork it self for Rome's luxurious Taste, }
Must in a Cauldron build its humble Nest. }
To please each Sense to foreign Worlds we haste,
Perfume our Wines, and by our Smell we Taste.
Now Ceylon Spice; Anchovies Spain bestows:
For us the Orange and the Limon grows.
To fetch Cavier we sound Geneva's Lake,
And our own Shoars luxuriously forsake.
The Grecians Oyl, the Germans Hams afford:
Calabria Wine, to cheer the wanton Lord.
High-relish'd Sauce, unknown in happier times,
We fetch from Spain and Sunburnt Indian Climes.
Bani-*

*Bambooes and Mangoes loaded Nature waste,
Decay our Strength, yet urge the wearied Taste.*

But now we are talking, which, in the Opinion of the Learned, are the most difficult Professions to understand? I think a Physician and a Banker: A Physician, because he knows a Man's very Heart, and when the Fits of an Ague will return; tho' by the way, I hate them mortally; for by their good will I should be always taking one Slip-sop or other: And a Banker, because he'll find out a piece of Brass, tho' 'tis plated with Silver.

There are also brute Beasts which are laborious; to Oxen we are beholden for the Bread we eat; and to Sheep, for the Wooll that makes us so fine. But, O horrid! we both eat the Mutton, and make us warm with the Fleece. I take the Bees for Divine Creatures; they give us Honey, tho' 'tis said they stole it from *Jupiter*, and that's the reason why they Sting: For where-ever you meet any thing that's sweet, you'll ever find a Sting at the end of it.

He went so far as to exclude *Philosophers* from Business, while the Memoirs of the Family were carrying round the Table, and a Boy, set for that purpose, read aloud the Names of the Presents appointed for the Guests to carry home with them. *Wicked Silver, what can it not do!* Then a Gammon of Bacon was set on the Table, and above that several sharp

sharp Sauces, a Night-cap for himself, Pudding-pies, and I know not what kind of Birds: There was also brought in a Rundlet of Wine, boiled off to a third part, and kept under Ground to preserve its strength: There were also several other things I can give no account of; besides Apples, Scallions, Peaches, a Whip, a Knife, and some Presents had been sent him; as Sparrows, a Flye-flap, Raifons, *Athenian* Honey, Night-gowns, Judges Robes, dry'd Paste, Table-books, with a Pipe and a Foot-stool: After which came in a Hare and a Sole-Fish: And there was also a Lamprey, a Water-rat with a Frog at his Tail, and a bundle of Beets.

We laugh'd at these Whims; there were five hundred more of them which I have now forgot: But when *Ascyrtos*, who could not keep his Temper, shak'd his sides and laugh'd at every thing so heartily, that he was ready to cry, a Free-man of *Trimalchio's* that sat next above me, grew hot upon't: And what, said he, thou Sheep, what do you laugh at? does not this Magnificence of my Master please you? you're richer than he, forsooth; and eat better every Day; by the God of this place, had I sat near enough you, I would have hit you a Box on the Ear before now: A hopeful Scoundrel, that mocks others; some rascally Night-walker, *not worth the very Urine he makes*; and should I throw a Chamber-pot on his Head, he knows not where to dry himself. I am not, by *Hercules*, quickly angry, yet *Worms are bred even in tender Flesh*.

He

He laughs, and what Jest does he laugh at? what Wooll did his Father give for the Bantling? Is he a *Roman Knight*? I am the Son of a King. How came I then, say yon, to serve another? In this I humour'd my own Fancy, and had rather be a Citizen of *Rome*, than a tributary King, and now hope to behave my self so, as to be no Man's Jest. I walk like other Men, undisguiz'd, and can shew my Head among the best, for I owe no Man a Groat: I never had an Action brought against me in my life, nor can any Man, abroad or at home, say to me, Pay me what thou owest. I have purchased a pretty Farm in the Country, and have every thing suitable to it: I have twenty Persons in Family, besides Dogs: I ransom'd my Bond-Woman, lest another should wipe his Hands on her Smock; and between our selves, she cost me more than I'll tell you at present. I was made a Captain of Horse without buying my Commission, and hope to die in such a manner, that I shall have no occasion to blush in my Grave: But you that are so inquisitive concerning others, never consider your self: Can you see a Mote in another Man's Eye, and not perceive a Beam in your own? Your Master then is ancienter than your self, an't please him; but yet thou, whose Milk is not yet out of thy Nose, that canst not say Boh to a Goose, must you be making Observations? Are you the wealthier Man? If you are so, Dine twice, and Sup twice in a Day; for my part, I value my
Credit

Credit more than Treasures: Upon the whole matter, where's the Man that ever dunn'd me twice? Thou Pipkin of a Man, more limber, but nothing better than a Strop of wet Leather, I have serv'd forty Years in this House, and came into it at Man's Estate; this Palace was not then built, yet I made it my business to please my Master, a Person of Honour, the parings of whose Nails are more worth than thy whole Body. I met several Rubs in my way, but, by the help of my good Angel, I broke through them all: This is truth; it is as easie to make a Hunting-horn of a Sows Tail, as to get into this Family. What makes you in the Dumps now, like a Goat at a heap of Stones?

On this *Gito*, who stood behind him, burst out a laughing; which the other taking notice of, fell upon the Boy; and, Do you, said he, laugh too, you curl-pated chattering Magpye? Are these Holy-days? why how now, Sirrah, is it the Month of *December*? Are you come to Age yet, I pray? What would this Skeleton dropt from a Gibbit, this Crows-meat, be at? I'll find some way for *Jupiter* to plague thee, and him that taught thee no better manners, or never let me eat a good Meal's-meat again: I could——Sirrah, but for the Companies sake I spare thee, tho' either we are mightily in the wrong of it, or they are Sots themselves that carry no better a Hand over thee; for without doubt the Proverb is true, *Like Master like Man*. I am hot by Nature, and can scarce contain my self; give

give me but a Mess of Pease Pottage, and
 I care not Two-pence for my Mother. Very
 well, I shall meet thee abroad, thou Mouse,
 thou very Mushroom: May I never thrive
 more, but I'll drive that Master of thine into
 a branch of Rue; nor shalt thou, by *Hercules*,
 get out of my Clutches, tho' thou couldst call
Jupiter to thy assistance: I shall off with those
 Locks, and catch thee when that sorry Ma-
 ster of thine shall be out of the way; thou
 wilt certainly fall into my Hands, and either
 I know not my self, or I'll make thee leave
 this Buffoonry: Tho' thy Beard were of Gold,
 I'll have thee bruised in a Mortar, and him
 that first taught thee: I never studied *Geome-*
try, Criticism, and meer Words without Sense,
 but I understand the fitting of Stones for
 Buildings, can run you over a hundred things,
 as to Metal, Weight, Coin, and that to a
 tittle; if you have a mind, you and I will try
 it: I'll lay thee a Wager, thou Wizard, and
 tho' I know not a word of *Rhetorick*, thou'lt
 presently find thou hast lost: If you beat
 the Bush, I'll catch the Hare: Resolve
 me, I say, which of us runs, yet never
 stirs out of his place? Which of us grows big-
 ger, and yet is less? Do you scamper? can't
 you tell what to make of it, that you look so
 like a Mouse in a Trap? Therefore hold thy
 Tongue, or don't provoke a better Man than
 thy self, who thinks thee but a Scoundril of Na-
 ture, perchance thou fanciest me taken with
 those yellow Locks, which thou hast already
 vowed to some Whore or other. O lucky Op-

G

portunity!

portunity! come, let's walk to the *Exchange*, and see which of us can borrow Money: You'll be satisfied then, I am a Man of Reputation; a pretty thing, is it not to be drunk? So may I grow Rich whilst I live, and die well; but the People will brain me if I sit not on your Skirts as close as the Coat to your Back: He's a precious Tool too, whoever he were, that taught thee; a piece of green Cheese, no Master I am sure. I have learn'd as well as another Man, and my Master said it would be my own another Day. Save your Worship! get home as fast as you can, but look well about you, and have a care how you speak irreverently of your Betters, or vie Estates with them; he that does it, his Purse shall pay for it: For my self, I thank God, you see me in the Condition and Circumstances I am.

Ascylos was making answer to his Railing, when *Trimalchio*, pleas'd with the good Grace with which his Freed-man deliver'd himself, Go to, said he, no more of this wild Talk, let us rather be Merry; and you *Hermeros*, bear with the Young-man, his Blood is all in a Ferment; be thou the sober Man; he that is overcome in this Quarrel, gains the Victory: Even you your self, when you were such another Capon, could cry nothing but *Coco*, *Coco*, and had no Heart at all. Let us therefore, which is the better of the two, be heartily Merry, and expect some Admirers of *Homer*, that will be here presently.

Nor were the words scarce, out of his Mouth, when in came a Company of Players, and made a rustling with their Spears and Targets. *Trimalchio* lean'd on his Pillow, the *Homerists* rattled out Greek Verses as arrogantly as they were us'd to do, and he read a Latin Book with a loud Voice; whereupon Silence being made, Know ye, said he, what Fable they are upon?

Diomedes and *Ganymede* were two Brothers, and *Helen* was their Sister; *Agamemnon* stole her away, and sham'd *Diana* with a Hind in her stead, as *Homer* Sings in this place; and also how the *Trojans* and the *Tarentines* fell into Civil Wars; but at last he got the better of it, and Married his Daughter *Iphigenia* to *Achilles*; on which *Ajax* run Mad. And there's an end of the Tale.

On this the *Homerists* set up a Shout, and a young boiled Heifer with an Helmet on her Head, was brought to the Table; *Ajax* followed, and with a drawn Sword, as if he were distracted, fell upon the Beef, cutting it now in one place, then in another, still acting as if he was Lunatick; till having cut the Heifer into Joints, he took them upon the point of his Sword, and distributed them to the Company. Nor had we much time to admire the Conceit; for of a sudden the Roof gave a crack, and the whole Room shook: For my part, I got on my Feet, but all in a confusion, for fear some Tumbler might drop on my Head; the same Fear also possess'd the rest of the Guests, who stood sta-

ring and expecting what new thing would come from the Clouds: when straight the main Beams of the Ceiling open'd, and a vast Circle was let down, all round which hung Golden Garlands and Alabaster Pots of sweet Ointments.

While we were required to take up these Presents, I chanced to cast an Eye upon the Table, where lay a fresh Service of Cheese-cakes and Tarts, and in the midst of them a bak'd Image of the God which presides over Orchards, stuck round with all sorts of Apples and Grapes, as they commonly draw that Figure.

We greedily reached our Hands towards it, when of a sudden, a new Diversion gave us fresh Mirth; for all the Cheese-cakes, Apples and Tarts, upon the least touch, threw out a delicious liquid Perfume, which fell upon us.

We judging the Mese to be Sacred, that was so religiously and magnificently garnish'd, stood up and began a Health to the *August Founder*, the *Father of his Country*: After which Reverence, falling to catch that catch could, we filled our Napkins; and I plundered more furiously than the rest, who thought nothing too good to bestow upon *Gito*.

As these things were doing, in came three Boys in white, their Coats tuck'd about them, two of whom set on the Table three Household Gods, with Broaches about their Necks, and the other bearing round a Goblet of Wine,

Wine, cry'd aloud, be the Gods Favourable !
The Name of this, said he, is *Cobler*, that
other's *Good-luck*, and the third's *Spend-all*.
The Image of *Trimalchio* was also carry'd
round the Hall, and every one having kiss'd
it, we thought it shame not to follow the
Example of the rest of the Company.

After this, when all of us had wish'd him
Health and Happiness, *Trimalchio* turning to
Niceros, You were wont, said he, to be a
good Companion, but what's the matter we
get not a word from you now ? Let me en-
treat you; if you wish me well, do not break
an old Custom,

Niceros pleas'd with the frankness of his
Friend : Let me never thrive, said he, if I
am not ready to caper out of my Skin to see
you in so good a Humour, therefore what-
ever Stories I tell shall be pleasant, tho' I am
afraid those grave Fops may laugh; but let
them look to't, I'll proceed nevertheless; for
what am I the worse for any one's laughing?
I had rather they should laugh at my Jest,
than at my Person.

When he had thus spoke—— he began
this Tale——

I was once upon a time a Servant, and
I dwelt in a narrow Lane, in the same House
where *Gavilla* now lives; there, by the good
pleasure of the Gods I fell in Love with the
Wife of *Tarentius*; he kept an Eating-House.
Ye all knew *Melissa Tarentina*, a pretty lit-
tle smart Lass, and very Beautiful; but,
by *Hercules*, I fell in Love with her more

for her good Humour than any other Reason, If I ask'd her a Favour, she never deny'd me; and for what Money I got, I made her my Cash-keeper; nor did she ever fail me when I had occasion for it. It so happen'd, that a She-companion of hers had dy'd in the Country, and she was gone thither; how to see her I could not tell; *but a Friend is seen at a dead lift*; it also fell out that my Master was gone to *Capua* to dispatch some Business: I laid hold of the opportunity, and perswaded mine Host to take a Walk in the Evening four or five Miles out of Town, you must know he was a bold Fellow, and durst have fac'd the Devil: The Moon shone as bright as Day, and about Cock-crowing we fell in with a Burying-place, and certain Monuments of the Dead: my Man loiter'd behind me a Star-gazing, and I sat down expecting him, and fell to Singing, and numbring them; when looking round me, what should I see but mine Host strip'd stark naked, and his Cloaths lying by the High-way-side. The Sight surpriz'd me very much, and I stood stock still as if I had been dead; but he piss'd round his Cloaths, and of a sudden was turn'd to a Wolf: Don't think I Jest; I would not tell a Lye for Ten thousand Pounds. But as I was saying, after he was turn'd to a Wolf, he set up a howl, and fled to the Woods. At first I knew not where I was, till going to take up his Cloaths, I found them also turn'd to Stone. Some Men would have dy'd for fear, but I drew my Sword, and
killing

killing all the Ghosts that came in my way, lighted at last on the place where my Mistress was: I enter'd the outward Door; my Eyes were sunk in my Head, the Sweat ran off me by more streams than one, and I was just breathing my last, without thought of recovery, when my *Melissa* coming to me, began to wonder why I walk'd so late; and if, said she, you had been here a little sooner, you might have done us a kindness; for a Wolf came into the Farm, and has made a dreadful havock of the Cattle; but tho' he got off, he has no reason to laugh, for a Servant of ours ran him through the Neck with a Pitch-fork. As soon as I heard her, I could not hold open my Eyes any longer, and ran home by Day-light, like a Vintner whose House had been robb'd: but coming by the place where the Cloaths were turn'd to Stone, I saw nothing but a puddle of Blood; and when I got home, found mine Host lying in Bed like an Ox in a Stall, and a Chirurgeon dressing his Neck. I understood afterwards he was a Fellow that could change his Skin; but from that Day forward could never Eat a bit of Bread with him, no, if you'd have kill'd me. Let them that don't believe me, examine the truth of it; and if I tell you a Lye, may my good Angels forsake me.

The Company were all in a maze, when, Saving what you have said, quoth *Trimalchio*, if there be Faith in Man, my Hair stands on end, because I know *Niceros* is no Trifler; he has good grounds for what he says, and

is not given to idle talking: Nay, I'll tell ye as horrible a thing my self; but see there, what's that behind the Hangings?

When I was yet a long-hair'd Boy, for even then I liv'd a pleasant Life, I had a Minion, and he dy'd; He was, by *Hercules*, a Pearl, a Paragon, nay, Perfection it self: But when his poor Mother lamented him, and we also were doing the same, some *Witches* got round the House on a sudden, you'd have taken them for a Pack of Hounds hunting a Hare. We had then in the House a *Cappadocian*, a tall Fellow, stout and hardy, that would not have stept an Inch out of his way for *Jupiter* himself. He boldly drew his Sword, and wrapping his Coat about his left Arm, leap'd out of the House, and, as it might be here, (no harm to the thing I touch) ran a Woman clean through. We heard a pittiful Groan, but, not to lye, saw no body at all. Our Champion came in and threw himself on a Bed, but all black and blue, as if he had been thrash'd with a Flail; for it seems some ill hand had touch'd him. We shut the Door, and went on with our Mourning; but the Mother taking her Son in her Arms, and stroaking him, found nothing but a Bolster of Straw; it had neither Heart, Entrails, nor any thing, for *the Faries*, belike, had stollen him out of his Cradle, and left a Wad of Straw instead of him. Give me Credit, I beseech ye, *Women* are craftier than we are, play their Tricks by Night, and turn every thing Top-sy-turvy. After this, that tall swinging
Fellow

Fellow of ours never came to himself again, but in a few Days Died raving mad.

We all wonder'd, as not doubting what he said, and kissing the Table in reverence to him, desir'd the Privilege of the Night, and that our Places might be kept till we return'd.

And now we thought the Lamps look'd double, and the whole Room seem'd quite another thing; when *Trimalchio* again, I speak to you *Plorinus*, won't you come in for a share? Will he entertain us with nothing? you us'd to be a pleasant Companion, could sing a Song and tell a Tale with the best; but alas! alas! the times are chang'd. My Horses, said the other, ran away with my Coach, I have been troubled with the Gout ever since. When I was a young Fellow, I sung so long, I had well nigh brought my self into a Consumption. What do you tell me of Songs, Tales, or Barber's Shops? Who ever came near me but one, only *Appelles*; and thereupon setting his Hand to his Mouth, whistled out somewhat, I know not what, which afterwards he swore was *Greek*. As he was mimicking the Trumpets, *Trimalchio* looking on his Minion, called him *Cræsus*: Yet the Boy was blear-ey'd, and employ'd himself in swathing a little black Bitch with nasty Teeth, and overgrown with Fat, in green Swaddling-clouts, the Boy set her half a Loaf upon the Table, which she refusing to eat, he cram'd her with it: On which *Trimalchio* commanded the Guardian
of

of his House and Family, *Scylax*, to be brought ; when presently was brought in a beautiful Mastiff in a Chain, who having a Hint given him by a scrape of the Porter's Foot, lay down before the Table ; whereupon throwing him a Manchet, There's no one, said he, in this House of mine, loves me better than this Dog. The Boy highly resenting it, that *Scylax* should be so commended, threw the Bitch on the Floor, and challeng'd the Dog to have a Rubbers with him. On this *Scylax* after the manner of Dogs, set up such a hideous Barking, that it fill'd the Room; and snapping at him, almost tore off a Locket of Jewels which *Cræsus* wore on his Breast ; nor did the Scuffle end here, for a great Candlestick being thrown down upon the Table, broke several Crystal Glasses, and threw the scalding Oyl upon the Guests.

Trimalchio, not to seem concern'd at the loss, kissed the Boy and commanded him to get on his Back ; nor was it long e're he was a Cock-horse, and slapping his Master's Shoulders, and laughing cry'd out, *Fool, fool, and how many of them have we here ?*

Trimalchio thus kept under for a while, commanded a Bumper to be fill'd and given round to the Waiters, with this further Order, That whoever refused it should have it poured down his Collar. Thus one while we were grave, and another while merry.

After

After this came Junkets and Forc't-meats upon the Table, the very remembrance of which, if I may be believ'd, will not yet down with me; for there were several cram'd Hens given about under the notion of Thrushes, and Goose Eggs with Caps upon them; which *Trimalchio*, not without Ostentation, press'd us to Eat; adding withal, that their Bones were taken out.

Nor were the words scarce out of his Mouth, when a Beadle rapp'd at the Door, and one in white, with a company of Roisters following him, came in upon us: For my part I was not a little surpriz'd; and, by his Lordliness, taking him for the Mayor of a Town, and our selves within his Liberties, was getting upon my Feet. *Agamemnon* laugh'd to see me so concern'd, and bade me sit still; for, said he, this *Habinias* is a Captain of Horse, a good Mason, and has a special way with him in making Monuments.

Recover'd again with his Words, I kept my Seat, and wholly fix'd my Eye on *Habinias*: He came in Drunk, lolling on his Wife's Shoulders, with some Garlands round about him, his Face all trickling down with Ointment, he seated himself at the head of the Table, and incontinently call'd for Wine and hot Water.

Trimalchio was pleas'd with the Humour, and calling for a bigger Glass, asked him what Entertainment he had from whence he came?

Every

Every thing, said the other, but your Company, for my Inclination was here; tho', by *Hercules*, all was very well. *Sciffa* kept a Nine-days Feast for his Servant *Miscellus*, whom he enfranchiz'd after he was dead: It is said he had a round Sum in the Chequer, for they reckon he died worth 50000 Crowns; yet this was all done in good order, tho' every one of us was oblig'd to pour half his Wine on the Grave.

But, said *Trimalchio*, what had ye to Eat? I'll tell ye, quoth *Habinas*, as near as I can, but sometimes I forget my own Name: However, for the first Dish we had a goodly Por-ker, with a Garland about him, and Puddings, Goose-giblets, Lamb-stones, Sweet-breads, and Gizzards; then there were also Beets, and Household bread of his own baking, for himself, which I had rather have than White; it makes a Man strong, and I never complain of what I like. The next was a cold Tart, with excellent warm Honey, right *Spanish*, running upon it. I eat little of the Tart, but more of the Honey; I tasted also the red Pulse, and Lupines, by the advice of *Calvus*, and several Apples, of which I carry'd away two in my Handkerchief; for if I bring home nothing to my little she-Slave, I shall have Snubs enough; this Dame of mine puts me often in mind of her. We had also on a Side-table the Haunch of a Bear, which *Scintilla* tasting ere she was aware, had like to have vomited her Heart up: I on the other
hand,

hand, eat a pound of it or better, for me-
thought it tasted like Boars-flesh; and, said
I, if a Bear eats a Man, why may not a
Man much more eat a Bear? To be short,
we had Cream Cheese, Wine boil'd off to
a third part, fry'd Snails and Chitterlings,
Livers, Eggs, Turneps, Mustard, and a
Bowl that held a Gallon. Don't disturb
me *Palamedes*; there were also handed about
a Basket of Sugar-cakes, of which we wan-
tonly took some, and sent away the Gam-
mon of Bacon. But tell me, *Caius*, I beseech
you, what's the matter that *Fortunata* sits
not among us? How came you to know her,
quoth *Trimalchio*? till she has gotten her
Plate together, and distributed what we leave
among the Servants, not a Sup of any thing
goes down her Throat.

But unless she sits down, replied *Habinas*,
I'll be gone; and was getting up, but that
the word being four times given about for
her, she came at last in a greenish Gown, and
a Cherry colour'd pair of Bodice, beneath
which might be seen her Petticoat and Em-
broider'd Garters; then wiping her Hands
on her Neckcloth, she plac'd her self on the
Bed whereon *Scintilla*, the Wife of *Habinas*,
was seated; and having given her a Kiss,
told her, it was in Compliment to her that
she was there. At length it came to this,
that she took off her weighty Bracelets, and
shewed them to *Scintilla*; which she admi-
ring, she also unbuckled her Garters and a
Net-work Purse, which she said was of the
finest Gold.

Tri-

Trimalchio observ'd it, and commanding all to be laid before him, See, said he, this Woman's Finery, and what Fools our Wives make us; they should weigh six Pound and a half; yet I've another made by the famous Jew which weighs ten: And that he might not be thought to be a Lyar, he call'd for his Gold Scales, and commanded them to be weigh'd: Nor had *Scintilla* more wit than t'other, for pulling a Golden Box out of her Bosom, which she called *Good-luck*, she took out of it two large Pearl Pendants, giving them in like manner to *Fortunata* to view: See, quoth she, what 'tis to have a kind Husband, I am sure no Woman has a better. What, said *Habinas*, hast thou put the Sham on me? thou toldst me thou couldst be contented with Glass Beads; and for this trick, if I had a Daughter, I'd cut her Ears off, tho' there were no more Women in the World. This it is to Piss warm and drink cold.

Mean time the Women being toucht with the Expression, fell a twittering, and being got mellow, fell to Kissing one another, one commended the Mistriss of the House, t'other the Master: when during this chit chat, *Habinas* stealing behind *Fortunata*, gave her such a toss on the Bed, that her Heels flew as high as her Head, on which she gave a squeak or two, and finding her Thighs bare, blushing, hid her Head in *Scintilla's* Bosom.

This

This Entertainment held a while, till *Trimalchio* calling for another Course to entertain his new Guests, the Servants took away the Tables that were before us, and having brought others, strew'd the Room with Pindust, mixt with Vermillion and Saffron; and what I never saw before, the Dust of a Looking-glass ground to Powder.

When immediately, says *Trimalchio*, I could have been contented with the Dishes we have had already; but since we have got other Tables, we must also have another Service; and if there be any thing worth our having, bring it.

On which a spruce Boy that served us with warm Water, began to imitate a Nightingale; till *Trimalchio* giving the word, a Servant which waited on *Habinas*, set up another Humour, and, as I believe, commanded by his Master, bellow'd out;

Mean time Æneas had forsook the Shore.

Nor was I ever acquainted with a harsher sound; for besides his mean, barbarous, and Peasant-like way of expressing himself, he so stufft it with scraps of Verses, that even *Virgil* then first disrelish'd me; till at last he was so tir'd, that he could hold no longer: Dye think, said *Habinas*, this Boy has learn'd nothing? I bred him with Stroalers that follow the Fairs: Nor has he his Fellow, whether he mimicks a Muliteer or a Buffoon. This Never-be good has abundance of Wit;
he's

he's a Taylor, a Cook, a Baker, a Jack of all Trades, and but for two Faults, were exact to a Hair: He's crack-brain'd, and snores in his Sleep: For that Cast of his Eye I value it not, he looks like *Venus*, and therefore his Tongue is ever running; and were that Eye out, he were worth the Money I gave for him.

On which *Scintilla* interrupting him, told him he was a naughty Man, for not telling all his good qualities: He's a Pimp too, said she, if not worse, but I'll take care he receive his Reward for that.

Trimalchio laugh'd, and said, He knew he was a *Cappadocian*, that made as much of himself as he could, and, by *Hercules*, I commend him for't; when will you find such another? but, *Scintilla*, you must not be Jealous: Believe me, and I know you too; may I enjoy the Health you wish me, I play'd at Leap-frog so long with our Boy, that my Master grew jealous, and sent me to dig in the Country; but little said is soon amended.

Hereupon this Rascally Servant, as if he had been praised all this while, produc'd an earthen Candlestick, and for half an hour, or better, imitated the Hautboys, *Habinas* singing the Base to him, and blabbering his under Lip with his Finger; that done, he went into the middle of the Room, and clattering some Canes together, one while he imitated the Bagpipes, and danced a Jigg to his own Musick; and another while with

a ragged Frock and a Whip, Aped the Humours of a Carrier, till *Habinas* calling him, first kiss'd him, and then drank to him, which the other pledg'd; and wishing him better and better, I give you, said he, a pair of Buskins.

Nor had there ever been an end of this Trumpery, had not the last Service of Black-birds, baked in good Pye-crust, with Raisins and Chesnuts, been brought up, and after them Peaches, so stuck with Prickles, that they look'd like Hedge-hogs: Yet this might have been born with, if the next Dish had not been such, that we should have rather chose to have starv'd than to have touch'd it: For when it was set upon the Table, and, as we thought, look'd like a good fat Goose, with Fish and all kind of Fowl round it, Whatever you see here, said *Trimalchio*, is all made of the same substance.

Like a cunning Loon, I strait apprehended what it might be; and turning to *Agamemnon*, I marvel, said I, whether they be all mash'd together, or made of Loam; for, in a Saturnal at *Rome*, myself saw the like imaginary Supper.

Nor had I scarce said it, when — quoth *Trimalchio*, So may I grow in Estate, not in Bigness, as my Cook made all this you see out of a single Hog; there is not an excellenter Fellow in the World than himself; he shall, if you please, make you a Poll of Ling of a double Tripe; a Plover of fat Bacon; a Turtle of a Spring of Pork; and

a Hen of a Collar of Brawn; and therefore a Fancy took me to give him a Name suitable to his Parts; you must know I call him *Dadalus*: And because he understands his Business, I had Chopping-Knives of the best Steel brought him from *Rome*; and with that, calling for them, he turn'd them over, and admiring them, offer'd us the liberty of trying their Edge on his Cheek.

Immediately on this came in two Servants quarrelling about their Collars, at which each of them had a large Earthen Pot hanging; and when *Trimalchio* determined the matter between them, neither of them stood to his Sentence, but fell to Club-law, and broke each others Pots.

This drunken Presumption put us out of order; yet casting an Eye on the Combatants, we saw Oysters and Scollaps falling from the broken Pots, and another Boy receiv'd them in a Charger, which he carried round to the Guests.

Nor was the Cook's Ingenuity short of the rest, for he brought us a Dish of broil'd Snails, on a Silver Gridiron, and with a shrill unpleasant Voice, sang as he went. I am ashamed to relate what followed, which was never heard of till then: Some Boys came in with a Basen of liquid Perfumes, and first binding our Legs, Ancles, and Feet with Garlands, anointed them with it, and put what remained amongst the Wine Vessels and the Lamps.

And

And now *Fortunata* began to Dance, and *Scintilla's* Hands went faster than her Tongue; when, says *Trimalchio*, Sit down *Philargyrus*, I give you leave, and you, *Carrio*, because you're an honest Fellow; and you *Minophilus*, bid your Comrade do the like; what shall I say more? The Family so crowded upon us, that we were almost thrust off our Seats; and who should be seated above me, but the Cook who had made a Goose of a Hog, all stinking of Pickle and Kitchen-stuff; not yet content that he sate amongst us, he fell immediately to personate *Thespis* the Tragedian, and dare his Master to a Wager, which of them two should win the Prize next Wrestling.

Trimalchio abash'd at the Challenge; My Friends, said he, even Servants are Men; and however oppress'd by Ill Luck, sucked the same Milk our selves did; and for mine, it shall not be long ere I make them Free without prejudice to my self: To be short, I enfranchise all of them by my last Will and Testament.

I give *Philargyrus* a Country-Farm, and his She-Comrade; to *Curio*, an Island, with a twentieth part of my Moveables, a Bed and its Furniture; for I make *Fortunata* my Heiress, whom I recommend to all my Friends, and publish what I design to have done, to the end my Family may love me as much now as they will when I am dead.

All thanked their Master for his kindness ; and he, as having forgotten Trifles, called for a Copy of his Will, which he read from one end to the other, the Family all the while sighing and sobbing ; afterwards turning to *Habinas*, Tell me, my best of Friends, said he, do you go on with my Monument as I directed you? I earnestly entreat you, that at the Feet of my Statue you carve me my little Bitch, as also Garlands and Ointments, and all the Battles I have been in, that by your Kindness I may live when I am dead : Be sure too that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts to the High-way, and as it looks towards the Fields, two hundred : I will also, that there be all sorts of Fruit and Vines round my Ashes, and that in great abundance : For it is a gross mistake to furnish Houses for the Living, and take no care of those we are to abide in for ever : And therefore, in the first place, I will have it Engraven,

LET NO HEIR OF MINE PRE-
TEND TO THIS MONUMENT.

And that I may receive no Injury after I am dead, I'll have a Codicil annexed to my Will, whereby I'll appoint one of my Freed-Men the Keeper of this Monument, that the People make not an House-of-Office of it. Make me also, I beseech you, on this my Monument, Ships under full Sail, and my self in my Robes sitting on the Bench, with
five

five Gold Rings on my Fingers, and scattering Moneys among the common People ; for you know I have ordered you a Funeral-Feast, and Two-pence a piece in Money. You shall also, if you think fit, carve me some of these Beds we now sit on, and all the People making their Court to me. On my right Hand place my *Fortunata's* Statue, with a Dove in one Hand, and with the other leading a little Dog in her Hand: As also my *Cicero*, and some large Wine Vessels close Cork'd, that the Wine don't run out; and yet carve one of them as broken, and a Boy weeping over it; as also a Sun-dial in the middle, that whoever comes to see what's a Clock may read my Name whether he will or no. And lastly, have a special consideration whether you think this Epitaph sufficient enough.

HERE RESTS CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PATRON OF THE LEARNED. A TROOP OF HORSE WAS DECREED HIM, WITHOUT SUING FOR, AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SENATOR, WOULD HE HAVE ACCEPTED IT. A PIOUS MAN, HONEST, VALIANT, AND TRUE TO HIS FRIEND. HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM LITTLE OR NOTHING, BUT LEFT BEHIND HIM A PRODIGIOUS ESTATE, YET NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER. FAREWEL TO YOU ALSO. H 3 This

This said, *Trimalchio* wept plentifully, *Fortunata* wept, *Habinas* wept, and the whole Family set up a Cry, as if it had been his very Funeral, nay, I also whin'd for Company: When, says *Trimalchio*, Since you know we must die, why don't we live while we may? so may I live my self to see you happy; as, if we plunge ourselves in the Bath we shall not repent it: At my Peril be it, I'll lead the way, for this Room is grown as hot as an Oven. Say you so, quoth *Habinas*, nor am I afraid to make two days of one; and therewith got up barefoot and follow'd *Trimalchio*.

I on the other hand turning to *Ascyrtos*, asked him what he thought of it, for if I but see the Bath, I shall swoon away.

Let's drop behind then, said he, and whilst they are getting in, we'll slip off in the Croud.

The Contrivance pleas'd us; and so *Gitto* leading the way through the *Portico*, we came to the outermost Gate, where a chained Dog bolted upon us so furiously, that *Ascyrtos* fell into the Fish-pond. I who had been frightened at the painted Dog, and now gotten as drunk as *Ascyrtos*, while I endeavour'd to get hold of him, fell in my self; at last the Porter's coming in saved us, for he quieted the Dog, and drew us out; but *Gitto*, like a sharp Rascal, secured himself, for whatever had been given him at Supper to carry home with him, he threw it the Dog, and that mollified him.

But

But when shivering with Cold, we desir'd the Porter to let us out: You're mistaken, said he, if you think to go out the same way you came in, for no Guest ever did that yet: They come in at one Gate and go out at another.

In this sad pickle, what should we do? we found ourselves in a new kind of Labyrinth, and for Bathing, we'd enough of it already: However, Necessity enforcing us, we prayed him to shew us the way to the Bath; and *Gitto* having hung out our Cloaths a-drying in the Porch, we entered the Bath, which was somewhat narrow, and sunk into the Earth, not unlike a Rain-water Cistern; in this stood *Trimalchio* stark naked: Nor could we avoid his humours; for nothing, he said, pleased him better than to Bathe in a Crowd; and that very place had, in times past, been a Grinding-House. Being weary at length, he sat down, and provok'd by the noisiness of the Bath, set up his drunken Throat, and fell a murdering some Songs of *Menecrates*, as they that understood him told us.

Other Guests ran round the Cistern with their Arms across, and made a clamorous noise with their Mouths; others either try'd to take up a Ring from the Pavement with their Hands bound behind them, or put one Knee to the Ground, to kiss their great Toes backward.

While they thus entertain'd one another, we went into the Hot-house that had been heated for *Trimalchio*, and being now recover'd of our Drunkenness, were brought into another Room, where *Fortunata* had set out a fresh Entertainment. Above the Lamps I observed some Womens Gewgaws. The Tables were massy Silver, the Earthen Ware double gilt, and a Conduit running with Wine; when, said *Trimalchio*, This day, my Friends, a Servant of mine open'd a Barber's Shop; he's well to pass, a thrifty Fellow, and a Favourite of mine: Come, let the Floor have Drink as well as ourselves; and for our part, we'll sit to it till Day-light.

While he was yet speaking, a Cock crow'd, at which *Trimalchio* grew disorder'd, and commanded the Wine to be thrown under the Table, and the Lamps to be sprinkled with it; then changing a Ring to his Right Hand, It is not for nothing, said he, this Trumpeter has given us notice; for either the House should be on fire, or one of the Neighbourhood will kill himself: Far from us be it, and therefore whoever brings me this ill Prophet, I'll give him a Reward.

When immediately a Cock was brought in, and *Trimalchio* commanding to have him drest, he was torn in pieces by that exquisite Cook, who a little before had made us Fish and Fowl of a Hog, and put in a Stew-pan, and while *Dadalus* was taking a lusty draught, *Fortunata* ground Pepper.

After

After which *Trimalchio* taking some of the Banquet, bid the Waiters go to Supper, and let others supply their Places.

Whereupon came in another Rank of Servants, and as the former going cry'd out, Farewel, *Caius*, those coming in, said, Sit thou merry, *Caius*.

And here our Mirth first began to be disturb'd, for a Beautiful Boy coming in among those new Servants, *Trimalchio* pluck'd the Boy to him, and welcomed him over and over: Whereupon *Fortunata*, to maintain her Right, began to rail at *Trimalchio*, calling him pitiful Fellow, one that could not manage himself, a shame and scandal to all honest Women, and a very Dog. *Trimalchio*, on the other hand, all confounded and vex'd at her Taunts, threw a Goblet at her Head: She fell a roaring as if she had her Eyes beat out, and clapt both her Hands before her Face.

Scintilla also stood amaz'd, and covered *Fortunata*, all trembling as she was, in her Bosom; the Boy also put a cold Pitcher to her Cheek, on which she lean'd and made a lamentable wailing and blubbering.

But *Trimalchio* did quite contrary; for, said he, what am I the better for this Graceless Woman? 'Tis well known I took her out of a Bawdy-House and made her an honest Woman, but now, blown up like a Frog, she bespatters her self; a very Block, no Woman: But this poor Boy, born in a Cottage, never dreams of Palaces. May my good Genius

nus so befriend me, as I'll bring down the Stomach of this seeming Saint, but in her Actions a Whore rampant: As inconsiderable as she makes me, I might have had a Wife with Two hundred and fifty thousand Pistoles, you know I don't Lye; but she was somewhat in Years, and thereupon my Friend *Jessamin* the Perfumer took me aside, and perswaded me not to let my Family and Name be extinguish'd; but whilst I am making her Fortune, I have put a Thorn into my own Foot; but I'll have a care that she dig me not out of my Grave with her Nails: And that you may immediately be sensible, Mistress *Minx*, of what I design to do, I enjoin you, *Habinas*, that you place not her Statue on my Monument, for fear we should fall together by the Ears when I am dead: Nay, that she may know I am able to plague her, she shall not so much as Kiss me when I die. After this, as he persisted to rattle and make a noise, *Habinas* entreated him to give over his Anger; There's not one of us all, said he, but one time or other does amiss; we are but Men, not Gods. *Scintilla* weeping, said the same, called him *Caius*, and by his own good Nature, begg'd of him to be pacified.

Trimalchio not able to refrain his Tears any longer, I beg of you, *Habinas*, said he, as you wish to enjoy what you have gotten, if I have done any thing without cause, spit in my Face: I lov'd the Boy, 'tis true, not for his Beauty, but that he's a hopeful thrifty
Lad:

Lad: He has got several Sentences by heart; can read his Book at first sight, saves Money out of his Days Provision, has a little Box of his own to keep it, and two drinking Cups; and does he not deserve to be in my Favour? but *Fortunata*, forsooth, will not have it so; your bandy Legs won't away with it. Be content with your own, thou She-kite, and don't plague me so, thou Harlotry, or otherwise thou'lt find what I am; thou know'st well enough, if I once set on't, I am immoveable. But we'll remember the Living.

Come, my Friends, let's see how Merry you can be, for in my time I have been no better than your selves, but by my own Industry I am what I am: 'Tis the Heart makes a Man, all the rest is but stuff. I buy cheap and sell dear; another Man may sell ye other things, but I enjoy my self: And thou Dung-hil-raker, art thou yet gruntling, I'll take care hereafter you whimper for something.

But, as I was saying, my Frugality made me the Man I am; I came out of *Asia* no Taller than this Candlestick, and daily measured my self by it: and that I might get a Beard the sooner, rubb'd my Lips with the Candle-grease; yet I kept favourite to my Master fourteen Years (nor is it a dishonourable thing to do as one's bid) and the same time satisfy'd my Mistress: You understand me, Gentlemen, I'll say no more, for I hate boasting. By this means, as the Gods would have it, the Government of the House was committed

mitted to me, and nothing was done but by my Guidance: What need many words? My Master made me Joint-heir with *Cæsar*, and I got, by his Will, a Senator's Estate; but no Man thinks he has enough, and I had a mighty desire to turn Merchant. Not to detain you longer, I built five Ships, Freight-ed them with Wines, which at that time were as precious as Diamonds, and sent them to *Rome*; you'll think I desired to have it so: All my Ships founde'r'd at Sea, 'tis a true Story I tell you; *Neptune* swallow'd me in one Day Three hundred thousand Crowns. Do you think I broke upon't? by *Hercules*, no; the Loss was but a Flea-bite: For, as if there had been no such thing, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former; so that every one esteem'd me a Man of Courage. As you know a great Ship carries a great deal of Force, I loaded them again with Wine, Beans and Bacon, Unguents, Planes and other Merchandize: And here *Fortunata* shew'd her Affection; for she sold all that she had; nay, strip'd her self to her very Smock, and put a round Sum of Money in my Pocket; tho' yet it was but a Pig of my own Sow. What the Gods will is quickly done; I got an Hundred thousand Crowns by the Voyage, and forthwith redeem'd the Lands my Patron had left me, built me a House, bought Cattle to sell them again, and whatever I went about gather'd like a Snow-Ball. But when I grew richer than all the Country besides, I gave over,
and

and from a Merchant, turn'd Usurer, and bought Servants.

Thus resolv'd to give over Trading, a certain Astrologer that chanc'd to come to this Village would have perswaded me to the contrary. He was a *Grecian*, his Name *Serapa*, one that held correspondence with the Gods. He told me a deal that I had forgotten, and laid every thing before me from top to bottom: He knew all that I had within me, and told me what I had the Night before to Supper; and you'd have thought he had liv'd with me all his Life-time.

I desire you'd inform me, *Habinas*, I think you was there, he told me the Intrigue between my Mistress and me; That I had but Ill luck at Friends; that no one ever made me a return of my Kindnesses: That I had large Possessions, but nourish'd a Viper in my Bosom: Why should I not tell you all? I have, by his Account, thirty Years, four Months, and two Days yet to live; and in a short time shall have another Estate left me.

Thus my Fortune-teller. But if I can join my Lands here to those in *Apulia*, I shall be rich enough: In the mean time, by the Favour of *Mercury*, my Guardian, I have built this House: It was once, you know, a pitiful Cabbin, but now as magnificent as a Temple: It has four Dining-rooms, twenty Bed-chambers, two Marble Porticoes, a Gallery above Stairs, my own Apartment, another for this Viper; a very good Porter's Lodge, and the House is capable of receiving

a thousand Guests: To be short, whenever his Highness comes this way, he had rather lodge here than in his own House, tho' it borders on the Sea: And many other Conveniencies it has, which I'll shew you by and by. Believe me, *He that has a Penny in his Purse, is worth a Penny: They that have much shall have more.* And so your Friend, once no better than a Frog, is now a King.

And now *Stichus* bring me the Furniture in which I design to be carried to my Funeral Pile; bring also the Unguent, and some of that Ointment which I order'd for the cleansing my Bones.

Stichus made haste and brought in a white Coverlet, and Robe of State, and pray'd us to try if they were not fine Wool, and well woven. And see you *Stichus*, said *Trimalchio* smiling, that neither Mice nor Moths come at them; for, if they do, I'll burn you alive. I will be brought out in Pomp, that all the People may speak well of me.

With that opening a Glass Bottle of Spike-nard, he caus'd us all to be anointed; and I hope, said he, it will do as much good when I am dead, as it does while I am living: Then commanding the Wine-Vessels to be fill'd again, Now imagine, said he, you are invited to my Funeral Feast. We, by this time nauseated, were ready to vomit; *Trimalchio* also was got extravagantly drunk, when behold a new Interlude; he commanded the Cornets to come in, and lying at his full length upon the Bed, with Pillows under

under him, Suppose me, said he, now dead, say somewhat, I beseech you, in praise of me.

Whereupon the Cornets sounded as at a Funeral; but one above the rest, a Servant of that Freed-man of *Trimalchio's* who, of all the rest, was the best condition'd, made such a Thundering, that it rais'd the Neighbourhood: On which the Watch, thinking the House had been on fire, broke open the Gate, and making an Uproar after their manner, ran in with Water and Hatchets. When finding so fair an opportunity, we gave *Agamenmon* the slip, and scamper'd off, as if it had been a real Fire.

The End of the First Part.

THE

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lay somewhere, I beseech you, in praise of

me.
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ner, ran in with Water and Hatchets. When
finding to raise an opportunity, we gave de-
voted the slip, and scamp'd off, as if it
had been a real fire.

The End of the first Part.

THE

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
WORKS
OF

Petronius Arbiter,

IN PROSE and VERSE.

*Made English by Mr. BURNABY, Mr. THO.
BROWN, Capt. AYLOFF, and Others.*

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
WORKS

OF
JOHN
LOCKE
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY
JOHN LOCKE
M.D.

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THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Petronius Arbiter,

A ROMAN Knight.

NOT a Star appear'd to direct us to our Lodging, nor could we meet with any Persons in the Street of whom we might have inquired our Way; 'twas the very dead of Night: Our little knowledge of the Town, and the Wine we had drank, conspir'd to guide us amiss. When we had wander'd a good while, and hurt our Feet with treading upon sharp Stones and Gravel, at length, the diligence of *Gitto* deliver'd us; for the day before he, apprehending we might be at

a loss when we return'd from *Trimalchio's*, had providently mark'd every Post and Pillar with Chalk, to that degree, that the darkness of the Night could not render those Notices obscure, but their Brightness directed us how to find our way. Nor were our Fears over after we were got to our Inn; for my Hostess having taken a plentiful Cup of the Creature, had so entirely lost her Senses, and was fallen into so fast a sleep, that throwing her into the Fire would scarce have wak'd her; and, perhaps, we had been forc'd to have taken up our Lodging in the Street, if a Post belonging to *Trimalchio*, with ten Carriages of his Master's Revenue, had not come to the Door of the Inn at the same time we did; which, without much ado he beat down, and gave us admittance at the Breach.

As soon as ever we had entered our Chamber, I went to Bed, and having made so plentiful a Supper, and burning with Desire, I wholly gave myself up to Pleasure.

*Who can the charms of that blest Night declare,
How soft, ye Gods, our warm Embraces were!
Our wanton Limbs like curling Ivy twin'd,
And both our Bodies and our Souls were join'd.
Farewell the World! the Gods would cease to live,
If Joys like these they might in death receive*

But

Part II. PETRONIUS ARBITER. 113

But these Dreams of Satisfaction quickly vanish'd, and I immediately found to my cost, that I had no reason to hug my self in my pleasures; *Ascylos*, naturally prone to Mischief, perceiving me Drunk, and unable to secure my Prize, stole the Boy out of my Bed, and convey'd him to his own, and there revell'd in Joys he had no Title to: *Gitto*, either insensible of the Change put upon him, or cunningly dissembling it, slept unconcern'd at and unmindful of the Vows he had made to the contrary. Rising therefore in the Morning, and finding out the Trick impos'd upon me, by all that's good, I had a strong Inclination to have run them thro' both together, and to have made their Sleep eternal; by sending them into the other World; but cooler Thoughts taking place, I wak'd my Friend *Gitto* with a good drubbing; and looking sternly on *Ascylos*, Since you have play'd the Villain, said I, and broke the common Laws of Friendship, pack up your Matters quickly, and find out another Comrade to abuse.

Ascylos consented, and after we had made an exact division of our Booty; Now, says he, let's share the Boy too: I believ'd it a Jest at parting, but he, with a murderous Resolution, drew his Sword; Nor shall you, added he, think to ingross this Prize, which should, like the rest, be common to us both. I must have my share of him, in case you refuse me, I am resolv'd to take my Dividend no other way but with my Sword. Upon which,

which I also drew my Sword, and wrapping my Gown about my Arm, stood ready to engage.

The unhappy Boy rush'd between, and, kissing both our Knees, with Tears entreated, that we would not expose our selves in a pittiful Ale-house, nor with our Blood pollute our mutual Vows and Obligations: But, raising his Voice, says he, If there must be Murder, behold my naked Bosom, hither direct your Fury: 'Tis I deserve Death, who violated the sacred Laws of Friendship.

Upon which we sheath'd our Swords; and *Ascylos* first began; says he, I'll put an end to this difference: Let the Boy himself follow whom he pleases, and enjoy a perfect liberty in the choice of his Friend and Companion.

I that presum'd my long Acquaintance with the Boy had made no slight Impressions on his Nature, was so far from fearing any thing from this Project, that I catch'd at the Proposal; but I had no sooner given my consent to decide our Contention in the manner *Ascylos* had offer'd, and to make the Boy the Umpire of our Strife, but *Gitto* jump'd up, and, without the least hesitation, determin'd the Affair in favour of *Ascylos*.

I, like one Thunder-struck at the sentence, void of Defence, fell flat upon the Bed; nor had I surviv'd the Loss, if Envy had not put a stop to my Resolution.

Ascylos

Part II. PETRONIUS ARBITER. 115

Ascylos proud of the Conquest, goes off with the Prize, leaving me expos'd in a strange place, to the insults of Fortune, whom a little before he had caress'd as a Friend and Partner of his Adventures.

*The Gods with Friendship seldom Mortals bless;
That Sacred Good in Fancy we possess.*

*Our easy Faith false Men with Oaths beguile;
When Fortune frowns the Perjur'd cease to smile.*

*The good and wretched, Men nor Gods defend;
But poorly fawn, and still the Rich commend.*

*Thus when the Audience bids the Play begin,
And the last Flourish calls the Actors in;*

*With tender Words, and with dissembling Art,
This plays a Lover's, that a Father's Part.*

*The Aged Sire with fond Paternal Care,
Affects his Son as he pursues the Fair.*

*But when, at length, the unctious Lamps expire
And the Spectators from the Play retire,*

*Each to his natural Inclination turns,
The Father doats not nor the Lover burns.*

I durst not indulge my Grief any longer in that place, for fear, amongst the rest of my Misfortunes, one *Menelaus* a School-master, might find me alone in the Inn; I therefore

tyed up my Snapsack, and, in a Pensive condition, betook my self to a Retirement near the Sea-side; where, when I had been mew'd up three Days, reflecting on my despicable Circumstances, I beat my Breast, as sick as it was, and, when my deep Sighs would suffer me, often cry'd out, Why has not the Earth swallow'd me alive? Why has not the Sea overwhelm'd me? I have been a Murderer; I have debauch'd the Wife of *Lycas*; I have fled from Justice; and even escap'd when I was condemn'd to be hang'd; but to what purpose? To be an Exile in a strange Country, to have my Name recorded only amongst Beggars and Vagabonds: And who condemn'd me to this Solitude? --- A Boy! a Prostitute to all manner of Lust; who, by his own confession, deserves to die; who rais'd himself by his Lewdness, and by the same Crime obtain'd his Liberty; who was Married, as a Girl, by one of his own Sex: And what a Wretch is that other, O ye Gods! who no sooner arriv'd to be a Man, but, perswaded by his Mother, he chang'd himself into a Woman, and assuming the Habit of a Servant-maid, took Service in, and did the drudgery of a Prison; who having spent his own Paternal Fortune, and chang'd the Scene of his Lust (O horrid Impudence!) like a hot Whore, for one poor Night's Pleasure, fold his Friend. Now the Lovers lie whole Nights lock'd in each others Arms, and who knows but, in the intervals of their Crimes, they may laugh at me, and the solitude I am in:

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in: But they shan't go off so, for as I am a Man, free born, and generously bred, I'll make their Blood to expiate the Injury.

Having said thus, I girt my Sword about me; and lest I should be too weak to maintain the War, I encourag'd my self with a lusty Meal, and making out of doors, like one posselt, search'd every place: But whilst, with a wild distracted Countenance, I thought of nothing but Blood and Slaughter, and oft with Execrations laid my Hand upon my Sword, a Soldier, or perhaps some Sharper or Foot-pad, observ'd me, and making up to me, said, Brother Soldier, to what Regiment and Company do you belong? With a great deal of Impudence I nam'd him both the Battalion and Company in which I pretended to serve: My Assurance had near induc'd him to believe the Lye, when looking down, But Friend, said he, do the Soldiers of your Company walk in such Shoes? I began to look guilty, and, by my trembling, discover'd the Untruth I had told him; upon which he oblig'd me to lay down my Arms, and bid me take care of my self. Thus robb'd both of my Weapons and Revenge, I return'd to my Lodging, where, by degrees, my Rage abating, I began in my Mind to thank the Robber.

But finding it difficult to wean my self from the love of Revenge, I spent half the Night very pensively; and rising by Day-break, I rov'd about every where to ease my self of my Grief, and to make me forget the

the thoughts of the Injury I had receiv'd, till at last going into a publick Gallery, very wonderful for several sorts of excellent Painting; I saw some pieces by *Zeuxy's* Hand, that had not yet yielded to the Injuries of Time: And not without an awful Reverence consider'd others done by *Protogenes*, which tho' they were his first Trials, yet disputed for exactness even with Nature itself: But on the other side viewing a celebrated Piece drawn by *Apelles*, I even ador'd the Work of so great a Master: 'Twas so correctly finish'd, and so much to the Life, you'd have sworn it a Picture of the Soul too. One side related the Story of the Eagle bearing *Jupiter* to Heaven; the other, that of the fair *Hylas* repelling the Addresses of a lascivious *Naiad*: In another part was *Apollo*, angry with himself for killing his Boy *Hyacinthus*, and to shew his love to the deceased, he crown'd his Harp with the Flower that sprung from his Blood.

Tho' I was amongst these Painted Lovers, yet thinking myself alone, I burst out; And are the Gods themselves not secure from Love? *Jupiter* in his Heavenly Seraglio not finding one that can please his Appetite, descends to, and sins upon Earth, yet injures no body: The Nymph would have stifled her Passion for *Hylas*, had she believ'd the mighty *Hercules*, wou'd have forbid the Banes: *Apollo* changes *Hyacinthus* into a Flower; and the Artist made every Deity enjoy his Wishes without a Rival; but I have carefs'd, as the dearest Friend, the greatest Villain.

While

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While I was thus talking to my self, there enter'd the Gallery an old Man, with a Face as pale as Age had made his Hair; he seem'd, I know not how, to bring with him the Ayre of a great Soul; but viewing his contemptible Dress and Habit, by that very token I immediately concluded him in the number of those Learned Men to whom Rich Men have a mortal Aversion, and to whose Labours Fortune is seldom Favourable. In short, he made up to me, and addressing himself, told me he was a Poet, and, as he hop'd, such a one who could pretend to some Excellencies above the vulgar Rank; if my Merit, added he, don't suffer by that Applause that's promiscuously given to the good and bad.

How therefore, interrupted I, are you so meanly clad? On this reason, return'd he, Because Learning never made any Man Rich.

*Returning Sails the happy Merchant blest,
And flowing Bowls smiles on his rich Success.
The dusty Plain, and cruel purple Field,
Does to the Brave a wealthy Harvest yield.
The Clergy thrives, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fattens with the Spoils of War.
To servile Parasites we Altars raise,
And the kind Wife her vigorous Lover pays:*

But

*But starving Wit in Rags takes barren Pain,
And dying seeks the Muses Aid in vain.*

'Tis certain, added he, that a Lover of Virtue, on the account of his singularity, meets with Contempt; for who can approve what differs from himself? And those that admire Riches wou'd fain possess every body, that nothing is more reasonable than their Opinion; whence they ridicule, as well as they can, the Learned few, that the World may imagine, even these judicious Persons are as great Slaves to Gold, and equally desirous of Money as themselves.

' I don't know how Learning and Poverty become Relations, said I, and sigh'd. *You justly lament*, return'd he, *the condition of Scholars.*

' You mistake me, said I, that's not the occasion of my Sighs, there's another, and much greater Cause: And, as all Men are naturally inclin'd to communicate their Grief, I laid open my Case to him, beginning with *Ascylos's* Treachery, which I aggravated; and, with repeated Sighs, often wish'd the Person who had injur'd me had been capable of imploring or meriting my Pardon; but he had no such Thoughts, he was a hardned Villain, and in Lust more subtil than a Carted Bawd.

The Old Man believing me sincere, began to comfort me; and the better to effect it, told me what formerly had happen'd to himself on the like occasion.

When

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When I was in *Asia*, began he, and concern'd in the Publick Revenue, I lodg'd at the House of one *Pergamus*, where the Entertainment did not tempt me to stay so much, as a very beautiful young Girl I saw there, Daughter to the Master of the House: My Contrivance was to act the Lover unsuspected by her Father; and to effect my Wishes I us'd this Method: Whenever in Mirth we happen'd to discourse of Intrigues, or private Amours, I dissembled such a strong aversion to the Ladies, and pretended my Modesty suffer'd so much by the recital of such Gallantries, that the Mother of the young Virgin look'd upon me as a Philosopher above the sensual Pleasures of the World. Upon this, I was desir'd to be Tutor of the pretty Lady, not only to instruct her in a method of Study, but also to replenish her Mind with Principles of Honour and Virtue.

The Charge I had over her Person and Studies, authoriz'd my coming into her Bed-Chamber, at such times as were convenient for her Instructions. It happen'd that an extraordinary Festival was solemniz'd in the Neighbourhood, where both the Father, Mother, and the greatest part of the Family were present; I took the occasion which Fortune presented me with, and went to her Apartment, where I found her upon her Bed, rather pretending to sleep than sleeping; in a very agreeable disorder, the blushing Colour in her Cheeks augmented her Beauty, and tho'

tho' her Eyes were shut, I felt their piercing Influence in my Soul, addressing my self therefore to *Venus*; Queen of soft Desires, whisper'd I, Could I have the happiness to kiss the lovely Virgin, and she not know it? to morrow I'll present her with a pair of Turtles. Hearing the Reward, she began to sleep more profoundly than before; whereupon I greedily seiz'd my Wishes: Satisfy'd with this beginning, I stopt there, and early the next Morning perform'd my promise.

The Festival continued, and the following Day permitted me the same, or a greater, liberty than I had taken in the former; when advancing in my Wishes, And if I might discover, said I, the lovely Breasts of my pretty Scholar, I'll have a brace of Peacocks the fairest in all *Asia* at her Service: At this the Maid turn'd about, and gave me the opportunity of touching two snowy Hills, whiter than the *Alps*, or *Apennines*; I bought the Peacocks, and, like a Man of Honour, perform'd my Word. The third Morning was now arriv'd, and the Family still entertain'd themselves in Diversions sacred to the Gods, I had the like access, and found my Mistress as fast asleep as she was the preceding Days; her Conduct inspir'd me with Courage, and, approaching her Ear, Ye Gods, said I, could I now seize that Joy entire, which neither can nor ought to be express'd, to morrow shall make the Charmer Mistress of a Diamond worth five Hundred Crowns; upon which she dissembled to sleep on.

Wild

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Wild to enjoy, I prest to her and receiv'd a satisfaction that bounded all my Wishes. You may imagine, that Turtles and Peacocks were easier to be bought than so fine a Diamond; besides, I thought it Imprudence to alarm the old People, by presenting their Daughter so considerably, who might reasonably conjecture, I should hardly have put my self to so much charge without expectation of a suitable Return. I therefore wav'd my Promise, and return'd to my Mistress's Chamber without the Jewel she expected: I enter'd the Room, and without more Ceremonies, she threw her Arms about my Neck; And, I beseech you, Sir, where's the Diamond?

'The difficulty of getting a fine one, return'd I, made me defer my Promise, but 'in a few Days I'll be as good as my Word. The Girl well knew the meaning of my delay, and by her Countenance betray'd her Resentment.

This breach of my Word put a stop to our Commerce, but Fortune set us right again; for not many Days after, another Festival gave me the same Privilege I had at first: When I found her fast asleep, I began to desire her to be Friends with me, that is, that she would grant me the Favours she had for some time kept from me; she, perfectly angry, return'd no other Answer, than, If you won't be still I'll raise the Family; but Love forces thro' all difficulties; tho' she was saying, I'll raise the Family, I rush't upon her,
and

and, meeting with a faint Resistance, seiz'd the Joy I long'd for. She was not displeas'd with my Attempt, but after a long complaint that she was cheated, laugh'd at, and should be abus'd among her Play-fellows, whom she had possess'd with an Opinion of my being very Rich, since I had promised her so fine a Diamond; To shew you, added she, that you shan't meet with the same Ingratitude from me, if you have Inclinations to repeat your Wishes, do it freely: I, laying aside all Quarrels, was easily Friends with her, and having us'd the liberty she gave me, fell fast asleep upon her Bed: But she that was now in her prime, and fit for Action, not satisfy'd, raising me ask'd, Whether I would have any more? It was yet no troublesome Province to me; and when her Weariness confess'd her satisfy'd, I fell asleep again. 'Twas hardly an hour e're she was pushing me with her Elbow, and crying, We lose time: I flew in a great Passion to be so often disturb'd, and turn'd her own Words upon her, Lye still, or I'll raise the Family.

This Discourse amusing my Grief, I began to question the old Gentleman about the Antiquity of some Figures there represented, and the Stories of some others I was not acquainted with; what might be the reason why the present Age did not arrive to the Excellency of Learning of the Preceeding ones; why the most excellent Arts were lost, of which Painting had not the least Figure or Mark of its first Beauty and Complexion: Our love
of

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of Riches, reply'd he, has been the only root of this, and most other Evils; for in old time, when Virtue was more admir'd for its own sake, all liberal Arts flourish'd, and the only Emulation among Men, was to make discoveries that might Profit Mankind. 'Twas in those times *Democritus*, not despising an ingenious and inquisitive Poverty, found out the Vertue of most Herbs; and, lest there might be any Excellence in Stones and Trees, unknown to the Age he liv'd in, spent the rest of his Life in Experiments about them. 'Twas then *Eudoxus* abandon'd the World, to live on the top of a high Mountain, to discover the motions of the Heavens; and *Crypsippus*, the better to qualify his Mind for Invention, went thrice through a Course of Physick.

But to return to Statuary, *Lyfippus* with that diligence employ'd himself about one Figure, that, neglecting to earn Bread, he was starv'd for want of meer Necessaries; and *Myron*, whose brazen Images of Men and Beasts, you might have mistaken for living ones, dy'd very Poor. But our Age is so wholly devoted to Lewdness, that we are so far from inventing, we even refuse to study those Arts which are already found out to our hands: All the business of our Schools is to fall foul upon the Ancients, and whilst we declaim at their Methods, our Academies are become Seminaries of Vice only: What's our Logick? How little do we know of Astronomy? Where's our Philosophy? What

Master of Eloquence could endure to hear it so murder'd as it is in a Pulpit? Who now comes to Church to pray for Wisdom, Health, or Moderation; we enter the sacred Houses of the Gods with wild unaccountable Desires, and the Petitions we make to Heaven are as foolish and extravagant; one ardently prays to succeed his Friend both in his Bed and Estate; another promises a Sacrifice to the Gods, if they'd be pleas'd to take a troublesome Father out of this wicked World: A third, if they'd direct him to a Treasure: A fourth Spark begs the favour of the Immortals, that they would oblige him with an Estate of 500 *l. per Ann.* or so, which a Neighbour of his enjoys, and that the Owner of it may hang or drown himself with all convenient expedition: The very Senate that should shew an exemplary Conduct in Occasions of great Emergencies, have devoted mighty Sums of Gold to Religious Uses: It appears therefore but reasonable for Mortals to be avaritious of Money, which can charm and make flexible even the Gods themselves! You need not wonder why Painting is lost, when Gold appears more beautiful both above and below, than any thing *Apelles* or *Phydias* madly fool'd away their time about: But seeing your Curiosity is wholly taken up in that Piece, that shews you a contracted History of the Siege of *Troy*, I'll try to give you the Story more at large in Verse.

Now

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*Now twice five Years the Argive Youth in vain
Contending, fought on Ilium's dusty Plain,
The Wars success, by Jovè's high Will conceal'd,
No God, or Prophet, to the Greeks reveal'd.
Cryses, in vain, on the resounding Shore,
Did Power Marine religiously implore.
Confusion, Sorrow, Care, and Panick Fear,
Did on each Face in gloomy looks appear:
When thus Apollo, like Laerte's Son, (won.
Shew'd how Troy's Walls might by Surprise be
Fogetting quite great Hector's generous Shade,
And Towers, whose stones immortal builders laid,
Refulgent Beams did round his Temples shine,
And every Accent spoke a Power divine.
Dear to the Gods, proud Ida's Rising Hill:
Prodigious Pines, and mighty Cedars fill; (force
The stubborn Trees from their lov'd Mountains
And with the Timber frame a wooden Horse,
As large as those which thro' Heaven's Regions
And draw the weighty Chariot of the Sun. (run,
Fallacious Doors cut in the wounded side,
And in its Caverns your Batalians hide.*

*The Greeks obey, and nodding Cedars feel
 The glittering Edge of their laborious steel.
 With these the Argives build a vast Machine,
 (Green.
 And plac'd the Fraud near bright Scamander's
 With eager haste th' impatient Squadrons march,
 And hide themselves in the capacious Arch:
 By means ungenerous, aiming to destroy
 The gilded Temples of unguarded Troy.
 What cruel Fate unhappy Ilium rul'd,
 By Grecian Art amuz'd, by Synon fool'd.
 The Trojans hop'd, and that Deluder swore
 The hostile Fleet had left rich Asia's Shore.
 Near Ida's Tomb upon the bloody Plain,
 Where Gods were wounded, and Pelides slain;
 Now free from Mars, and Wars ungrateful Broils,
 The Phrygians walk'd, recounting late their toils.
 All view'd the Horse —
 So pleas'd they wept: thus even our cares and fears
 When Joy surprises melt away in Tears.
 Enrag'd Laocoon, with Prophetick Fires,
 To wound the Horse the wond'ring crowd inspires.
 Invoking Heaven he drew his sacred Blade,
 Began the War and the first Onset made.*

Some

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*Some Power unseen the dreadful Blow repell'd,
Which might a Pine, or lofty Cedar fell'd.*

*A second time he try'd his mighty force,
And pierc'd the dire Recesses of the Horse :
Its wounded Sides, and gloomy Caverns groan,
And tremble at the Danger, not their own.*

All stood concern'd —

*When far at Sea, two fiery Snakes appear,
And o'er the Surge their gilded Bellies rear.
Like lofty Ships on the green Waves they ride,
And with their Breasts the foaming Surge divide.
Their golden Crests with gaudy horror blaze,
Burn sporting Fish, and Gods marine amaze.
Affrighted Neptune shuns the odd Surprise,
And to the Beach, and Ouzie Harbour flies.*

The Monsters land —

*And toward the crowd with humble heads descend
Then rise again, and circularly bend: (roll'd,
Straight round the Horse in glittering Orbs they
And Ilium's Fall in dreadful Hissings told.*

*Laocoon's Sons the horrid Object view'd,
Fearless of Fate, the unhappy Youths pursu'd.
Safe in their Father's Probity and Truth,
Secur'd by childish Innocence and Youth:*

*Yet these the Snakes and guilty Gods assail,
And o'er the Boys with impious force prevail:
Their little Hands for Aid, to Heaven they rear;
Each for his Brother feels unusual Fear:
And when the strict Embraces stopt their Breath,
They shew'd fraternal Piety in Death.
Their mournful Father with a Parents care,
Hastes to revenge that Fate he's doom'd to share.
To kill the Sire the Snakes their Forces bend;
Nor does Minerva her own Priest defend.
The horrid Omens deep impressions made;
All vote the Horse should be to Troy convey'd.
Their Bastions flat the hasty Dardans beat,
Aiding the Grecian's Fraud, and Synon's Cheat.
Now Night perswaded Gods and Men to rest;
And Sleep and Wine in cautious Troy oppress;
When from the open'd Caverns of the Horse,
Pyrrhus leaps out, and draws the Grecian Force.
Broke from their Prison, and discharg'd from ^{(dread,}
The glittering Troop with wanton motions tread.
The Courser thus, when broke his Reins he feels,
Bounds on the Plain and tries his active Heels.
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(Shields,
They draw their Swords, and shake their brazen
Which cast bright horror on the dusky Fields.
Buried in Wine part on the Trojans light,
And stretch their sleep to one eternal Night.
Some others make the Phrygian Altars smoke,
And against Troy, the Trojan Gods invoke.

When *Eumolpus* had gone thus far in his Poetical Harangue, the People that were walking there, began to fling Stones at him: But he, conscious of his Merit, cover'd his Head, and ran away as fast as he could: Fearful lest they should have taken me for a Poet too, I made after him: As soon as we had secur'd our selves out of Stone-shot, I beseech you, Sir, said I, what will you do with this Disease of yours? I don't wonder at the Peoples humour, since I have hardly been acquainted with you two Hours, and your Entertainment has had more Poetry in it than the Conversation of a Man. I think I must fill my Pocket with Stones, that when I perceive you going into your Fit, I may bleed you in the Head with one of 'em.

He turn'd to me, and, Dear Child, said he, I rose to Day without consulting my Fortune; tho', 'tis confess'd, I seldom appear even upon the Stage, but it treats me after the same manner: But that I may not be at difference with you too, I'll tye my
K 4 self

self up from this humour of Poetry: Well, well, said I, on that condition I Sup with you; upon which, going into the poor Cottage I lodg'd at, we order'd the Master of the House to get us a Supper, and in the mean time we went to the Bagnio, where I saw *Gito* leaning against the Wall, with Towels and Rubbing-brushes in his hand; his dejected Countenance easily convinc'd me he serv'd on Compulsion. As soon as he saw me, addressing himself in an humble manner, he told me, That now he could freely speak to me his Mind, since I was no longer in such a martial Posture as oblig'd him to bely his Affections, and to hide the true Sentiments of his Soul: Afterwards he entreated me to have Compassion on his Circumstances, and to deliver him from the Cruelty of so barbarous a Master. He acknowledg'd himself sorry for the decision he was oblig'd to make against his own Inclinations; that I might take my own satisfaction in punishing him after what way I pleas'd, for, added he, If I must die, 'twill be comfort enough to so unhappy a Wretch, to think that you are pleas'd in't.

I desir'd him not to make a noise with his Complaints, lest our Design should be discover'd; and leaving *Eumolpus*, who was versifying in the Bath, we scower'd off thro' a dirty Back-entry, asprivately as we could, to my Lodgings: Where, shutting the Door, I threw my Arms about his Neck, and, tho' he was all in Tears, half smother'd him with

Kisses:

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Kisses : Thus we continued in a mutual Silence ; *Gito's* repeated Sobs so disturb'd him, he could not speak : When after a long time spent in that posture, How unaccountable is it, began I, to love him that once forsook me : And that in this Breast I should feel so great a Wound, yet have no sign of its being there ! What's your pretence for chusing *Ascyrtos* ? Have I deserv'd such usage ?

You see I make no other Person the Judge, Whose love was greatest, yours or mine ? But I've done my Complaints, and design to forget my Injuries, if I find you sincere.

I could not tell him this without falling into Tears. When, wiping his Face, says he, *Eucolpius*, I appeal to your Memory, whether I left you, or you betray'd me : I must confess, and hope you won't blame me for it, when I saw two at Daggers-drawing, I went over to the strongest.

I could not but admire his Wit, and to convince him of a perfect Reconciliation, seal'd it with repeated Kisses.

'Twas now quite dark, and our Supper was dishing up, when *Eumolpus* knock'd at the Door : I ask'd who was there ? and took an opportunity thro' a Chink, to see whether *Ascyrtos* was with him ; but finding him alone, I soon open'd the Door : He had hardly seated himself on his Couch, when seeing *Gito* in waiting, On my word, said he, a very *Ganymede* indeed, sure *Eucolpius*, you have no reason to complain to Day.

I did not like a beginning which had so much of Curiosity, and was afraid I had entertain'd another *Ascylos*. *Eumolpus* pursuing his Humour, when the Boy fill'd him a Glass, I had rather, said he, be in possession of thee, than the whole Bagnio; and greedily drinking it off, the Heat I've been in, added he, made this the pleasantest Draught I ever took. For, to deal freely with you, I narrowly 'scap'd a beating when I was in the Bath, for attempting to deliver my Thoughts of it in Verse: And after I was turn'd out of the Bagnio, as I us'd to be out of the Theatre, I search'd every place, crying, as loud as I cou'd, *Eucolpius*, *Eucolpius*: A naked Youth that had lost his Cloaths, as strongly eccho'd back to me, *Gito*, *Gito*: The Boys, believing me mad, hooted at me: But the other was attended with a great concourse of People, that with an awful Admiration prais'd the Youth: For Nature had so largely qualify'd him for a Lover, that his Body seem'd less than a part that depended on it: A lustly Rogue! I'll warrant he'll maintain the Field four and twenty Hours: He therefore soon found relief; for a debauch'd Spark, a *Roman* Knight, as was reported, flung his Cloak over him, and took him home, with hopes, I presume, to engross so great a Prize: But I was so far from meeting such Civility, that even my own Cloaths were kept from me, till I brought one that knew me, to satisfy 'em in my Character: So much more advantageous is it

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it to be beautiful in our Persons, than accomplish'd in our Minds.

Whilst *Eumolpus* was telling his Story, I often chang'd Countenance, looking pleasantly or troubled, according as my Rival met with good Fortune or Displeasure: I suffer'd the old Gentleman to proceed without interruption, lest he should discover my Concern; and when he had concluded his Story, I told him what we had for Supper.

I had hardly given him an account, e're our Entertainment came in: 'Twas ordinary homely Fare, but very nourishing: Our half-starv'd Doctor attack'd it very briskly, but when he had well fill'd his Belly, he began to tell us, Philosophers were above the World, and ridicul'd those that condemn every thing, because 'tis common, and only admire those things that are difficult to be had: These vicious Appetites, added he, that despise what they can cheaply come by, never have no true taste of any thing, but, like sick Men, love those things that are obnoxious to their Health.

*Things got with Pain and Difficulty's rare,
Indulge our Fancies, and oblige the Fair:
We scorn the Wealth our happy Isle brings forth,
But love whatever is of foreign growth:
Not that the Fish the Po, or Tyber breeds,
Do those excel which chaste Sabrina feeds.*

Not

Not Tyrian Gods in nobler Purple shine,

Or shew a Dye rich as [Augusta] thine.

Nor can the Flocks which breathe th' Iberian Air,

With Escham's Vale, for fleecy Sheep compare.

But these are cheaply got ———

Whilst moving Plains and rough tempest'ous Seas,

Make the dear-bought and far-fetch'd Follies ^{(please.}

Thus the lewd Spark, blind to domestick Charms,

Flies to a Mistresses polluted Arms :

The Fair enjoy'd, his wanton Passion dies ;

Pleas'd with the coy and fond of her that flies.

Is this, said I, interrupting him, consistent with the Promise you made me not to versify any more to day? I beseech you, Sir, at least spare us, that never pelted you: For if any of the Inn should find we have a Poet in our Company, the whole neighbourhood would be rais'd, and we should die Martyrs for Company: If nothing else will make you pity us, think of the Gallery and Bath you came from. When I had treated him after this rate, the good natur'd *Gito*, correcting me, said, I did very ill to reflect upon a Man so much elder than my self; and that having offer'd a Gentleman the Courtesie of my Table, I shou'd not so far forget good Breeding, to affront him when he came: With many
the

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the like Expressions, attended with a Blush at their Delivery, that extremely became him.

Happy the Woman, said *Eumolpus*, that's blest with such a Son! The Gods encrease your Virtue; so much Sense, and so much Beauty we seldom meet with in any one Person: But lest you should think your Civility thrown away, you have found a Lover for it; I'll make your Praises the Subject of my Verse; I'll be both your Instructor and your Guardian; I'll follow all your Motions: Nor can *Euclpius* think himself injur'd, he loves another.

Eumolpus was oblig'd to the Soldier who had stole my Sword, otherwise he had felt my Revenge, which was at first design'd for *Ascylos*: *Gito* reading my Anger in my Countenance, under pretence of fetching Water, prudently withdrew, and allay'd my Heat, by removing one Cause of it: But my Rage reviving, *Eumolpus*, said I, I had rather you had plagu'd me with your Verses, and omitted your making Love; 'tis improbable you and I should agree, you are very Lewd, and I am very Passionate: Believe therefore I am Mad, and humour the Frenzy; that is, be gone immediately.

At this *Eumolpus* was in great Confusion, and, without asking the Occasion of my Anger, presently made out of the Room, pulling the Door after him, he lock'd me in, when I least suspected it, and stealing the Key out of the Key-hole, run in pursuit of *Gito*.

The

The Rage I was in to be so abus'd, put me upon hanging my self; and having ty'd an Apron I found in the Room to the Bedstead, I committed my Neck to the fatal Noose I had made with its Strings: When *Eumolpus* and *Gito* came to the Door, and entering, prevented my Design: *Gito's* Grief growing to a Rage, made a great out-cry, and throwing me on the Bed, You're mistaken, said he, *Eucolpius*, if you fancy it possible for you to die before me: I was first in the Design, and had not surviv'd my choice of *Ascylos*, if I had met with an Instrument of Death: But had not you come to my relief in the Bath, I had resolv'd to throw my self out of the Window: And that you may know Death is always ready to wait on those that desire it, see I have it in my Power to Die, and am going to end my Life in the same manner you was about to finish yours.

Upon which, having snatch'd a Razor from *Eumolpus's* Servant, he cut three or four times at his Throat, and fell down before us; frighted at the Accident, I cry'd out, and falling upon him ere he had reach'd the Ground, with the same endeavour'd to follow him: But neither had *Gito* any appearance of a Wound, nor did I feel my self hurt: For it happen'd to be a Dull Razor, made Blunt on purpose to prepare Barbers 'Prentices to handle a sharper; which was the reason *Eumolpus* did not offer to prevent our mimicking that Death. Nor was his Man in any surprize when the Razor was snatch'd from him.

While

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While this Scene was acting, the Inn-keeper brought us up the other part of our Supper; and viewing the ridiculous Posture we were in, I beseech you, Sirs, said he, are ye Drunk, or have you fled from Justice, and are acting it on your selves, or both? And, pray who was going to make a Gallous of my Bed? What's the meaning of these Tricks? I suppose you intend to bilk me of my Reckoning, but you shall smart for it; I'll soon make you sensible who is Master of the House.

What, you Rascal, cries *Eumolpus*, do you threaten? And, without more ado, flung his Fist in his Face: The Innkeeper took up an Earthen Pitcher we so oft had emptied, and throwing it at *Eumolpus*, broke his Forehead, and immediately ran down Stairs: *Eumolpus*, impatient of Revenge, snatching up a great wooden Candlestick, pursued him, and pouring his Blows very thick on the Innkeeper, reveng'd the Injury he had receiv'd with Interest: This put the whole House in an Uproar; the several Companies in the Inn by this time had got Drunk, and reel'd out in confusion, too see what was the matter: During this Skirmish, having got an Opportunity of Revenge I lock'd the Door upon *Eumolpus*; and having us'd him as he us'd me, enjoy'd both Bed and Board without a Rival.

In the mean time the Neighbours, (that came in at the Bustle) and Cooks, with all their Kitching Artillery, set upon *Eumolpus*: One throws at his Head a hot Spit, with

a Leg of Mutton upon't; another with a Chopping-knife put himself in Martial posture; but above all the Combatants, a blear-ey'd old Woman was the most remarkable, who tucking up a a ragged blue Apron, with one Shoe off, and another on, lug'd a great Mastiff into the Field of Battle, and set him at *Eumolpus*; who, with his wooden Candlestick, defended himself valiantly against all his Enemies.

We saw all the Passages thro' a Hole that had been made by wrenching the Latch from the Door: How well I wish'd him, you may easily imagine; but *Gito* had compassion, and would have succour'd the distressed *Eumolpus*; upon which, my Anger being still up, I gave the merciful Coxcomb two or three Boxes; he retired to the Bed, and fell a crying; but I lookt eagerly thro' the Door, encouraging the Mob to persist in assaulting *Eumolpus*, and fed myself with the pleasing Spectacle of his Misfortunes: When the Governour of the Island, one *Bargates*, whom the Scuffle had rais'd from Supper, was brought into the Room, supported by the Legs of others, for he was so troubled with the Gout, he cou'd not use his own: And having in his aukward manner, with a great deal of Heat, made a long Harangue against Drunkards and Vagabonds, looking on *Eumolpus*, Ha! what is it you, says he, the Excellent Poet? What ----- has these Rogues been abusing you all this while? And without more ado, up he goes to *Eumolpus*, and
whisper-

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whispering, I have a Maid, says he, that jeers me when I ask her the Question; Prithce, if you have any love for me, Lampoon her into better Manners.

While *Eumolpus* was thus engag'd with *Bargates*, the Cryer of the Town and some other Officers, attended with a great Concourse of People, enter'd the Inn; and shaking a smoaky Torch, mouths out to this effect, *viz.*

Not long ago ran away from the Bath, a very pretty Boy, with curl'd Hair, by Name Gito.

If any Man or Woman, in City or Country, can tell Tale or Tidings of him, they shall have for their Reward one hundred Crowns.

Not far from the Cryer stood *Ascylos*, very richly habited, who, to encourage any Discoverer shew'd the promis'd Reward in a Silver Charger.

Upon this I order'd *Gito* to steal under the Bed, and thrust his Feet and Hands through the Cords; that, as *Ulysses* formerly hid himself in a Sheep's-Skin, so extended he might cheat the Searchers.

Gito immediately obey'd the motion, and fixing himself as I directed, out-did *Ulysses* in his native Art: But, that I might leave no room for Suspicion, I so dispos'd the Bed-Cloaths, that none could believe any more than my self had lain there.

We had just done when *Ascylos*, with a Beadle, having search'd the other Chambers, came to ours, which gave him greater hopes, because he found the Door close barr'd: But the petty Officer he brought along with him, with an Iron Crow, forc'd it open.

Upon *Ascylos*'s Entry, I threw myself at his Feet, and intreated him, if he had any Memory of our past Friendship, or any respect for one that had shar'd Misfortunes with him, he wou'd, at least, let me once more see *Gito*, who was still dear to me: And to give my counterfeit Entreaties a better colour, I see, says I, *Ascylos*, you are come with a Design on my Life; for to what other end could you bring hither those Ministers of Justice? Therefore satisfy your Rage, behold my naked Bosom, let out that Blood which, under pretence of a Search, you come to seek.

Ascylos now laying aside his old Grudge to me; profess'd he came in pursuit of nothing but *Gito*, who had run away from him; that he did not desire the Death of any Man, much less of one who submitted to his Mercy, and for whom, notwithstanding former Quarrels, he had still a great Kindness.

The Petty Officer put me to more Pain, for taking a Stick out of the Inn-keeper's Hand, he search'd under the Bed with it, and run it into every hole he found in the Wall: *Gito* drew his Body out of the Stick's way, and, breathing as gently as Fear could make him, held his Mouth close to the Cords.

They

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They were hardly gone e're *Eumolpus* bounc'd in upon us, (for the broken Door cou'd stop no body) and, in a great heat, cry'd out, I'll earn the Reward; I'll run after the Cryer, and let him know how he may get *Gito* into his Hands.

Eumolpus pretending to execute his design, I kiss'd his Knees, and entreated him not to hasten the end of dying Men; You wou'd be justly angry, added I, if you shou'd discover to 'em how you are deceiv'd: The Boy run into the Crowd undiscover'd, and where he is gone, I my self don't know. I beseech you, *Eumolpus*, bring back the Boy, or even restore him to *Ascylos*.

Just as I had work'd him to a Belief, *Gito* with restraining his Breath, sneez'd thrice, so loudly, that he shook the Bed; at which *Eumolpus* turning about, saluted him with, *God bless you, Sir*; and, throwing off the Bedding, saw the little *Ulysses*, who might have rais'd Compassion even in a bloody *Cyclops*: Then looking upon me, Thou Villain, says he, how have you banter'd me? Durst you not tell truth even when you was catch'd in your Roguery? If some God, that has the care of Humane Affairs, had not forc'd the Boy to discover himself, I had wander'd in search of him to a fine purpose. But *Gito*, that cou'd fawn much better than I, took a Cobweb and apply'd it to the Wound in his Forehead, exchanging his Mantle for the other's torn Coat, and both by his Embraces and Kindness, having heal'd his Wounds, and mitiga-

ted his Passion, he address himself to *Eumolpus*: Our Lives, said he, most indulgent Father, our Lives are in your Power; if you love your *Gito*, convince him that you do, by preserving him: Oh! that I might perish by Fire or Water; I that am the Cause of all these Dissentions, my Death would put an end to your Quarrels, and restore you to each others Friendship.

Eumolpus concern'd at our Grief, and particularly mindful of *Gito's* Tenderness to him; surely, says he, you are very indiscreet, who have Souls enrich'd with Virtues, that may make you happy, yet live a continu'd Martyrdom, raising to your selves every Day new occasions of Grief; I, wherever I am, make my Life as pleasant and free from trouble, as if I expected no more of it: If you'll imitate me, never let Cares disturb your Quiet. *Ascylos* haunts you here, avoid him by changing Climates, I am taking a Voyage to a foreign Country, and shou'd be glad of your Company: I believe to morrow Night I shall go on board the Vessel: I am very well known there, and you need not doubt of a civil Entertainment.

His advice appear'd to be both wise and profitable; for at once it deliver'd me from *Ascylos*, and gave me hopes of living more happily than I had done: Thus oblig'd by *Eumolpus's* good Nature, I was sorry for the late Injury I had done him, and began to repent of my Jealousie, since it had occasion'd so many Disasters.

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At last, with Tears, I beseech'd him to be Friends with me too, for that it was not in a Rival's Power to bound his Rage; yet, that I wou'd try neither to say, or do any thing that might give just reason of Offence: And hop'd so wise and good a Man as he, would absolutely blot from his remembrance all marks of our former Quarrels: For 'twas with Men as with Countries, on rude and neglected Grounds, Snows continue very long, but where the fruitful Earth was improv'd by Culture, they presently melt off, and glide away, and hardly leave the least Notices behind them: Thus rough and unpolish'd Minds can't discharge their Passions suddenly, but where Souls are enrich'd with Instruction, they but appear, and vanish.

Get your selves ready for a March, and, as you please, either follow or lead me; and, to confirm the truth of what you say, return'd *Eumolpus*, all my Heat expires in this Kiss.

He had not done speaking, when, hearing the Door move, we turn'd about, and saw a Seaman, with a Beard that made him appear terrible and grim: who saluted *Eumolpus* with a, Why d'ye stay, as if you did not know how soon we must be going.

All immediately prepare for the Journey, *Eumolpus* loads his Servant, who had been all this while asleep; I and *Gito* pack'd up our Things together, and, thanking our Stars, enter'd the Vessel.

We plac'd ourselves as much out of the way as we could under-Deck; and it being not yet Day *Eumolpus* fell asleep; I and *Gito* could not take a wink: When reflecting afresh, that I had taken into my Acquaintance a Rival more powerful than *Ascylos*, I began to be much troubled; but wisely allaying my Grief, I thus reason'd with my self; Is it so troublesome to share what we love, when the best of Nature's Works are in common? The Sun dispenses his Rays on all. The Moon, with her infinite train of Stars, serves to light even Beasts to their repose. What below can boast an Excellence of Nature above the Waters? Yet they flow in publick for the use of all: And Love seems sweeter stol'n, than when it is freely imparted to us: So it is, we esteem nothing unless 'tis envy'd by others; but what have I to fear in a Rival, that Age and Impotence conspire to render disagreeable? Who, when he has an Inclination, his Body jades under him before he can reach the end of his Race.

When I had cheated my self with this Assurance, I muffled my Head in my Coat, and feign'd my self asleep: But on a sudden, as if Fortune had resolv'd to ruine my Quiet, I heard one above-deck groaning out; And has he scorn'd me? This struck me with a trembling, for it was a Man's Voice, and one I was afraid I was but too well acquainted with, At a greater distance, yet with the same heat, I hear a Woman lamenting, O
that

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that some God, said she, wou'd bring my *Gito* to my Arms; tho' he's banish'd thence, how kindly wou'd I receive him!

So unexpected an Accident turn'd us as pale as Death; for my part, I was a long time speechless, as if I had been in a Trance; when trembling with Fear, I pull'd *Eumolpus* by the Coat, who was now asleep; Upon your Honour, Father, said I, who is the Owner of this Vessel, and what Passengers has he on board? He was very angry to be disturb'd: And was it for this Reason, said he, we chose the most private place in the Ship, that none but you your self might disturb us? Or what will it signify if I tell you, that one *Lycas* a *Tarentine* owns her, and is carrying a Lady called *Tryphana*, to *Tarentum*.

For a while I stood Trembling like one Thunder-struck, when, opening my Bosom, I cry'd out; At last, Fortune, thou hast entirely vanquish'd me: For *Gito*, my better half, lean'd on my Breast, and seem'd to be rather dead than living. Our Fear put us into a Sweat, and after our sweating had a little recover'd our Spirits, I fell at the Feet of *Eumolpus*, and entreated him to have Compassion of two dying Wretches; that is, to shew us means of escaping the impending Mischiefs: Death threatens us, tho' Death, added I, wou'd be more grateful to us, if the happiness of enjoying you, did not make us desire Life.

Eumolpus was glad to serve us, and swore by all that's sacred, he was privy to no design against us; and that he had very innocently brought us thither, for no other end but our Company, having hir'd the Vessel before he was acquainted with us. But what practices are here against your Lives? What terrible Pirate commands the Vessel? Why, 'tis *Lycas*, a very honest Man, that is both Captain and Owner, and also Master of a very plentiful Estate in Land, who having an Inclination to Merchandize, freights his Ship with his own Cargoe: Is this the terrible *Cyclops*? Is this the dreadful Cut-throat to whom we must pay our Lives for our Passage? Another Person on board is the beautiful *Tryphena*, a very Emblem of Terror too, who, for her diversion sails about with *Lycas*.

These are the very two, reply'd *Gito*, we strove to avoid: And, in a low Voice, made *Eumolpus*, who trembled at the Story, at once understand the Cause of their Malice and our present Danger.

Eumolpus was so distracted in his Thoughts, he could not advise, but bid each of us give him our Opinion; I presume, says he, we had even enter'd the *Cyclops* Den, where *Jove's* Thunder-bolts are forg'd. We must seek a means of Delivery, unless, by sinking the Vessel, we should bury ourselves and the Fears of all future Mischiefs in the Ocean.

No, no, began *Gito*, rather offer the Pilot a Reward to steer the Vessel to some Port; and affirm, the Sea so disagrees with your Friend,

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Friend, that if he is not so kind, you fear he'll Die: You may colour the pretence with Tears, and appear much concern'd, that, mov'd with Compassion, the Pilot may grant your Request.

Eumolpus reply'd, This is impossible to be effected, because great Ships with much difficulty are conducted into Harbour; besides it would seem unlikely, that my Friend should be so dangerously Ill of a sudden; add to this, that *Lycas* may think himself oblig'd in Civility to visit his sick Passenger: Can you propose to escape by a means that will discover ye? But presuming the Ship could be stopt when under full Sail, and that *Lycas* should omit visiting his Sick on Board, how can we get out but all must see us, with our Heads muffled or bare? If cover'd, we move every one to lend a Hand to sick Persons; if bare, what is it but to cut our own Throats?

A desperate Disease, said I, must have a desperate Cure; I know no better expedient of our Delivery, than to get into the Long-Boat, and, by cutting the Cord, leave the rest to Fortune: Nor do I desire *Eumolpus* to share the danger; for what wou'd it signify to involve an innocent Person in other Mens deserv'd Misfortunes? We shall think ourselves happy if Fortune assist our Enterprize.

'Twas well advis'd, said *Eumolpus*, if it cou'd be done; for can you imagine to make the least movement in the Ship, without being taken notice of, when even the distant Courses of the Stars can't escape the Pilot's Diligence

ligence? To effect your Design, you must of necessity pass by that part of the Ship which is guarded, near which place the Hafter of the Boat is fastned: Besides, *Eucolpius*, I wonder you did not remember, that in the Boat it self there is constantly a Sailor on Duty, to remove whom from his Post, there is no other way than cutting his Throat, or flinging him over-board: Consider whether either of those attempts you have Courage enough to put in execution; for my part, to go with you, I wou'd refuse no danger where there was the least hopes of getting off; but, I believe, even in your own Opinion, you conceive it unreasonable to put so low a value on Life, and throw it away as a useless thing. Hear whether you like my Proposal, I'll put you into two Trunks I have here, and making holes for you to breathe and eat through, will place you amongst my other Baggage; to morrow Morning I'll alarm the whole Ship, crying out, My Servants, fearing a greater Punishment, last Night jump't into the Sea, that when the Ship makes to Land, I may carry you off in my Baggage.

Very well, said I, but will you inclose us so, that Nature won't be troublesome with her Evacuations, and can you insure us from Snoring, if asleep, or Sneezing if awake; or, because I once succeeded in a like Deceit, must we meet with a second time the same success? But suppose we cou'd hold out a Day so ty'd up, what shall we do if we're put to't longer?

Will

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Will the thoughts of a quiet Life, or of our adverse Fortune entertain us? Our very Cloaths, long bound up, will rot upon our Backs: Can we, d'ye think, that are young, and not inur'd to Labour, endure to be clad like Statues, and wear our Cords as insensibly? Since we are yet to seek a way of Escape, for no Proposal has been made without an Objection, see what I have thought on: The studious *Eumolpus*, I presume, never goes without Ink; is there a better Expedient than washing our Hands, Face and Hair with that, to appear like *Æthiopian* Slaves, when, without putting ourselves upon the Wreck, we must needs, with pleasure, act a Cheat that so neatly imposes on our Enemies?

And why wou'd not you have us Circumcis'd too, interrupted *Gito*, that we may appear like *Jews*; and have our Ears board, to perswade them we came from *Arabia*? And why did not you advise us to wash our Faces white, that we might pass for *Frenchmen*, as if our Colour wou'd make such a mighty alteration? Has a Foreigner but one mark of distinction? Can you think any body so ignorant to mistake you for one by that sign only? Grant our daub'd Faces wou'd keep their Colour, suppose it wou'd not wash off, nor our Cloaths stick to the Ink, how can we imitate their black swollen Lips, the short curl of their Hair, the Seams on their Foreheads, their circular way of treading, their splay Feet, or the mode of their Beards? An
arti-

artificial Colour rather stains than alters the Body; but, if you'll be rul'd by a Mad-man, let's cover our Heads, and jump into the Sea.

Not God nor Man, cry'd *Eumolpus*, will permit you to make so lamentable an End; rather pursue this Advice: My Slave, you might imagine by the Razor, is a piece of a Barber; let him not only shave your Heads, but, as a mark of greater Punishment, your Eye-brows too, and I'll finish your Disguise with an Inscription on your Foreheads, that you may appear as Slaves branded for some extraordinary Villany: Thus the same Letters will at once divert Suspicion, and conceal your Countenances under the Mask of Punishment.

We lik'd the advice, and hasten'd the execution, when stealing to the side of the Vessel, we committed our Heads and Eye-brows to the Barber: *Eumolpus* in the mean time fill'd our Foreheads with great Letters, and very liberally dispens'd the known marks of Fugitives through the other part of our Faces; one of the Passengers, easing his Stomach o'er the side of the Ship, by the Moon perceiving the reflection of a Barber busy at so unseasonable a time, and, cursing the Omen that he thought presag'd a Shipwreck, ran to his Hammock; upon which we dissembled the same Fear, but indeed had an equal, though different concern; and, the noise over, we spent the rest of the Night without resting much.

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The next Day *Eumolpus*, when he found *Tryphæna* was stirring, went to visit *Lycas*; and after he had talk'd with him about the happy Voyage he hop'd from the clearness of the Heavens, *Lycas* turning to *Tryphæna*, *Methoughts*, said he, *about Midnight the Vision of Priapus appear'd to me, and told me, he had lately brought into my Ship Eucolpius, whom I sought for. Tryphæna* was startl'd, *And you'd swear we'd slept together, reply'd she, for methoughts the Image of Neptune having struck his Trident thrice against the Bajæ, told me, that in Lycas's Ship I shou'd find my Gito.*

Hence proceeds (said *Eumolpus*, interrupting 'em) that Veneration I pay the Divine *Epicurus*, who with so much Wit has discover'd such Illusions.

*When in a Dream presented to our view,
Those airy Forms appear so like the true;
Nor Heaven nor Hell the fancy'd Vision sends,
But every Breast its own Delusion lends:
For when soft Sleep the Body folds in ease,
And from the heavy Mass our Fancy frees,
Whatever 'tis in which we take delight,
And think of most by Day, we dream by Night.
Th' ambitious Brave, who mighty States o'erturn,
Ruin whole Empires, and vast Cities burn,*

From

*From fancy'd Darts believes a darken'd Sky,
And sees, in haste, retreating Squadrons fly:
Here conscious Plains a bloody Prospect yield,
And all the purple Horrors of the Field. (woe,
There the Kings deceas'd with wondrous Pomp of
Late to the Grave in sad Procession go.
He that by Day litigious Knots unt'y'd,
And charm'd the drowsy Bench to either side,
By Night a Crowd of cringing Clients sees,
Smiles on the Fools and kindly takes their Fees.
The Miser views his glittering heaps of Gold,
And oft the visionary Summs are told;
Then fancies Thieves disturb his short delight,
He views their masks and wakens with the fright.
To heaven the Merchant does himself address,
Dreaming of Wrecks, religious in Distress.
Huntsmen with Joy th' imagin'd Chase pursue,
Hollow aloud, and see the Stag in view.
The Mistress to her absent Lover Writes,
And, as awake with Flames and Darts indites.
The amorous Wife dreams of her Lover's Charms,
And huggs her Husband with adulterous Arms.
Dogs in full Cry pursue their fearful Game;
And blushing Maids are cautious of their Fame.*

But

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But *Lycas* when he had thank'd his Stars
for their care of him, That we may not
seem, said he, to slight the Divine Admo-
nitions, what hinders our searching the
Vessel?

Upon which one *Æsius*, the Passenger that
had discover'd us by our Reflection in the
Water, cry'd out, These are the Men that
were shav'd by Moon-shine to Night. Hea-
ven avert the Omen! I thought the Ceremo-
ny of cutting the Nails and Hair was never
perform'd but as a solemn Sacrifice to appease
a Storm.

Is't so, says *Lycas* in a great heat, did any
in the Ship offer to shave themselves, and at
Midnight too? Bring them quickly hither,
that I may know who they are; they deserve
to die a Sacrifice for our common safety.

'Twas I, said *Eumolpus*, commanded it, not
wishing Ill to the Ship, but ease to my self;
for they are my Slaves, and having long star-
ring Hairs, I order'd the uncomely sight to
be taken away; not only that I might seem
to make a Prison of the Ship, but that the
mark of their Villany might more plainly
appear; and to let you know how richly
they deserve the Punishment, among other
Rogueries, they robb'd me of a considerable
Sum of Money, and spent it in Luxury and
Debauches, on a Whore that was at both
their Services, whom I catch'd them with
last Night. In short, they yet smell of the
Wine they profusely gave themselves with
my Money.

Lycas,

Lycas, that the Offenders might atone for their Crime, order'd each of 'em forty Stripes. We were immediately brought to the place of Execution, where the enrag'd Seamen fell upon us with Ropes-ends, and try'd to offer our Blood a Sacrifice for their Safety. I bore three Stripes very heroickly. *Gito*, who had not so much passive Valour, at the first Blow set up such an Outcry, that the known sound of his Voice reach'd *Tryphæna's* Ear; who, in great disorder, attended with her Maids, which were equally surpriz'd, ran to him as we were beating.

Gito's admirable Beauty soften'd their Rage, and seem'd, without speaking, to entreat their Favour; when the Maids unanimously cry'd out, 'Tis *Gito*! 'Tis *Gito*! *hold your barbarous Hands; help, Madam, 'tis Gito!*

Tryphæna hasten'd to their Outcries, already convinc'd from whence those Complaints proceeded, and with eager haste flew to the Boy.

Upon which *Lycas*, who had now discover'd me as much by my Person as if he had heard my Voice, taking some Parts on content, and looking on others with a more observing Eye; *Your Servant*, says he, *Eucolpius*, 'tis no wonder that the Nurse of *Ulysses* discover'd him, after twenty Years absence, by a Scar in his Forehead, when *Lycas* hath found out his Fugitive by a Token nothing so apparent. *Tryphæna* having cheated herself into a belief, that those Marks of Slavery we wore were real, wept; and began, in
a low

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a low Voice, to enquire what Prison cou'd stop us in our Rambles, or whose cruel Hands cou'd inflict such a Punishment without Reluctancy. *I confess*, added she, *they deserve some Punishment with whom their Masters are so justly angry.*

Lycas was in a great heat at *Tryphæna's* tenderness. *And thou foolish Woman*, said he, *can you believe those Marks were cut before the Ink was laid on them? I wish, indeed, they had so branded themselves in reality, that had afforded us the greatest Consolation: Now we are amus'd by the Tricks of the Play-house, and banter'd with a false Inscription.*

Tryphæna, not yet unmindful of our former Amours, was inclin'd to pity us: When *Lycas*, still resenting the Abuse he receiv'd in his viciated Wife, and the Affronts at the Porch of *Hercules's* Temple, with greater Rage cry'd out, *I thought, Tryphæna, you might have been convinc'd, that Heaven has the care of Humane Affairs, since the Gods have not only brought our Enemies into our power, who strove to destroy us, but reveal'd it in a Vision to us both; see what you'll get by pardoning them whom Heaven itself has brought to Punishment; for my part, I am not naturally so cruel, but am afraid the Judgment I shou'd prevent from justly falling upon others, may light on my own Head.*

This superstitious Harangue turn'd *Tryphæna* from hindring our Punishment to hasten its Execution: When she began afresh as highly to resent the former Affronts that was offer'd her, as *Lycas* did the Reputation of his Modesty which he had lost in the Peoples Esteem.

When *Lycas* found *Tryphæna* was as eagerly inclin'd to Revange as himself, he order'd our Punishments to be increas'd; which when *Eumolpus* perceiv'd, he endeavour'd to mitigate his Passion after this manner:

I pity the Wretches, said he, that lie at your Mercy — Lycas, they implore your Compassion, and chusing me as a Man not altogether unknown to 'em to perform the Office, desire you would be reconcil'd to them you once held most dear; Can you believe 'twas by accident they fell into your Hands, when all Passengers make it their chief business to enquire to whose care they are to trust themselves? When you are satisfied of their Intentions, can you be so barbarous to continue your Revenge? Permit therefore free-born Men to pursue their Voyage, without being injur'd. Even barbarous and implacable Masters allay their Cruelty when their Slaves repent; and all give Quarter to the Enemy that surrenders himself. What can you, or will you desire more? You have at your Feet repenting Supplicants; they're Gentlemen, and Men of Worth, and, what's more prevailing than both, were once caress'd as your dearest Friends. Had they robb'd

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you of your Money, or betray'd your Trust, by Hercules, the Punishment they've inflicted on themselves might have satisfied your Rage; don't you see the Marks of Slaves on their Faces? Who, tho' free, to atone their Injuries to you, have branded themselves in so slavish a manner.

To avoid Confusion (interrupted *Lycas*) give me a Reason for all Particulars as I shall ask you, and *First*, If they came with design to surrender themselves, why did they cut off their Hair? for all Disguises are assum'd rather to deceive than satisfy the Injur'd.

Next, If they expected to ingratiate themselves by their Embassador, why have you endeavour'd, in every thing, to conceal them you were to speak for? Whence it plainly appears, 'twas by accident the Offenders were brought to Punishment, and that you have us'd this Artifice to divert our Suspicion.

Sure you thought to create us the Envy of the Spectators, by ringing in our Ears, that they were Gentlemen, and Men of Worth; but have a care their Cause don't suffer by your Assurance; for what ought the Injur'd to do, but Punish, when the Guilty come to receive their Punishment? And if they were my Friends, they deserve to be more severely treated; for he that wrongs a Stranger is a Rogue, but he that serves a Friend so, is little less guilty than he that Murders his Father.

I am sensible (said *Eumolpus*, answering this dreadful Harangue) that nothing could happen to these unhappy young Men more unfortunate, than the cutting their Hair off at Midnight, which is the only Argument that may perswade you to mistake their voluntary coming here, for accidental; but I shall as candidly endeavour to undeceive you, as it was innocently acted: Before they embark'd they design'd to ease their Heads of that, as a troublesome and useless weight, but the unexpected Wind that hasten'd us on board, made 'em defer it; nor did they suspect it to be of any moment when 'twas done, being equally ignorant of the Ill Omen and Customs of Mariners.

What advantage, reply'd *Lycas*, cou'd they propose to themselves by the loss of their Hair, unless they thought Baldness might sooner raise our Compassion? Or can you believe I will rest satisfied in your relation? When addressing himself to me, What Poison, said he, thou Villain has eat your Hair off? To what God have your sacrilegious Hands offer'd it?

The fear of Punishment struck me speechless; nor could I find any thing to urge in my Defence against so plain an Accusation. The confusion I was in, my disfigur'd Face, and the baldness both of my Head and Eyebrows, gave a ridiculous Air to every thing I said or did; but when they wip'd us with a wet Sponge, the Letters melting into one, spread o'er our Faces such a sooty Cloud,
that

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that it turn'd *Lycas's* Rage to a perfect loathing. *Eumolpus* cou'd not endure to see free-born Men, against all Law and Justice, so abus'd, and returning their Threats with Blows, not only was our Advocate, but Champion too. He was seconded by his Man, and two or three sick Passenges appear'd our Friends, that serv'd rather to encourage us, than encrease our Force.

Upon which I was so far from begging Pardon, that, without any respect, I held my Fists at *Triphæna*, and plainly told her she should feel me, if her Lecherous Ladiship, who only in the Ship deserv'd to punish'd, was not content to decline her Pretentions to *Gito*.

The Angry *Lycas* was all in a Rage at my Impudence, and very impatient for Revenge when he found, without being concern'd for my own Cause, I only stood up for another's.

Nor was *Tryphæna* less disturb'd at my contempt of her; at what time every one in the Vessel chose his side, and put himself in a posture of defence.

On our side, *Eumolpus's* Slave distributed the Instruments of his Trade, and reserv'd a Razor to defend his own Person: On the other, *Tryphæna* and her Attendance advanc'd arm'd with nothing but their Nails and Tongues, which last supply'd the want of Drums in the Army; when the Pilot crying out, threaten'd he wou'd leave the Ship to the mercy of the Waves, if they

continu'd the bustle, rais'd about the Lust of two or three Vagabonds.

This did not in the least retard the Fight; they pressing for Revenge, we for our safety: In short, many fell half Dead on both sides; others withdrew, as from great Armies, to be dress'd of their Wounds; nor was yet the Rage of either Party abated.

When *Gito* drawing out that part of him *Tryphæna* most admir'd, clapt a bloody Razor to't, and threatned to cut away the Cause of all our Misfortune. But *Tryphæna* could not bear so Ill an Action should be committed, and hastily flew to prevent it: I often offer'd at my Throat too, but with as little design to kill my self as *Gito* to do what he threatned: He the more boldly handled his Weapon, because he knew it to be the same blunt Razor he had us'd before; which made *Tryphæna* very apprehensive of his Tragick Intentions.

Upon this both sides drew up their Ranks, when the Pilot perceiving how comical a War it was, with much ado he was perswaded to let *Tryphæna* dispatch a Herald to Capitulate: Articles of Peace, according to the Custom of Countries, being immediately struck up on both sides, *Tryphæna* snatch'd an Olive-branch, the Ensign of Peace, that stuck to the Image of Prosperity pictur'd in the Ship, and holding it in the midst of us, thus address'd her self.

Good

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Good Gods! what Fury does your minds enrage?

What sudden Madness arms you to engage?

Not here her Brother curst Medea slays;

Nor Paris here a guilty Flame obeys,

And lovely Ruin to his Troy conveys.

But slighted Vows these dire Misfortunes send,

And the wrong'd God does for his Fame contend.

The Ocean swells, and the tempestuous Wind,

Is, like our Humours, fierce and unconfin'd.

Without, the Waves a threat'ning War begin,

And Love has rais'd a dreadful Storm within:

Expos'd to Nature's Quarrels and our own,

For former Feuds by gentle Peace atone.

Nor let your wild, ungovern'd Passions be

Rough as the Winds; or angry as the Sea.

When, in a great heat, *Tryphæna* had thus express'd her self, both Armies stood still a while, and reviving the Treaty of Peace, put an end to the War. Our Captain *Eumolpus* prudently us'd the occasion of her repentance, and, having first severely reprimanded *Lycas*, sign'd the Articles: Which were as follow.

Tryphæna, You do, from the bottom of your Heart, promise never to complain of any Injury you have receiv'd from *Gito*; nor to

make mention of, or upbraid him with, or study to revenge, directly or indirectly, any Action of his before this Day; and, to prevent your forcing him to an unwilling compliance, be it further agreed, that you never Kifs or Hug him without his Consent, upon the Pain and Forfeiture of five Pounds: And, that the young Gentleman may not be bilkt, you are to pay your Money beforehand.

Item, You *Lycas*, from the Bottom of your Heart, do promise never to reproach, or insultingly treat *Eucolpius*, either in Words or Deeds: And that you will never offer him any Incivility on the penalty of five Pounds for each time you abuse him behind his Back.

Conditions thus agreed on, we laid down our Arms: And, lest any Grudge might still remain, we wip'd away the memory of all things past by kissing each other.

All Parties desiring Peace, our Quarrels vanish'd, and a sumptuous Banquet following, spread an air of Mirth thro' the whole Company: The Vessel rung with Songs, which testify'd our Joy: And now a sudden Calm hindering the Ship from making any way, the Crew betook themselves to several Diversions: An Angler struck a Fish, which rising, seem'd with haste to meet its ruine: There another draws the unwilling Prey that he had betray'd with an inviting Bait: When looking up, we saw Sea-birds sitting on the Sail-yard, about which, one skill'd

in

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in the Art of Fowling, having plac'd Lime-twigs, made 'em his Booty. Their downy Feathers flew about in the Air, or swam upon the Surges of the Sea.

Now *Lycas* began to be Friends with me, and *Tryphæna*, as a Mark of her Love, threw the bottom of the Glas upon *Gito*: By this time *Eumolpus* was got quite drunk, and fell a rallying us that were bald and stigmatiz'd, till having spent his Insipid Jests, he return'd to his Poetry; and designing an Elegy on the loss of our Hair, he thus began.

Nature's chief Gift, your lovely Hair, is lost;
Those blooming Locks feel an Autumnal Frost:
Your gloomy Brows their banish'd Honours mourn,
Which no kind Spring will gratefully return.
The Charms indulgent Nature gives to day,
Fallacious Gods to morrow take away.

A thousand Charms did late surround
Your Heads, with golden Tresses crown'd;
Charming as Cynthia's silver Light,
Or as the Rosy Morning bright.
Now all your banisht Beauties seem,
Dead as Cocytus sable Stream,
From sporting Girls you'll frighted run,
And, conscious of the Crime you've done,
You'll Love's soft Battles meanly shun.

Im.

*Impending Death you well may fear,
The awful Tyrant now draws near:
First with our Beauties he begins,
And then Life's faded Blossom wins.*

He wou'd have condemn'd us to hear more, and I believe worse than the former, if an Attendant of *Tryphæna* had not disturb'd him: Who taking *Gito* aside, dress'd him up in her Mistress's Tower; and to restore him to his perfect Figure, she took a pair of false Eye-brows out of her Ladies Patch-box, and set them on so exactly, Nature might have mistaken 'em for her own Work.

At the sight of the true *Gito*, *Triphæna* wept for Joy, who cou'd not before embrace him with so sincere a satisfaction.

I was glad to see his loss so well repair'd; yet often hid my Head, as sensibly I appear'd more than commonly deform'd, when even *Lycas* thought me not worth the speaking to: But 'twas not long e're the same Maid came to my relief, and, calling me aside, dress'd me in a Peruke, no less agreeable: For being of a golden Colour, it very much improv'd my Complexion.

But *Eumolpus*, our Advocate, and Reconciler, to entertain the Company, and keep up the Mirth, began to be pleasant on the inconstancy of Women: How forward they were to Love, and how soon they forgot their Sparks! And that no Woman was so Chast,

Chast, but her Lust might be rais'd into Fury: Nor wou'd he bring Instances from ancient Tragedies, or Personages notorious to Antiquity, but was ready to entertain us, if we wou'd please to hear, with a Story within the Circle of his own Memory: Upon which, the whole Company giving him attention, he began his Story in this manner.

There was at *Ephesus* a Lady of so celebrated a Reputation, that the Women of the neighbouring Nations came to pay their Respects to her, as a Person of an extraordinary Vertue: This Lady at the Death of her Husband, not content with tearing her Hair, or beating her Breast, those common expressions of Grief, follow'd him into the Vault, where the dead Body was plac'd in a Monument, and, after the *Grecian* Custom, watch'd the Corps, and whole Nights and Days continu'd weeping; the perswasions of Parents and Relations cou'd neither divert her Grief, or make her take any thing to preserve Life: The Magistrates of the Town endeavour'd to perswade her from so severe a Mortification; but were oblig'd to retire, having met with no success in their Attempt: And thus lamented by all for so singular an Example of Grief, she liv'd five Days without eating.

All left her but a faithful Maid, whose Tears flow'd as fast as her afflicted Lady's, and who, when the Lamp they had by them began to expire, renew'd the Light: by this time she became the Talk of the whole Town,
and

and all degrees of Men confest, she was the only true Example of Love and Chastity.

In the mean time there happening a Trial of Criminals, the Condemn'd were order'd to be Crucify'd near the Vault in which the Lady was weeping o'er the Corps of her late Husband. The Soldier that guarded the Bodies lest any might be taken from the Crosse and buried, upon his Watch observ'd a Light in the Vault, and hearing the Groans of some afflicted Person, prest with a Curiosity common to Mankind, he desir'd to know who or what it was; upon which he enter'd the Vault, and seeing a very beautiful Woman, amaz'd at first, he fancy'd 'twas a Spirit, but viewing the dead Body, and considering her Tears and torn Face, he soon guess'd, as the truth was, that the Lady cou'd but ill support the loss of her Husband: He brings his Supper with him into the Vault, and began to perswade the mournful Lady not to continue her unnecessary Grief, nor with vain Complaints consume her Health: That Death was common to all Men; and many other things he told her, which use to restore afflicted Persons to that calmness they before enjoy'd: But the Lady startled at the Consolation a Stranger offer'd, redoubled her Grief, and tearing her Hair, cast it on the Body that lay before her.

The Soldier however did not withdraw, but with the like Invitations offer'd her somewhat to eat, till her Maid o'ercome, I presume, by the pleasing Scent of the Wine, no longer



The Ephesian Matron



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longer cou'd resist the Soldiers Courtesie. When refresh'd with the Entertainment, she began to join her Perswasions to win her Lady; And what Advantage, began she, wou'd you reap in starving your self, in burying your self alive? What wou'd it signify to anticipate your Fate?

Dye think departed Souls regard our Care?

Will you, Madam, in spite of Fate, revive your Husband? Or will you shake off these vain Complaints, the Marks of your Sex's Weakness, and enjoy the World while you may? The very Body that lies there might advise you to make the best of your Life.

We obey without reluctance when commanded to Eat or Live.

The Lady now dry with so long Fasting, suffer'd her self to be overcome; nor was she less pleas'd with her Entertainment, than her Maid that surrender'd.

You know with what Thoughts encouraging Meats inspire young Persons.

With the same Charms our Soldier had won her to be in love with Life, he address'd himself to her as a Lover; nor did his Person appear less agreeable to the chaste Lady, than his Conversation; and the Maid, to
raise

raise her Opinion of him, thus exprest her self.

*And arm'd with pleasing Love, dare you ingage,
Ere you consider in whose Tents you are?*

To make short, nor even in this cou'd the Lady deny him any thing. Thus our victorious Soldier succeeded in both; she receiv'd his Embraces: Not only that Night they struck up the Bargain, but the next, and the next Night after: Having shut the Door of the Vault, that if any of her Acquaintance or Strangers had come out of Curiosity to see her, they might have believ'd the most chaste of all Women had expir'd on the Body of her Husband. Our Soldier was so taken with his beautiful Mistress, and the privacy of enjoying her, that the little Money he was Master of, he laid out for her Entertainment, and, as soon as 'twas Night, convey'd it into the Vault.

In the mean time the Relations of one of the Malefactors, finding the Body unguarded, took it from the Cross and buried it. The Soldier thus robb'd while he was in the Vault, the next Day, when he perceiv'd one of the Bodies gone, dreading the usual Punishment, he told the Lady what had happen'd; and added, That with his Sword he would prevent the Judge's Sentence, in case she would be so kind to give him Burial, and make that place at once the fatal Monument of a Lover and a Husband.

The

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The Lady not less Merciful than Chast, protested, That the Gods would never permit her, at one time, to feel the loss of the only Two she held most dear; I'd rather, added she, hang up the Dead Body of the one, than be the wicked Instrument of the other's Death. Upon which she order'd her Husband's Body to be taken out of the Coffin and fixt to the Cross, in the room of that which was wanting: Our Soldier pursued the directions of the discreet Lady, and the next Day the People wonder'd how the Dead Body was a second time affix'd to the Cross.

The Seamen were pleas'd with the Story. *Tryphæna* not a little asham'd, lovingly inclin'd her Cheek to *Gito's*, and hid her Blushes; but *Lycas* wore an Air of Displeasure, and knitting his Brows; If the Governour, said he, had been a Just Man, he ought to have restor'd the Husband's Body to his Monument, and hung the Woman on the Cross. I don't doubt it made him reflect on his own Wife, and the whole Scene of our Amours when we robb'd his Vessel. But the Articles he had agreed to, oblig'd him not to complain; and the Mirth that engag'd us, gave him no opportunity to vent his Rage.

Tryphæna entertain'd her self in *Gito's* Arms, pressing oft his Neck with eager Kisses, and oft disposing his New Ornaments, to make 'em appear more agreeable to his Face.

At

At this I was not a little out of humour and, impatient of our new League, cou'd neither Eat nor Drink any thing; but with side-looks wish'd a thousand Curses on them both; every Kiss and every Look she gave him wounded me. Nor did I yet know whether I had more reason to repent the loss of my Mistress or my Friend, he having rob'd me of her, and she having deluded him from my Arms: Both were worse than Death to me. And to compleat my Misery, neither *Tryphena* spoke to me as if I had been her Acquaintance, and once belov'd; nor did *Gito* think me worth conversing with or drinking to: I believe he was tender of the new return of her Favours, and afraid to give her a second occasion to fall out with him: Grief forc'd a flood of Tears from my Eyes, and I smother'd my Complaints, till I was ready to expire.

When *Lycas* perceiv'd how well, tho' in this trouble, my yellow Ornament became me, he was inflam'd afresh; and laying aside the haughty Brow of a Master, he put on the tender Complaisance of a Friend; but his Endeavours were fruitless. At last, meeting with an entire repulse, his Friendship turn'd to Fury, he endeavour'd to ravish the Favours he cou'd not win by Entreaty; at what time *Tryphena* unexpectedly came in, and observing his wantonness, in the greatest confusion he hid his Head, and ran from her.

Upon

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Upon which *Tryphæna*, possess'd with a strange Passion, ask'd me, and made me tell her what those Caresses meant; she was inspir'd with new heat at the relation, and, mindful of our old Amours, offer'd to revive our former Commerce; but worn off my Legs with those Employments, I gave her Invitations but an ill return; yet she, with all the Desires of a Woman, transported by her Passion, threw her Arms about me, and so closely lock'd me in her Embraces, I was forc'd to cry out; one of her Maids came in at the noise, and believing I would have forc'd from her the Favours I deny'd her Mistress, rush'd between us, and loos'd the Bands: *Tryphæna* meeting with such a Repulse, and even raging with desire, took it more grievous at my Hands, and with threats at her going off, flew to *Lyceas*, not only to raise his resentments against me, but to join with him in pursuit of revenge.

By the way observe, I had formerly been well receiv'd by this Attendant of *Tryphæna* when I maintain'd a Commerce with her Mistress, upon that Score she resent'd my converse with *Tryphæna*, and deeply sighing, made me eager to know the occasion; when she stepping back, thus began; If you had any sparks of a Gentleman in you, you'd value her no more than a common Prostitute; if you were a Man, you wou'd not descend to such a Common-sewer; these Thoughts not a little disturb'd her; but I was asham'd of nothing more than that *Eumolpus* suspecting

the occasion, shou'd, in his next Verses, make our suppos'd Quarrel the Subject of his Drollery, and that my care to avoid it shou'd prove one means of discovering it.

When I was contriving how to prevent his suspicion, *Eumolpus* himself came in, already acquainted with what was done; for *Tryphena* had communicated her Grief to *Gito*, and endeavour'd, at his cost, to compensate the Injury I had offer'd her. Upon which *Eumolpus* was on fire, and the more, because this Action was an open breach of the Articles she had sign'd.

When the old Doctor saw me pitying my Misfortune, he desir'd to know the whole Scene from my self; I freely told him the attempt of *Lycas*, and how the passionate *Tryphena* had assaulted me, all which he was already inform'd of; whereupon he swore a solemn Oath, that he would vindicate my Cause, and that Heaven was too just to suffer so many Crimes to go unpunish'd.

While we were thus discoursing, a Storm arose; now thick Clouds and raging Waves obscur'd the brightness of the Day, the Seamen fly to their Posts as fast as Fear could make 'em, and pulling down the Sails, leave the Vessel to the mercy of the Tempest; for the Wind often veering, made the Mariners hopeless of any direct Course; nor did the Pilot know which way to steer: Sometimes the ungovernable Ship was forc'd on the Coast of *Sicily*, often, by contrary Blasts, it was toss'd near the Shores of *Italy*; and what

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what was more dangerous than all the rest, on a sudden, the gathering Clouds spread such horrid Darkneſs, that the Pilot could not ſee over the Fore-caſtle; upon which, all diſpair'd of ſafety; when *Lycas* threw himſelf before me, and liſting up his trembling Hands, I beſeech you, *Eucolpius*, began he, aſſiſt the diſtreſs'd, that is, reſtore the ſacred Veſt and Timbrel you took from the Image of the Goddeſs *Iſis*; pity us according to your uſual Mercy. At what time a Whirlwind ſnatch'd him up, and threw him howling amidſt the Flood, and ſoon a ſpiteful Wave juſt ſhew'd him us, and drew him back again.

Tryphæna avoid'd ſudden Death by the fidelity of her Servants, who catch'd her, and plac'd her, with her beſt Goods, in the Skiff belonging to the Veſſel; by which means ſhe got ſafely to Shore.

I, lock'd in *Gito's* Arms, not without Tears, cry'd out, And this we have merited of Heaven, that only Death ſhould join us; but even now, I fear, Fortune will be againſt it; for ſee the Waves threaten to overſet the Veſſel; and now the Tempeſt comes to burſt the belov'd Bands that unite us; therefore if you ſincerely love *Eucolpius*, let's embrace while we may, and ſnatch this laſt Joy even in ſpite of our approaching Fate.

When I had thus ſaid, *Gito* threw off his Mantle, and getting under mine, thruſt his Head out at top, and that the malicious Waves might not waſh us aſunder, he incloſed us both in his Girdle; And 'tis ſome com-

fort, said he, to think that by this means the Sea will bear us the longer e're it can divorce us from each others Arms. Or if, in compassion, it should throw us on the same Shore, either the next that passes by would give us a Monument of Stones, which by the common Laws of Humanity, he would cast upon us; or, at least, the angry Waves that seem to conspire our separation, would unwittingly bury us in one Grave, midst the Sand their Rage would vomit up. I was satisfy'd with my Condition, and, as on my Death-bed, did now contentedly expect the coming Hour.

In the mean time the Tempest, acting the Decrees of Fate, had rent all the Rigging from the Vessel; no Mast, no Rudder was left, not a Rope or a Plank, but an aukward shapeless Body of a Ship toss'd up and down the Flood.

The Fishermen that inhabited the Sea-side, expecting a Booty, in all haste put out with their Boats; but when they saw those in the Vessel that could defend their own, they chang'd their design of pillaging to succouring.

After a salute on both sides, unwonted Murmurs, like that of some Beast labouring to get out, proceeded from beneath the Master's Cabin; upon which, following the sound, we found *Eumolpus* sitting alone, and in his Hand a large Scroll of Paper that he was filling, even to the Margent, with Verses; we all were amaz'd to see a Man amuse him-

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The Shipwreck

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himself with Poetry at a time when he had reason to think each Minute would be his last; and having drawn him, making a great noise, from his Hole, we endeavour'd to recover him from his Frenzy; but he was in such a heat to be disturb'd, that, 'Sdeath, said he, let me make an end of this Couplet, it finishes the Poem; on which I took hold of the Madman, and order'd the still murmuring Poet to be haul'd on Shore.

When, with some trouble, we had got him on Shore, we very pensively enter'd one of the Fishermens Huts, and having suppd on part of our Provisions which the Salt-water had spoil'd, we pass'd the Night in a very melancholly condition.

The next Day, as we were proposing how to bestow ourselves, we discover'd a Humane Carcase floating, and gently approaching the Shore: I stood still concern'd, and began, with more diligence, to see if what was presented to our view was real.

When finding it to be a Man's, And who knows, said I, but the Wife of this unhappy Creature, secure at home, expects the return of her Husband; or perhaps a Son, ignorant of the fatal Storm, may wait the wish'd arrival of his Father, who with so many Kisses seal'd his unwilling parting: These are our great Designs; vain Mortals swell with promising hopes, yet there's the issue of them all! See the mighty Nothing how it's tofs'd!

When I had thus bemoan'd the Wretch, as one unknown, the Sea cast him on Land with his Face, not much disfigur'd, toward Heaven; upon which I made up to it, and easily knew that the late terrible and implacable *Lycas* was lying at my Feet.

I could not restrain my Tears; and, beating my Breast, now where's, said I, your Rage? Where your unruly Passions? Now you're expos'd a Prey to Fish and Beasts; and the poor Shipwrackt Wretch, with all his boasted Power, has not one Plank of the great Ship he proudly call'd his own. After this, let Mortals flatter themselves with golden Dreams; let the wary Miser heap up ill-got Wealth for many Years; 'twas but yesterday this lifeless thing was proud of its Riches, and had fixt the very Day he thought to return. How short, good God, is the poor Wretch of his Design! But 'tis not the Sea only we have reason to apprehend: The Wars hurry some to Death; others perish at the Altar, where they were offering up their Devotions; a third by a Fall hastens his arrival to the Goal of Death; Eating often kills the Greedy; and Abstinence the Temperate. If we rightly consider it, in this Sea of Life we may be Shipwrackt every where: But we vainly lament the want of Burial to a Wretch that's drown'd; as if it concern'd the perishing Carcass, whether Flames, Worms, or Fishes were its Canibals. Whatever way you are consum'd, the end of all's the same. But Fish, they object, will tear their Bodies;

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as if Teeth were less gentle than the Flames, a Punishment that we believe is the highest we can inflict on Slaves that have provok'd us; therefore what madness is't to trouble our Lives with the Cares of our Burial after we are Dead, when the best of us may meet the Fate he vainly strives with so much diligence to avoid?

After these Reflections, we perform'd the last Office to the Dead, and, tho' his Enemies, honour'd him with a Funeral Pile; but while *Eumolpus* was making an Epitaph, his Eyes roam'd here and there to find an Image that might raise his Fancy.

Having freely acquitted ourselves of this piece of Humanity to *Lycas* we pursu'd our design'd Journey, and, all in a Sweat, soon reach'd the head of a neighbouring Hill, from whence we discover'd a Town seated on the top of a High Mountain; we did not know it, till a Shepherd inform'd us 'twas *Crotona*; the most Ancient, and once most Flourishing City of *Italy*: When we enquir'd of him what sort of People inhabited this renown'd place, and what kind of Commerce they chiefly maintain'd, since they were impoverish'd by so many Wars?

Gentlemen, said he, if you have designs of Trading, you must go another way; but if you're of the admir'd sort of Men, that have the thriving qualifications of Lying and Cheating, you're in the direct Path to Business; for in this City no Learning flourisheth; Eloquence finds no room here; nor can Tem-

perance, Good Manners, or any Vertue meet with a Reward; assure your selves of finding but two sorts of Men, and those are the Cheated, and those that Cheat. A Father takes no care of his Children, because the having of Heirs is such a mark of Infamy, that he who is known in that Circumstance, dare not appear at any publick Game or Show, is deny'd all publick Privileges, and only herds among those that all Men piss upon. But single Men, who have no ties of Nature that oblige the disposal of their Wealth, are carefs'd by all, and have the greatest Honours confer'd on'em; they're the only Valorous, the only Brave, nay, the only Innocent too. You're going to a City, added he, like a Field in a Plague-time, where you can observe nothing but one Man devouring another, as Crows dead Carcasses.

The prudent *Eumolpus* at a thing so surprizingly new, began to be thoughtful, and confess'd that way to Riches did not displease him. I believ'd it the effect of a Poetick Gaiety, that had not left his Years: When, I wish, continu'd he, I cou'd maintain a greater Figure, as well in Habit as Attendance, 'twould give a better colour to my Pretences: By *Hercules*, I'd throw by the Wallet, and soon advance all our Fortunes.

Promising therefore to supply his Wants, We have with us, said I, the sacred Vest of *Isis*, and all the Booty we made at *Lycurgus's* Village; and you have given me such hopes, *Eumolpus*, added I, that were the Goddess

her

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her self in my power, I'd pawn her for Money to carry on the Project.

Upon which, said *Eumolpus*, why delay we the bringing our Hands into use? and if you like the Proposal, let me be Master.

None e're condemn'd a Project that was no charge to him; therefore to be true to his Interest, we engag'd in an Oath, before we wou'd discover the Cheat, to suffer ten thousand Racks; and thus, like free-born Gladiators, selling our Liberty, we religiously devoted both Soul and Body to our new Master.

After the solemn Ceremonies of our Oath were ended, like Slaves, at a distance, we salute the Master of our own making: When, beginning to exercise his Authority, he commanded us to report, That our ancient Lord (meaning him) griev'd at the Loss of a Son, who was a great Orator, and comfort to his Age, was unhappily forc'd to quit the place of his Abode, lest the daily Salutes of those that expected Preferments under him, or Visits of his Companions might be the continual occasions of his Sorrow; and the late Ship-wreck had added to his Grief, having lost to the value of twenty thousand Crowns; tho' he was not so much concern'd at the loss of his Money, as of his large Retinue; that, he fear'd, wou'd make them not proportion their Thoughts to his Greatness; and to add, that our Lord had Mortgages almost on half the Estates in *Africa*, and mighty Sums at Use on Personal Security; and cou'd
raise

raise of his own Gladiators, dispers'd about *Numidia*, a Force able to plunder *Carthage*.

After this, that his Actions might agree with his Condition, 'twas concluded necessary to wear an Ayre of Discontent; that he should, with a stately stiffness, like Quality, often Cough, and Spit about the Room; that his Words might come the more faintly from him; that in the Eye of the World he should refuse to eat or drink; ever talking of Riches; and sometimes, to confirm their belief, should break into these Words: Strange, that such, or such a Manner should disappoint my Expectation, that us'd to be blest with so large an Encrease! And that nothing might be wanting to compleat the Humour, as often as he had occasion to call any of us, he should use one Name for another; that it might easily appear how mindful the Lord was even of those Servants he had left in *Africk*.

Matters thus order'd, having, as all that would thrive, implor'd the Blessing of Heaven, we began our March, but both *Gito* did not like this new Slavery, and the Servant which *Eumolpus* had hir'd, bearing most of our Baggage, in a little time beginning to be uneasy in his Service, would often rest his Burthen, with ten thousand wry Looks, and as many Curses for our going so fast; at last he swore he would either leave his Charge, or go quite away with't. 'Sdeath, said he, d'ye think I'm a Pack-horse, or a Dray, that you load me thus? I was hir'd for a Man, not a Horse; nor am I less a Gentleman by Birth

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Birth than any of you all, tho' my Father left me in a mean condition. Not content with reproaches, but, getting before us, he lift up one Leg, and venting his Choler at the wrong end, fill'd our Nostrils with a beastly scent.

Gito mock'd his Humour, and for every crack he gave, return'd the like, that one ill scent might stifle another.

But even here *Eumolpus* returning to his old humour: Young-men, began he, this Poetry deceives many; for not only every one that is able to give a Verse its numbers, and spin out his feeble Sence in a long train of Words, has the Vanity to think himself inspir'd; but Pleaders at the Bar, when they would give themselves a loose from Business, apply themselves to Poetry, as an Entertainment without Trouble, believing it easier to compile a Poem than maintain a Controversy, adorn'd with a few florid Sentences: But neither will a generous Spirit affect the empty sound of Words; nor can a Mind, unless enrich'd with Learning, be deliver'd of a Birth of Poetry; there must be the Purity of Language, no vulgar Expression or Meanness, as I may call it, of Words, is to be admitted, but a Stile perfectly above the common, and with *Horace*---

*Scorn the Illiterate Herd,
And drive 'em from you.*

Besides,

Besides, you must be strictly diligent, that your Expressions appear of a piece with the body of the Discourse, and your Colours so laid, that each may contribute to the Beauty of the whole. *Greece* has given us a *Homer* and the Lyricks for Example, *Rome* a *Virgil* and a *Horace*, the Purity of whose Language is so happily correct: Others either never saw the Path that leads to Poetry, or seeing, were afraid to tread it. To describe the Civil Wars of *Rome* would be a Masterpiece, the unletter'd Head that offers at it, will sink beneath the weight of so great a Work; for, to relate past Actions is not so much the Business of a Poet as an Historian; the boundless Genius of a Poet strikes thro' all Mazes, introduces Gods, and puts the Invention on the Rack for Poetick Ornaments, that it may rather seem a Prophetick Fury than a strict Relation, with Witnesses of meer Truth. As for Example, this Rapture, tho' I have not given it in the last hand:

*Now Rome reigns Empress o'er the vanquish'd Ball
So far as Earth extends, obey'd by all:*

*Uneasie, yet with Lust of Power, she's curst;
And boundless as her Empire is her Thirst.*

*Her daring Sails remotest Worlds explore,
The Baltick Seas, and happy Albion's Shore.*

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*Her Impious Troops did still the Rich invade,
And either found a Cause for War, or made.
With Seeds of Woe thus Fate the Empire fill'd,
And a Luxurious Soil in Mischief's till'd.
In Wealth abounding, difficult to please,
The pamper'd City ransacks Earth and Seas:
She scorns the Dye which Tyrian Altars boast,
And seeks a nobler on th' Iberian Coast.
Her wanton Troops in purple Armour shine,
Deck'd with the Spoil of Gods and things Divine;
Naked and bare their sacred Wardrobe stands
Too much expos'd to Sacrilegious Hands:
The Indian Silks the Arabs Species lend,
And rich Perfumes in hazy Clouds ascend:
O'er Lybian Fields the painted Leopard flies,
And for his Skin the gaudy Monster dies:
The warlike Beasts, which on Tarentum's Plain
Fabricius beat, are for their Ivory slain:
And Punick Huntsmens mercenary Guilt
Forgets the Blood their bestial Soldiers spilt.
Yet deeper Crimes foretel her certain Doom,
Calling for Vengeance on Luxurious Rome.*

Now

*Now motled Tygers, eager to engage,
With bloody Claws growl on th' Imperial Stage,
And whilst their Teeth convicted Wretches try,
The People clap to see their Fellows die.
But, oh! who can without a Blush relate
The vicious Modes of our nefarious State?
When Persian Customs, into fashion grown,
Make Nature start, and her best Work disown,
Male Infants now are snatch'd from all that can
By timely progress ripen into Man:
Thus circling Nature, damp't a while, restrains
Her usual Course, and in a pause remains:
The Herd of Fops 'a Frantick Humour take,
Scarce Men themselves they Manly Modes forsake.
Behold the mighty Luxury of Rome,
From Africk Slaves and costly Tables come,
And Carpets wrought in a Numidian Loom. }
Stupendious Domes our haughty Senate build,
With all the Riches of the Orient fill'd:
The Boar's insipid, tasteless is the Fish,
If Ivory Pards bear not the Silver Dish.
Vast Flocks of Sheep, and Herds of Oxen die,
Whose Price their Lords with foreign Toys supply.*

The

*The Soldier's Cask, and pond'rous-bilted Sword,
 Turn'd into Plate, grace his voluptuous Board.
 Sicilian Mulletts, caught in dangerous Seas,
 First charm our Eyes, and then our Fancies please.
 To raise our Gusts with wanton Arts we try,
 And with expensive Sauce new Hunger buy.
 In our Elections see what Frenzies reign,
 Where brib'd Assemblies sell their Votes for Gain;
 Their servile Choice obeys the Power of Gold,
 For that the People and the Senate's sold:
 That awful power which should our Rights defend,
 Fawns on the Rich, and for their Int'rest bend:
 Merit and Worth, by Gold corrupted, dies,
 And trampled Majesty beneath it lies.
 Cato's Excuse the giddy Rout neglect,
 And, as they're paid, their guilty Choice direct.*

'Tis true, he won, —

*But yet the Candidate with Blushes stands
 Asham'd of Power he took from worthier hands:
 O Manners ruine, and the Peoples shame!
 He suffer'd not alone, the Roman Name,
 Virtue and Honour, to their period came.*

Thus

*Thus wretched Rome does her own Ruin share;
She sells her self, and is her self the Ware.*

*All lands are mortgag'd, the whole Empires bound,
And in the Use the Principal is drown'd.*

*Thus Debt's a Fever, and, like that Disease,
Bred in our Bowels by unfelt degrees,
Will thro' our Vitals every Member seize.*

*Fierce Tumults now to Arms for Succour call,
For Want may dare, but never fear a Fall.
Wasted by Riot, Wealth's an Ulcerous Sore
That only Wounds can its lost strength restore.
What Rules of Reason, or soft gentle ways,
Rome from this Lethargy of Vice can raise?
When such mild Arts can no impression make,
Wars, Tumults, Noise, and Fury must awake.
Fortune one Age with three great Chiefs supply'd,
Who by the Sword in various manner dy'd:
On Asia's Plains the Parthians Crassus slew,
An broke his Troops with their revengeful Jew.
Great Pompey's Blood the Egyptian Tyrant shed;
In thankless Rome the murder'd Cæsar bled.
Thus, as one Soil alone too narrow were
Their glorious Dust and great Remains to bear,*
O'er

O'er all the Earth their scatter'd Ruin lies,
Which no one World could in it self comprize.

Betwixt Parthenope and Baja's Tide
A Cavern lies, most dreadful, deep, and wide.
Here heavy Styx and dire Cocytus Streams
Emit sulphureous Fogs and hazy Steams;
Around the fatal Compass of their Breath,
No joyful Springs indulge the fruitful Earth;
Nothing but black Confusion all around,
Omens of Death, and Birds obscene are found;
Where lonely Rocks in dismal Quiet mourn,
Which Cypress shade, and gloomy Trees adorn.
Here Pluto rais'd his Head, and thro' a Cloud
Of Smoke material, unto Fortune bow'd;
Then spake, — Great Queen, whose sov'reign Sway
No less than Fate, both Gods and Men obey,
You seldom like what too securely stands;
Does Rome not tire your faint supporting Hands?
How can you longer bear her sinking Frame?
Nor Romans hate, who hate the Roman Name.
See, all around luxurious Trophies lie,
And their decreasing Wealth new Ills supply.

O

Here

*Here Golden Piles the azure Skies invade,
There on the Sea incroaching Moles are made ;
On Palaces here Spicy Groves are seen,
And verdant Woods load Deities marine ;
Inverted Nature's injur'd Laws they wrong,
And threaten Realms which do to me belong.
Such mighty Caverns in the Earth they make,
They undermine, and Hell's Foundations shake :
Whilst near the Verge of Night they sink for Stone,
And hollow Rocks beneath their Fury groan ;
Proud in Expectance of forbidden Day,
The haughty Ghosts begin to disobey.*

*Fortune, be kind ; sign this proud City's Doom,
And lay in Dust the glitt'ring Spires of Rome.
No Age or Sex, propitious Goddess, spare,
But crowd with Spirits the infernal Air.
Infernal Lips no human Victims taste ;
For want of Food, Hell's sooty Dæmons waste.
When Sylla's Sword let out a purple Flood,
And Roman Gods were stain'd with Roman Blood,
Then Hell rejoyc'd. — The Goddess strait replies,
Father, whose Realm beneath our Empire lies,*

*If dangerous Truths may be with Safety told,
My Thoughts with yours a due Proportion hold.
A Sense of Wrongs my injur'd Breast inspires,
And Rage my Mind with just Resentment fires.
I curse the Blessings which to Rome I lent,
And of my Bounty, now abus'd, repent.
Thus the proud Height of Rome's aspiring Walls,
By the same God that rais'd her Grandeur, falls.
Methinks I see Pharsalia's fatal Plain
Glutted with Blood of noble Romans slain;
Congested Files the mighty Slaughter tell,
And pitying Gods mourn the sad Work of Hell.
Egyptian Woes and Lybian Groans I hear;
Their Sun-burnt Dead in ghastly Shapes appear.
At Actium Cæsar's Naval Force prevails,
And Cleopatra flies with purple Sails;
Foreboding Signs a bloody Harvest tell,
Set open all the Avenues of Hell.
Charon to Proserpine can ne'er convey,
The num'rous Dead shall for their Passage stay;
Furies shall be with the vast Ruin crown'd,
And, fill'd with Blood, remangle ev'ry Wound.*

*The universal Fabrick of the World,
Rent and divided, to your Empire's burl'd.*

*Scarcely had she spoke, ere from a Cloud there flies
A nitrous Flame, and Thunder rent the Skies;
At Jove's avenging Bolts to lowest Hell,
Earth closing up, th' affrighted Pluto fell;
When soon the angry Gods dire Omens show,
That bode Destruction and approaching Woe;
Astonishment surpriz'd the darken'd Sun,
As if the War already was begun;
The rip'ning Ills presaging Cynthia knew,
And conscious, from Impiety withdrew;
With hideous Noise the falling Mountains cleave,
And Streams repuls'd, their usual Courses leave;
Battalions charge and combat in the Air,
And Mars excites his fiery Sons to War:
Sicilian Plains bear dreadful Ætna roar,
And sulph'rous Streams surprize the wond'ring Shore.
Presaging Tombs, and melancholy Urns,
Sad Groans emit, whose Fire no longer burns.
Portending Comets, with long purple Streams,
Affright Mankind, and dart their sanguine Beams.*

Jove

*Jove once descended in a Golden Shower,
 Now angry Clouds a bloody Deluge pour,
 Warning Great Julius from Batavian Fields,
 To fetch the Crown Rome's conquer'd Empire yields.
 High on the Alps, where the divided Rock,
 Amilcar's Son did with strange Force unlock;
 Altars devoted to Alcides Smoke,
 And Græcian Pray'rs do Græcian Gods invoke.
 The Temple with eternal Ice is crown'd,
 Whose milky Top in bazy Clouds is drown'd.
 This sacred Dome you'd think't did Heav'n sustain,
 And brawny Atlas eas'd of half his Pain.
 The melted Snow ne'er from its Summits run,
 Thaw'd by the Force of a Meridian Sun.
 Here conqu'ring Julius leads his joyful Bands,
 And in the midst a while consid'ring stands.
 From thence Italian Plains the Chief surveys,
 And thus to Heav'n with low Submission prays:
 Saturnian Jove, and Jove's Almighty Bride,
 With Aid divine assist the juster Side.
 Witness these Arms unwillingly I wear,
 Compell'd by Injuries too great to bear:*

*Proscrib'd and banish'd, whilst I mix'd with Blood
The conquer'd Rhine, and swell'd its angry Flood.
The mournful River, as it swiftly runs,
Hugs in its bloody Arms its slaughter'd Sons.
Preparing Gauls, our Empire to invade,
Skulk in the Alps, of Cæsar's Arms afraid.
Twice thirty Fields our conqu'ring Troops have won,
As many States have found themselves undone.
The German Troops, in Fastnesses inclos'd,
My Legions sought; to unknown Wars expos'd,
Did first the Depth of trembling Marshes sound,
And fix'd their Eagles in unfaithful Ground.
But what Return has Rome's proud Senate made!
Conqu'ring Abroad, I am at Home betray'd.
They think my Conquests dang'rous to their Peace,
And as my Glory, so my Crimes increase.
A Mob in Arms against my Fame declare,
And Actions slight, the Gen'rous only dare.
No Asian Slave shall bind this Arm in Chains,
And unreveng'd condemn my warlike Pains.
Bold with Success, I'll to new Conquests lead;
Come, my Companions, thus my Cause I'll plead:*

Let's

*Let's boldly fight, alike upon us all
Does equal Guilt and equal Danger call.
With you I did the British Ocean plow,
And haughty Nations to our Arms did bow.
Fortune invoke; see, glitt'ring Crowns appear!
With such an Army, who Success can fear?*

*Thus Cæsar spoke: From the propitious Sky
Descending Eagles, boding Victory,
Drive the slow Winds before 'em as they fly.
From dark Recesses of a Grove proceed
Shrill Cries, and visionary Soldiers bleed.
The Sun-beams with unusual Brightness rise,
Spreading new Glories round the gilded Skies:
Fir'd with the Omens of their vast Success,
The glitt'ring Troops o'er Rocks and Mountains press,
Where frozen Earth, cover'd with Ice and Snows,
A dreadful Quiet in dull Stiffness shows;
But when the Cuirassiers had broke the Chain,
And soften'd milky Clouds of frozen Rain;
So quick the melted Snows to Rivers run,
That soon a Deluge from the Mountains sprung;
When sudden Colds the shudd'ring Currents seize,
Stop their slow Streams, and rising Billows freeze.*

*The Currents, frozen to an Icy Way,
To sudden Falls both Man and Horse betray,
Now pregnant Clouds a gloomy Horror form,
And breaking, are deliver'd of a Storm.
Cæsar advancing, braves the threatening Skies,
And steddy on his conscious Worth relies.
Alcmena's Son did less securely rush
From the proud Height of rising Caucasus.
With such an Air Jove on the Giants prest,
Who scal'd the Skies, and durst his Heav'n molest.
The Mountains Tops now Cæsar's Armies gain,
And spread Confusion o'er the troubl'd Plain.
Big with the News, Fame takes her sudden Rise,
Proud of her Toil, and stronger as she flies;
In dreadful Terms the wanton Goddess tells
Th' approaching Wars, and Truth to Falshood swells.*

Thrice she proclaims ———

*A num'rous Fleet is riding o'er the Main,
The melted Alps are hid with Cæsar's Train;
Which wreaking from a German Conquest come,
And with alike Destruction threaten Rome.*

Now

*Now Arms, Blood, Death, and dismal Scenes of War
 Are to each Eye presented from afar ;
 With anxious Thoughts of coming Ills possess'd,
 A horrid Tumult reigns in ev'ry Breast.
 This flies by Land, and this the Deep explores,
 Thinking the Sea less dang'rous than the Shores.
 The daring Soldier trusts his Sword and Shield,
 And boldly runs the Hazard of the Field.
 The Priests and Women, pious in Distress,
 For Aid in vain reluctant Heav'n address.
 The Flamen's Fears, and Clamours of the Gown,
 Add fresh Distraction to the trembling Town.
 A various Course the giddy Vulgar steer,
 Following the blind Impulses of their Fear :
 One takes his Children in his pious Arms,
 Another keeps his Household-gods from Harms :
 Their frighted Wives uxorious Husbands bear,
 These guard their Parents with a filial Care.
 Some their rich Goods to distant Cells convey,
 And only for their Foes prepare a Prey.
 So in a Storm, when no Sea-Arts prevail,
 To guide the Ship with any certain Sail,*

Some

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 To guide the Ship with any certain Sail,*

Some

*Some bind the splitted Mast, some swim to Shore,
And their lost Wealth at ev'ry Stroke deplore.
But why do we of vulgar Fears complain,
When both the Consuls did their Honour stain,
And Rome's high Towers deserting Pompey fled,
And hid in humble Cottages his Head,
Whose Triumphs o'er the Earth made Jove afraid
That Gen'ral next should Heav'n's high Walls invade.
Yet he, of Empires and of Men the Shame,
Quitting the Lustre of his shining Name,
Meanly at once abandon'd Rome and Fame.
Terrestrial Fars to Heavens do Fears impart,
The peaceful Train of quiet Gods depart :
Weary of Crimes, they quit the impious World,
Leaving Mankind in sad Confusion hurl'd.
Fair Peace, as Leader of the Heav'nly Train,
Beating her lovely Arms, did first complain ;
A Wreath of Olives bound her drooping Head,
And to th' infernal Realms of Night she fled :
Justice and Faith as her Attendance went,
And mourning Concord with her Garments rent.
Sad Proserpine unbolts her brazen Doors,
And strait the Furies quit the Stygian Shores.*

Erinny's

Erinny's *Fraud*, *Despair*, and *pannick Fear*,
Troubles, and *Death*, in *horrid Shapes* appear.
Disorder'd Rage, from *brazen Fetters* freed,
Ascends to *Earth* with an *impetuous Speed*.
 Her wounded *Face* a *bloody Helmet* hides,
 And her *left Arm* a *batter'd Target* guides;
Red Brands of *Fire* supported in her *right*,
 The *impious World* with *Flames* and *Ruin* fright.
 The *Gods* descending, leave their *blest* *Abode*,
 And *wond'ring Atlas* miss'd his *usual Load*.
 The *embattell'd Powers* their *saphire Walls* forsake,
 And *ripe in Faction*, various *Parties* take:
 For *Cæsar* first *Dione* does appear;
 For him *Minerva* shakes her *pond'rous Spear*:
 His *mighty Sword* the *God* of *Battel* draws,
 Breathes *Death* and *Woes*, and aids the *Julian Cause*.
 To the *same Side* the *Moon* her *Forces* bends,
 And now, *uncall'd* by *magick Power*, descends.
 Presaging *Phœbus*, from his *Silver Bow*,
 Shoots certain *Arrows*, and *unerring Woe*:
 The *bearded Shafts* on *Pompey's Squadrons* light,
 And force the *wounded Horse* to *sudden Flight*:

The

The Trumpets sound, and with a dismal Tell

Wild Discord rises from the Vales of Hell :

From her swell'd Eyes there ran a briny Flood,

And clotted Gore upon her Visage stood.

Around her Head Serpentine Eff-locks hung,

And Streams of Blood flow'd from her sable Tongue.

Her tatter'd Clothes her yellow Skin betray,

(An Emblem of the Breast on which they lay)

And brandish'd Flames her livid Hand obey.

Thus from Hell's Deep she pass'd, with dire Design,

Up to the Top of noble Appennine,

From whose proud Height she distant Plains descry'd,

And glitt'ring Troops, which march'd on ev'ry Side,

When bursting into Passion, thus she cry'd :

Let murd'rous Rage to Arms the World inspire,

And deadly Feuds set all Mankind on Fire :

The Wise and Brave alike, involv'd in Arms,

Shall feel the Rage of Rome's intestine Harms ;

The Seas shall murmur, frighted Nature quake,

And rooted Hills, like bending Oziers, shake.

But why does Cæsar march so slowly on,

And not at once pass o'er the Rubicon ?

*The Gods decree he shall Rome's Trenches force,
 And to the Forum lead his British Horse.
 If frighted Pompey dreads th' approaching Foe,
 Let him to fatal Epidamnum go,
 And fill its Plains with Blood. — Thus Discord said,
 And impious Earth her black Decrees obey'd.*

When *Eumolpus*, with his usual Freedom,
 had deliver'd himself of these Lines, we ar-
 riv'd at *Crotona*, where having refresh'd our
 selves in a little Inn we took up at, the next
 Day, designing an Enlargement of our House
 and Fortune, we fell into the Company of
 some flattering Parasites, who immediately
 enquir'd what we were, and from whence
 we came; when, according to our Contri-
 vance, prudently advancing our Characters,
 we told the credulous Knaves from whence
 we set out, and the Occasion of our Voyage.
 Upon which immediately all their Fortunes
 were at *Eumolpus* Feet; and each, to in-
 gratiate himself into his Favour, strove to
 exceed the rest in presenting.

While this Flood of Fortune was for a
 long Time flowing upon us, *Eumolpus*, 'midst
 his Happiness, having lost the Memory of
 his former Condition, so boasted his Interest,
 that he affirm'd, none in *Crotona* could resist
 his Desires; and that whatever Crime any
 of us should be guilty of, he had Friends
 potent enough to secure us from Punishment.

But

But tho' our daily-increasing Riches left my pamper'd Body no Desire unsatisfy'd; and tho' I flatter'd my self into an Opinion, that ill Fortune had taken her last Leave of me, yet not only the Thoughts of my present Condition, but the Means of getting to it, would often break in upon my Joys, and embitter all the Sweet. And what, said I to my self, if some one wiser than the rest, should dispatch a Messenger for *Afric*, should we not soon be discover'd? What if the Slave *Eumolpus* pick'd up, glutt'd with his present Happiness, should betray us to his Companions, and maliciously discover the whole Intrigue? We should then be put upon the Stroul again, and be oblig'd with Shame to renew our former Beggary. Heavens! how ill it fares with wicked Livers! that they must ever expect a deserv'd Punishment.

' Going out full of these Thoughts, to divert Melancholy, I resolv'd on a Walk, but ' had scarce got into a publick one, ere a ' pretty Girl made up to me; who, calling ' me *Polyænus*, told me her Lady would be ' proud of an Opportunity of speaking with ' me.

' You're mistaken, Sweet-heart, answer'd ' I in a little Heat, I am but a Servant, of ' another Country too, and not worthy of ' so great a Favour.

No, Sir, said she, I have Commands to you; but because you know what you can do, you're proud; and if a Lady would receive a Favour from you, I see she must purchase

purchase it : For to what End are all those
 Allurements, forsooth, the curl'd Hair, the
 Complexion advanc'd by Washes, the wan-
 ton Roul of your Eyes, the affected Air of
 your Gate, unless in order to invite a Pur-
 chaſer ? For my part, I am neither Witch
 nor Conjuror, yet can gueſs at a Man by his
 Phyſiognomy ; and when I find a Spark
 walking, can gueſs the Meaning. To be
 ſhort, Sir, if ſo be you are one of them that
 ſell their Ware, I'll procure you a Buyer ;
 but if you're a courteous Lender, confer the
 Benefit. As for your being a Servant, and
 below (as you ſay) ſuch a Favour, it in-
 creases the Flames of her that's dying for
 you. 'Tis the fooliſh Humour of ſome Wo-
 men to be in Love with Filth ; nor can they
 be rais'd to an Appetite, but by the Charms
 forſooth, of ſome Slave or Laquey : Some
 can be pleas'd with nothing more than the
 ſtrutting of a Prize-fighter, with a hack'd
 Face, and a red Ribbon in his Shirt ; or an
 Actor, incited to prostitute himſelf on the
 Stage by the Vanity of ſhewing his pretty
 Shapes there. Of this Sort is my Lady, who
 indeed, added ſhe, prefers the paltry Lover
 of the upper Gallery, with his dirty Face
 and Oaken Staff, to all the fine Gentlemen
 in the Boxes, with their Patches, Gun-
 powder-spots, and Tooth-pickers.

When, pleas'd with the Humour of her
 Taik, I beſeech you, Child, ſaid I, are you
 the She that's ſo in Love with my Perſon ?
 Upon which, the Maid fell into a fit of Laugh-
 ter.

ter. I would not, return'd she, have you so extremely flatter your self; I never yet truckled to a Waiter; nor will *Venus* allow I should embrace a Gibbet. You must address your self to Ladies that kiss the Ensigns of Slavery. Be assur'd that I, tho' a Servant, have too fine a Taste to converse with any below a Knight. I was amaz'd at the Relation of such unequal Passions, and thought it miraculous to find a Servant with the scornful Pride of a Lady, and a Lady with the Humility of a Servant.

Our pleasant Discourse continuing, I desir'd her to bring her Lady. She readily consented, and taking hold of her Petticoats, tript it gently into a Lawrel Labyrinth, that border'd on the Walk. 'Twas not long ere she usher'd her Lady to me; a Beauty excelling even the Flattery of Painters; Words can't express so perfect a Creature: Whatever I should say of her, would fall short of what she was.

Her Hair spread all upon her Shoulders, and seem'd in easy Curls to wanton in the Air. Her Forehead was oval, and naturally inclin'd the Hair to its Advantage. The Shape of her Eye-brows was most correct. Her Eyes eclips'd the Glory of the brightest Star. Her Nose had an easy Turn, and her Mouth was such as *Praxiteles* believ'd *Venus* had. Then her Chin, her Neck, her Arms, and Feet gently girt with embroider'd Sandals, to whose Whiteness the *Parian* Marble would serve but as a Foil. 'Twas then I began to de-

despise my old Mistress *Doris*: And thus
broke out in a Rapture ;

*Sure amorous Jove's a holy Tale above,
With fancy'd Arts that wait upon his Love ;
When we are bless'd with such a Charm as this,
And be no Rival of our Happiness ;
How well the Bull would now the God become,
Or his grey Hairs to be transform'd to Down ?
Here's Danae's self, a Touch from her would fire,
And make the God in liquid Joys expire.*

She was pleas'd, and smil'd with such an
Air, that she seem'd like the Moon in her
silver Glories breaking through a Cloud ;
when addressing herself, her pretty Fingers
humouring the Turn of her Voice, If a fine
Woman, very lately acquainted with your
Sex, said she, may deserve your Love, let me
commend you to a Mistress. I am sensible
you have a Friend already, nor have I thought
it below me to enquire into your Circum-
stances : But why not a Mistress to ? I en-
ter the List on the same Bottom with your
Friend, nor do I desire to engross all your
Cares ; only think me deserving, and con-
fer them as you please.

Let me beseech you, Madam, return'd I,
by all those *Cupids* in your Face and Mien,
to permit a Stranger in the Number of your

Admirers, you'll find him most religious, if you'll accept his Devotions; and to convince you, Madam, that the Way to this Heaven (like the Paths of Paradise) is not to be trod *gratis*, I present you with my Friend.

What! said she, do you give him, without whom you could not live, on whose Lips your very Being depends, whom you love as I do you? Her Words were attended with such a Grace at their Delivery, and the sweet Sound so charm'd the yielding Air, you would have sworn some Syren had been breathing Melodies. Thus wrapt with every Thing so amazing, and fancying a Glory shin'd in every Part, I ventur'd to enquire what Name the Goddess own'd. My Maid, I perceive, said she, has not inform'd you; I am call'd *Circe*; I would not have you believe, tho' I bear that Name, that I derive my Original from *Apollo*; nor that my Mother, while she lay in the God's Embraces, held the fiery Steeds: Yet I shall know enough of Heaven, if Fate will give you to my Arms. And who can penetrate into the Decrees of Destiny? Therefore come, my Dear, and crown my Wishes. Nor need you fear any malicious Disturber of our Joys, your Companion is far enough from hence.

Upon which, she threw her Downy Arms about me, and led me to a Plat of Ground, the Pride of Nature, deck'd with a gay Variety of every pleasing Object.

*On Idá's Top, when Jove his Nymph carefs'd,
And lawless Heat in open View express'd,
His Mother Earth in all her Charms was seen,
The Rose, the Violet, the sweet Jessamin,
And the fair Lilly smiling on the Green.
Such was the Plat on which my Venus lay;
Our Love was secret, but the charming Day
Was bright, like her, and as her Temper gay.*

Here we prepar'd for Battel, and thro' ten thousand Kisses press'd to a closer Engagement; but a sudden Weakness robb'd me of my Arms. Thus cheated in her Expectation, she highly resenting it, ask'd whether her Lips, her Breath, or some ill Scent of any Part of her, offended me? Or if none of those, whether I was afraid of *Gito*?

I was so asham'd of my self, that if there was any Spark of the Man left in me, I lost it. And finding every Part of me feeble, and as it were lifeless, I beseech you, Madam, said I, don't triumph o'er my Misery: I'm certainly bewitch'd.

'So slight an Excuse could not allay her Resentment; but giving me a disdainful Glance, she turn'd to her Maid, And I prithee, *Chrysis*, said she, be free with me, don't flatter your Mistress, is there any Thing misbecoming or ungenteel about me? Or have I us'd Art to hide any natural De-

formity? I can't tell how you've dress'd me to Day.

Upon which, ere *Chrysis* could make a Return, she snatch'd a Pocket-Glass from the Maid; and after she had practis'd all her Looks, to try if any appear'd less charming than before, she took hold of her Petticoats, that were a little rumpl'd with lying on, and immediately ran to a neighbouring Temple dedicated to *Venus*.

I could not tell what to say or do; but, as if I had seen a Vision, at last began with Horror to consider whether I had been robb'd of any real Joy.

*So when a Dream our sleeping Sight betrays,
And to our View some bidden Gold conveys;
Our busy Hands th' inviting Treasure seize,
And short-liv'd Joys our active Fancies please.
But soon we fear, lest any conscious Spy
May find the Secret, and the Theft decry.
And when with Spleen our charming Dreams are o'er,
Our Minds restor'd to what they were before,
Concern'd, we wish the fancy'd Loss regain'd,
And with the Image still are entertain'd.*

' This Misfortune might make me justly
' think it not only a true Vision, but real
' Witchcraft; for I was so weak, I could
' scarce get upon my Legs; my Mind at last

‘ a little freed, began by Degrees to recover
 ‘ its Vigor ; upon which I went to my Lodg-
 ‘ ing, and dissembling a Faintness, lay down
 ‘ upon my Bed. A little after, *Gito*, being
 ‘ inform’d I was ill, came to me much
 ‘ troubl’d ; but to allay his Concern, I told
 ‘ him I was only a little weary, and had a
 ‘ Mind to repose my self, but not a Word of
 ‘ my last Adventure. I talk’d to him about
 ‘ several Things ; I was afraid to disclose the
 ‘ Secret, because I knew he envy’d every one
 ‘ that appear’d agreeable to me ; and to
 ‘ prevent his Suspicion, throwing my Arms
 ‘ about him, I endeavour’d to give a Proof
 ‘ of my Tenderness ; but being disappointed
 ‘ in my Expectation, he arose very angry,
 ‘ accusing my Weakness and strange Beha-
 ‘ viour to him, told me, that of late he had
 ‘ found my chief Favours were bestow’d to
 ‘ Persons who did not merit my Kindness.

‘ My Respect for you, *Gito*, said I, has
 ‘ ever been the same ; but now my Dancing-
 ‘ days submit to Reason.

Gito fell a laughing, and with a Sort of
 an ill-natur’d Railery, reply’d, That he was
 pleas’d with my Discretion, but conceiv’d
 that Friendship was consistent with Reason ;
 that the wisest Persons had always the pro-
 foundest Respect for that venerable Name ;
 and, that *Socrates* thought it no Diminution
 to his Wisdom, to contract a solemn Friend-
 ship with *Alcibiades*, one of the most agree-
 able of Men.

Ending these Words, *Gito* went out of the Room in a Passion, affronted at my Conduct and Behaviour.

He was hardly gone, ere *Chrysis* enter'd my Chamber, and gave me a Billet from her Mistress, wherein I found this written.

HAD I flatter'd my self with an Expectation of Pleasure, how had I been deceiv'd! But pray, Sir, if I may be so free, I desire to know how you design to bestow your self, and whether you dare venture abroad on those Legs, which ten thousand to one but may sink under you. Let me advise your tender Years to beware of a Palsy; I never saw any Body in so much Danger. On my Conscience, you are just going; and should the same Chilness seize you all over, I might be soon oblig'd to weep at your Funeral. But, to convince you I am sincerely concern'd for your Recovery, I shall give you a Prescription for your Cure; Eat heartily, drink moderately, and sleep three Nights alone. As to my self, I am not in the least apprehensive of appearing to another less charming than I have to you; I am told neither my Glass nor Report do flatter me. Farewel, if you can.

When *Chrysis* found I had read the Reproaches of her Mistress, This is the Custom, Sir, said she, and chiefly of this City, where the Women are so potent in magick Charms, even to make the Moon confess their Power; therefore the Recovery of languishing Love becomes their Care. 'Tis only writing some
soft

soft Things to my Lady, and you make her happy. For 'tis confess'd, since her Disappointment, she has not been herself. I readily consented, and calling for Paper, thus address'd my self :

TIS confess'd, Madam, I have often sinned, for I am not only a Man, but a very young one, yet never left the Field so dishonourably before. You have at your Feet a confessing Criminal, that deserves whatever you can inflict ; I've cut a Throat, betray'd my Country, committed Sacrilege ; if a Punishment for any of these will serve, I am ready to receive Sentence. If you fancy my Death, I wait you with my Sword ; but if a Beating will content you, I fly naked to your Arms. Only remember, that 'twas not the Work-man, but his Materials, that fail'd. I was ready to engage, but wanted Arms. Who robb'd me of them, I know not ; perhaps my eager Mind out-run my Body ; or while with an unhappy Haste I aim'd at all, I was cheated with abortive Joys. I only know I don't know what I've done. You bid me fear a Palsy, as if the Disease could do more, that has already robb'd me of that by which I should have purchas'd you. All I have to say for my self, is this, That I will certainly pay with Interest the Arrears of Love, if you allow me Time to repair my Misfortune.

Having sent back Chrysis with this Answer, to encourage my jaded Body, after the Bath and strengthening Oils had a little refresh'd

me, I betook my self to such a Course of Diet, as might render me strong and vigorous, using Wine very moderately; upon which, to settle my self, I took a little Walk, and returning to my Chamber, slept that Night without Company; so great was my Care to acquit my self honourably with my Mistress, that I was afraid of any Temptation which might have drawn me from my Duty.

The next Day rising without Prejudice either to my Body or Spirits, I went, tho' I fear'd the Place was ominous, to the same Walk, and expected *Chrysis* to conduct me to her Mistress; I had not been long there, ere she came to me, and with her a little old Woman. After she had saluted me, What, my nice Sir *Courtly*, said she, does your Stomach begin to come to you?

At what Time the old Woman drawing from her Bosom a Wreath of many Colours, bound my Neck; and having mix'd Spittle and Dust, she dipt her Finger in't, and mark'd my Fore-head, whether I would or no.

When this Part of the Charm was over, she made me spit thrice, and as often put into my Bosom enchanted Stones, that she had wrapt in Purple; after which, she began to examine me very nicely; when, quick as Thought, she found all Things to her Satisfaction. She was all Joy; And d'ye see, my *Chrysis*, said she, d'ye see what a Hare I have started for another to have the Pleasure of the Chase?

Never

*Never despair; Priapus I invoke,
To help the Parts that make his Altars smoke.*

‘ After this, the old Woman presented
‘ me to *Cbrysis*, who was very glad she had
‘ recover’d her Mistress’s Treasure; and
‘ therefore hastening to her, she conducted
‘ me to a most pleasant Retreat, deck’d with
‘ all that Nature could produce to please the
‘ Sight.

*Where aged Elms cast a refreshing Shade,
And well-trimm’d Pines their shaking Tops display’d;
Where Daphne, ’midst the Cypress, crown’d her
Head.* }

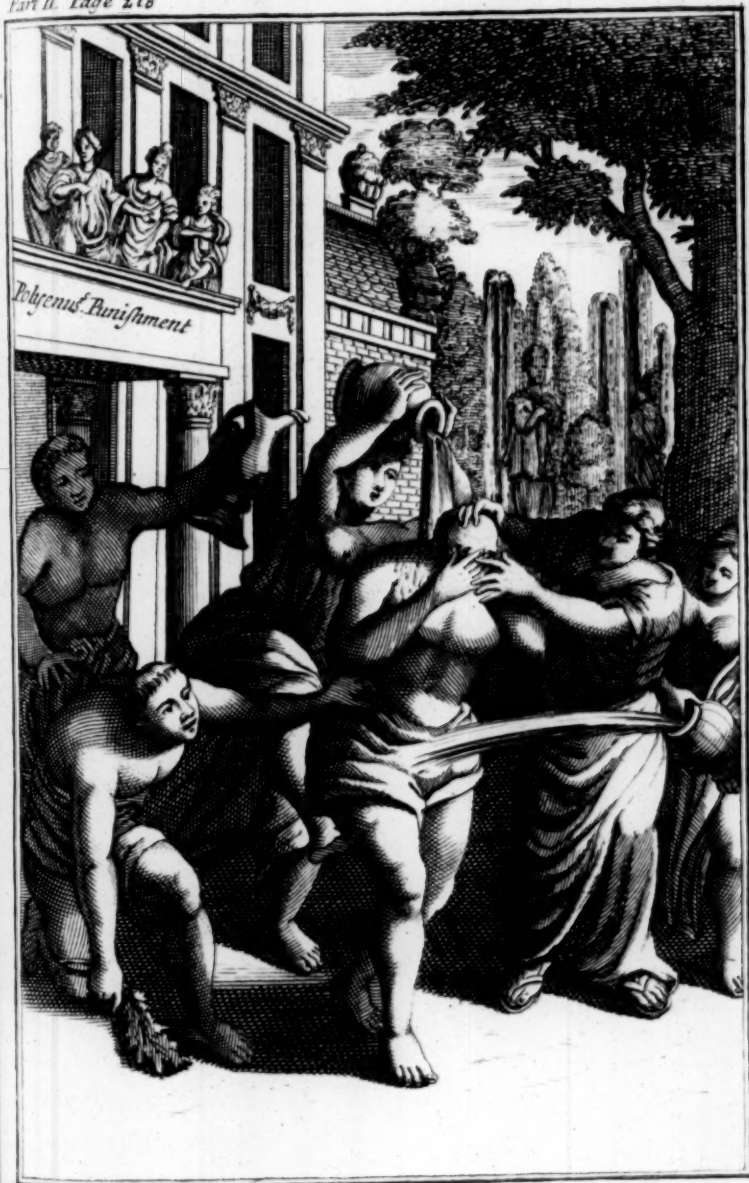
*Near these a circling River gently flows,
And rousls the Pebbles as it murmuring goes.
A Place design’d for Love, the Nightingale,
And other Birds, its soft Delights can tell,
Who on each Bush salute the coming Day,
And in their Orgies sing its Hours away.*

She was in an Undress, reclining on a flow-
ery Bank, and diverting herself with a Myr-
tle Branch. As soon as I appear’d, she blush’d,
as mindful of her Disappointment. *Cbrysis*
very prudently withdrew, and when we
were.

were left together, I approach'd the Temptation ; at what Time she skreen'd my Face with the Myrtle, and as if there had been a Wall between us, becoming more bold ; What, my cold Spark, said she, have you brought all your self to Day ?

Do you ask, Madam, I return'd, rather than try ? and throwing my self to her, who with open Arms was eager to receive me, we kiss'd a little Age away, when giving the Signal to prepare for other Joys, she drew me to a more close Embrace ; and now our murmuring Kisses their Sweetness tell, bidding us prepare for greater Pleasures ; now our twining Limbs try'd every Fold of Love ; now, lock'd in each other's Arms, our Bodies and our Souls are join'd : But even here, alas ! even amidst these dear Beginnings, a sudden Chilness press'd upon my Joys, and made me leave 'em all imperfect.

Circe, enrag'd to be so affronted, had Recourse to Revenge, and calling the Grooms that belong'd to the House, made them give me a Warming ; nor was she satisfy'd with this, but calling all the Servant-Wenches, even the meanest in the House, she made 'em spit upon me. I hid my Head as well as I could ; and without begging Pardon, for I knew what I had deserv'd, was turn'd out of Doors with a large Retinue of Kicks and Spittle ; *Proserpinus*, the old Woman, was turn'd out too, and *Chrysis* beaten ; and the whole Family wondering with themselves, enquir'd the Cause of their Lady's Disorder.





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I hid my Bruises as well as I could, lest my Rival *Eumolpus* might sport with my Shame, or *Gito* be concern'd at it; therefore, as the only way to disguise my Misfortune, I began to dissemble Sickness; and having got in Bed, to revenge my self of what had been the Cause of all my Misfortunes, took hold of it, and

*With dreadful Steel the Part I would have lopt,
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Razor dropt.
Now, what I might before, I could not do,
For, cold as Ice, the fearful Thing withdrew,
And shrunk behind a wrinkled Canopy,
Hiding his Head from my Revenge and me.
Thus by its Fear I'm hault'd of my Design,
When I in Words more killing vent my Spleen.*

At what Time raising my self on the Bed, in this or the like Manner I reproach'd the sullen Impotent; With what Face can you look up, thou Shame of Heaven and Man, that can't not be seriously mention'd? Have I deserv'd from you, when rais'd within Sight of the greatest Joy, to be doom'd to the highest Misfortune? To have a Scandal fix'd on the very Prime and Vigor of my Years, and to be reduc'd to the Weakness of an old Man? I beseech you, Sir, give me an Epitaph on my departed Vigor; tho' in a great Heat I had thus said;

He

*He still continu'd looking on the Ground ;
Nor more, at this had rais'd his guilty Head,
Than wither'd Poppies on their tender Stalks.*

Nor when I had done, did I less repent of my ridiculous Passion ; and with a conscious Blush began to think, how unaccountable it was, that forgetting all Shame, I should contend with that Part of me that all Men of Sense reckon not worth their Thoughts. A little after, relapsing to my former Humour ; But what's the Crime, began I, if by a natural Complaint I was eas'd of my Grief ? Or how is it, that we blame our Stomachs or Bellies, when 'tis our Heads that are distemper'd ? Did not *Ulysses* beat his Breast, as if that had disturb'd him ? And don't we see the Actors punish their Eyes, as if they heard the tragick Scene ? Those that have the Gout in their Legs, swear at them ; those that have it in their Fingers, do so by them ; those that have sore Eyes, are angry with 'em.

*Why do the solemn Coxcombs of the Age
At my familiar Lines unjustly rage ?
In Measures loosely plain blunt Satyr flw,
And ev'ry Vice in proper Colours shws.
Love I describe, and all the wanton Joys
Of blushing Matrons, and of am'rous Boys.*

Thus

*Thus Epicurus taught; the Powers above,
 Regardless of terrestrial Crimes below,
 Enjoy a long Eternity in Love,
 Letting the giddy World at Random go.*

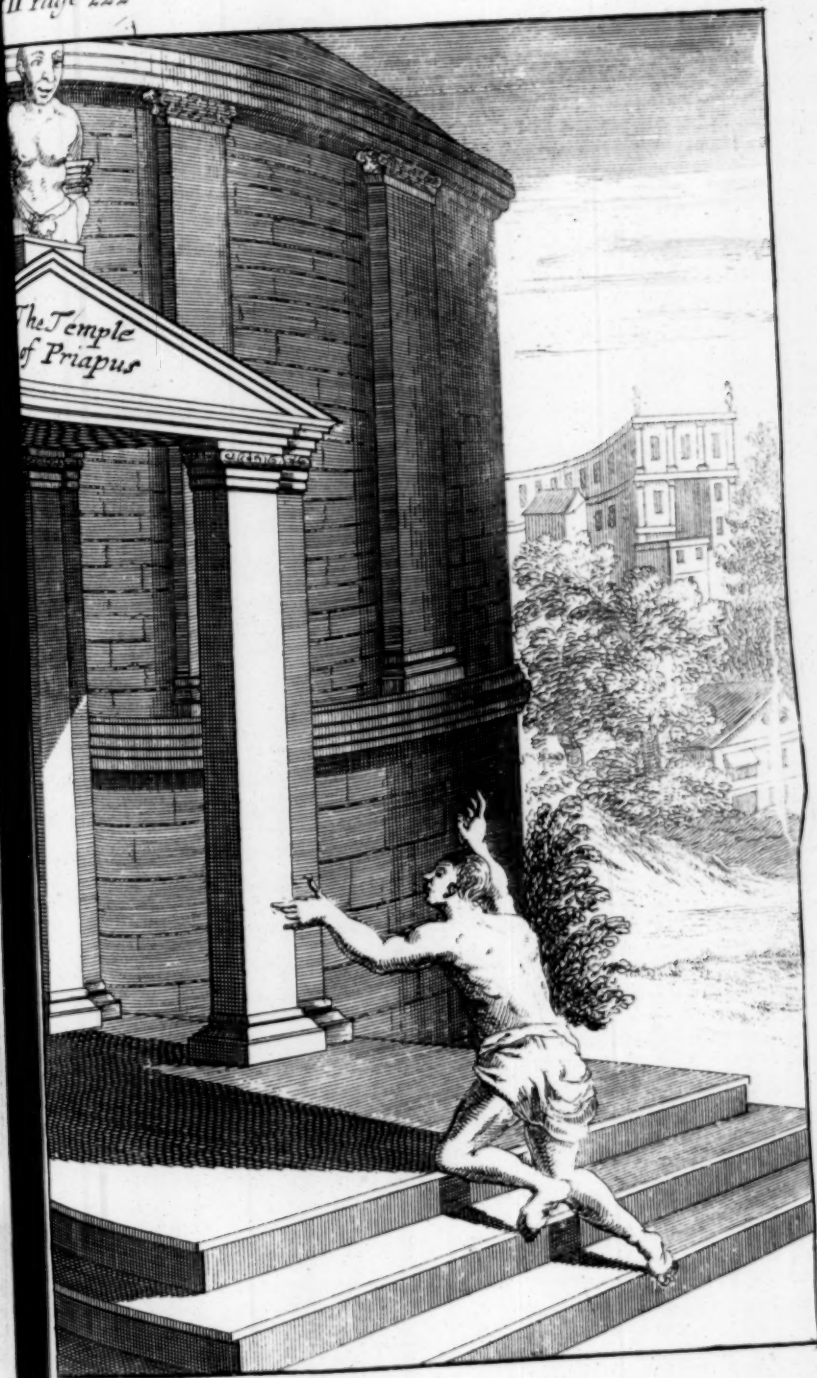
There's nothing more deceitful than a ridiculous Opinion, nor more ridiculous than an affected Gravity. After this, I call'd *Gito* to me; And tell me, said I, but sincerely, whether *Ascylos*, when he took you from me, pursu'd the Injury that Night, and treated you in an unhandsome Manner? The Boy, with his Finger in his Eyes, took a solemn Oath, that he had no Incivility offer'd him by *Ascylos*.

This drove me to my Wits End; I was in so much Confusion, I knew not what I said; but at last I consider'd to what Purpose I should reflect on Misfortunes which were past and gone, and make my self uneasy with calling them to Mind. At last I did what I could to recover my Vigor; and being willing to invoke the Assistance of the Gods, I went out to pay my Devotions to *Priapus*, and as wretched as I was, did not despair, but kneeling at the Entrance of the Chamber, thus besought him:

Delight

*Delight of Bacchus, Guardian of the Groves,
 The kind Restorer of decaying Loves ;
 Lesbos and verdant Thasos thee implore,
 Whose Maids thy Pow'r in wanton Rites adore :
 Joy of the Dryards, with propitious Care
 Attend my Wishes, and indulge my Pray'r.
 My guiltless Hands with Blood I never stain'd,
 Or sacrilegiously the Gods prophan'd :
 Thus low I bow, restoring Blessings send,
 I did not thee with my whole self offend.
 Who sins thro' Weakness, is less guilty thought ;
 Indulge my Crime, and spare a venial Fault.
 On me when Fate shall smiling Gifts bestow,
 I'll (not ungrateful) to your God-head bow ;
 A sucking Pig I'll offer to thy Shrine,
 And sacred Bowls brim-full of gen'rous Wine ;
 A destin'd Goat shall on thy Altar lie,
 And the born'd Parent of my Flock shall die ;
 Then thrice thy frantick Vot'ries shall around
 Thy Temple dance, with smiling Garlands crown'd,
 And most devoutly drunk, thy Orgies sound.*

While



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While I was thus at Prayers, an old Woman, with her Hair about her Ears, and disfigur'd with a mournful Habit, coming in, disturb'd my Devotions; when taking hold of me, she drew me in a great Surprize out of the Entry; And what Hag, said she, has devour'd your Manhood? Or what ominous Carcass have you stumbled over in your Nightly Rambles? You have not acquitted your self like a Man, but, like a washy Jade, have tir'd and founde'r'd upon the Road: Nor have you been content to sin by your self, but you have also betray'd me into your Crime, and expos'd me as well as your self, to the just Resentment of the Gods; and do you imagine I will not be reveng'd?

When leading me, submissive to all her Commands, a second Time to the Cell of a neighbouring Priestess of *Priapus*, she threw me upon the Bed, and taking up a Stick that fasten'd the Door, reveng'd herself on me. I with a great deal of Patience receiv'd her Fury; and at the first Stroke, if the breaking of the Stick had not lessen'd the Force of the Blow, without Doubt she had broke my Head and Arm.

I groan'd, and hiding my Face with my Hand, lean'd upon a Pillow, and burst into a Flood of Tears. The old Woman sat down by me, and wept as bitterly as my self, complaining of the Miseries of Age, 'till the Priestess came in upon us; And what, said she, do you do in my Chappel, as melancholy
as

as if you came from a Funeral? Don't you consider these are Holidays, in which even the Miserable ought to be merry?

Alas! my *Enothea*, said she, this Youth was born under an ill Star; for not the greatest Beauty can raise him to a perfect Appetite. You ne'er beheld a more unhappy Man: In his Garden the weak *Willow*, not the lusty *Cedar*, grows. In short, you may guess what he is, that could rise unblest'd from *Circe's* Bed.

Upon this, *Enothea* set herself between us, and moving her Head a while; I, said she, am the only one that can give a Remedy for that Disease; and, not to delay it, let him sleep with me to Night, and next Morning examine how vigorous I shall have made him.

All Nature's Works my magick Pow'r obey,
The blooming Earth shall wither and decay,
And, when I please, be verdant, fresh, and gay.
Here flow'ry Vales shall vernal Beauties know,
There frozen Plains shall hide themselves in Snow.
By magick Charms I'll make a Whirlwind cease,
Contract its Breath, and murmur into Peace.
Tygers and Pards, submissive to my Will,
Obey my Orders, and neglect to kill.

At

*At my Commands, substantial Darkneſs ſoon
O'erſpreads the Skies, and hides the Silver Moon.*

*Sol's fiery Carr ſtopt on th' Ætherial Plain,
And Thetis long expects her Lord in vain.*

The Pontick Bull's emitting Fire and Smoke,

The Witch Medea to her Service broke,

And made their ſwelling Cheſts ſuſtain the Yoke.

Reſulgent Circe, Daughter of the Sun,

Could into Swine Ulyſſes's Soldiers turn.

In Woods Silenus, Proteus in the Seas,

Conceal the God, and take what Forms they pleaſe.

As great's my Skill, as far my Pow'r extends,

The ſervile World to my Enchantment bends.

I ſhook with Fear at ſuch a Romantick
Promiſe, and began more intently to
view the old Woman: Upon which ſhe cry'd
out, O! *Enothea*, be as good as your Word;
when, carefully wiping her Hands, ſhe lay
down on the Bed, and half ſmother'd me
with Kiſſes.

Enothea, in the Middle of the Altar,
plac'd a Turf-Table, and laid upon it burn-
ing Coals, and an old crack'd Cup repair'd
with Pitch, in which ſhe us'd to ſacrifice.
When ſhe had fix'd it to the ſmoaky Wall from
which ſhe took it, putting on her Habit, ſhe
plac'd a Kettle by the Fire, and took down a

Q

Bag

Bag that hung near her, in which a Bean was kept for the Use she now put it to, and a very aged Piece of a Hog's Forehead, with the Print of a hundred Cuts on't; when opening the Bag, she threw me a Part of the Bean, and bid me carefully strip it. I obey'd her Command, and try'd, without daubing my Fingers, to deliver the Grain from its nasty Covering; but she, blaming my Dullness, snatch'd it from me, and skilfully tearing its Shells with her Teeth, spit the black Morsels from her, which lay like dead Flies on the Ground. *How ingenious is Poverty, and what strange Arts will Hunger teach?* The Priestess seem'd so great a Lover of this Sort of Life, that her Humour appear'd in every Thing about her, and her Hut might be truly term'd, Sacred to Poverty.

*No flaming Rubies here are set in Gold,
No Marble covers the deluded Mold;
Void of expensive Art, the rev'rend Shrine
With nat'ral modest Ornaments does shine.
Round Ceres Bower the bending Oxier grows;
Earthen is all the Plate the Priestess knows:
The Jug is Earth, which holds the holy Wine,
Oxier the Dish, sacred to Pow'rs divine
The Fane can boast —————*

*No brazen Knobs, nor splendid purple Pride,
Mud mix'd with Dirt the pious Relicks hide;
Rushes and Reeds the humble Roof adorn,
And Straw depriv'd of its Autumnal Corn.
On an old Shelf a sav'ry Ham is found,
And Service-berries into Garlands bound:
Such a low Cottage Hecale confin'd,
Low was her Cottage, but sublime her Mind.
Her bounteous Heart a grateful Praise shall crown,
And Muses make immortal her Renown.*

After which, she tasted of the Flesh, and hanging the rest, old as herself, on the Hook again, the rotten Stool on which she was mounted, breaking, threw her into the Fire; her Fall split the Kettle, and what it held, put out the Fire. She burnt her Elbow, and all her Face was hid with the Ashes that her Fall had rais'd.

Thus disturb'd, I arose, and laughing, took her up immediately, lest any Thing should hinder the Offering. She ran for new Fire to the Neighbourhood, and had hardly got to the Door, ere I was set upon by three sacred Geese, that daily, as I conjecture, about that Time were fed by the old Woman. They made a hideous Noise, and, surrounding me, one tears my Coat, another my Shoes, while their furious Captain made a

very brisk Attack upon my Legs; 'till seeing my self in Danger, I began to be in earnest, and snatching up one of the Feet of our little Table, made the valient Animal feel the Prowess of my Hand; nor content with a slight Blow or two, I reveng'd my self with its Death.

*Such were the Birds Alcides did subdue,
That from his conqu'ring Arm to Heav'n withdrew.
Such were the Harpyes, who at Phineus Board
Met poy's'nous Death, in Silver Dishes stor'd.
Their dreadful Shrieks disturb the trembling Air,
And Pow'rs above the wild Confusion share;
Horrors disturb the Order of the Sky,
And frighted Stars beyond their Courses fly.*

By this Time the other two had eat up the Pieces of the Bean that lay scatter'd on the Floor; and having lost their Leader, return'd to the Temple. When, glad of the Booty, and my Revenge, I cur'd the slight Wound in my Leg which the Goose had made, with Vinegar. But fearing the old Woman's Anger, I design'd to make off; and taking up my Cloaths, began my march. I had scarce reach'd the Door, ere I saw *Enothea* bringing in her Hand an Earthen Pot fill'd with Fire; upon which, I retreated, and throwing down my Cloaths, fix'd my self in the Entry, as if I were impatiently expecting her coming.

Enothea

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The Death of the Holy Goose

Enothea entering, rak'd the Fire together which she had made of broken Sticks; and putting more Fuel upon it, began to excuse herself for staying so long, telling me, that a Friend of her's would not let her go before she had (against the Laws of Drinking) taken three Healths together; when looking about her, What, said she, have you been doing in my Absence? Where's the Bean?

I, who thought I had behav'd my self very honourably, told her the whole Fight; and to end her Grief for the Loss of the Bean, presented her the Goose. When I shew'd the Goose, the old Woman set up such an Outcry, that you would have thought the Geese were re-entering the Place.

Being in all the Confusion imaginable at so strange a Humour, I ask'd the Meaning of her Passion, and why she pity'd the Goose, rather than me.

But wringing her Hands, You wicked wretch, said she, who d'ye speak to? D'ye know what you've done? You've kill'd the Gods Delight, a Goose the Pleasure of all Matrons; and, lest you should think your self innocent, know, if a Magistrate should hear of it, you'd be hang'd. You have defil'd with Blood my Cell, that to this Day has been inviolable. You have done that, for which, if any's so malicious, he may expel me from my Office.

*She said, and trembling, rends her aged Hairs,
And both her Checks with mad Distraction tears.*

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*Sad Murmurs from her troubl'd Breast arise,
And Show'rs of Tears there issu'd from her Eyes,
Two falling Streams her wrinkled Bosom lave,
And drown her Garments in a briny Wave.*

Upon which, I beseech you, said I, don't grieve; I'll recompense the Loss of your Goose with an Ostrich.

Whilst I was speaking, she sat down on the Bed, lamenting her Loss; at what Time *Proselenas* came in with the Sacrifice, and viewing the murder'd Goose, and enquiring into the Cause, began very earnestly to cry and pity me, as if it had been my Father I had kill'd, and not a Goose. But tir'd with this Stuff, I beseech ye, said I, tell me, tho' it had been a Man I had slain, would not Gold wipe off the Guilt? See here are two Pieces, with these you may purchase Gods, as well as Geese.

Which when *Enothea* beheld, Pardon me, young Man, said she, I am only concern'd for your Safety, which is an Argument of Love, not Hatred; therefore we'll take what Care we can to prevent a Discovery. You have nothing to do, but to intreat the Gods to forgive the Sin.

*The wealthy Lord thro' Storms at Court may sail
Into Preferment with a prosp'rous Gale,*

*On Honour's gilded Pinnacles may stand,
 And have the World and Fortune at Command.
 He, by the Force of Gold's prevailing Charms,
 Can bring a beauteous Goddess to his Arms,
 And bribe her Father, tho' a King like Jove,
 To hide the Joys of her forbidden Love.
 He can be Lord Chief Justice, Chancellor,
 Can grace the Pulpit, or adorn the Bar.
 Surprizing Lines with easy Art he writes,
 And Numbers smooth as Addison's indites.
 Sure of Applause, the gilded Pages shine,
 And dare contend, immortal Garth, with thine.
 Of Wealth possess'd, you do whate'er you please,
 The Judge or Priest your awful Nod obeys;
 All strait your Skill and mighty Knowledge own,
 And equal you to Holt or Littleton.
 All Things submit to Gold, and you may have
 Whate'er your wanton Thoughts or Wishes crave.
 You of all Pow'r and Grandeur are possess'd,
 Have Heav'n and Jove too lodg'd within your Chest.*

While my Thoughts were engag'd in these
 odd Adventures, she plac'd a Cup of Wine
 under my Hands, and having cleans'd my

prophane extended Fingers with sacred Leeks and Parsley, she threw some Hazel-Nuts into the Wine, with an Ejaculation; and as they sunk or swam, gave her Judgment; but I well knew, without the Help of a Conjuror, the empty rotten ones would swim, and those whose Kernels were whole, would naturally sink to the Bottom.

When applying herself to the Goose, from its Breast which she had open'd, she drew a lusty Liver, and then told me my future Fortune. And that no Mark of the Murder might be left, she put the dead Goose upon a Spit, which, as she said, she had fatten'd a little before, as sensible it was to die.

In the mean Time the Wine went briskly round, and now the old Women gladly eat up the Goose they so lately lamented. When they had pick'd its Bones, *Enothea*, half drunk, turn'd to me; And now, said she, I'll finish the Charm that recovers your Strength. When drawing out a Leathern Effigies of the Deity she worshipp'd, she dipt it in a Medley of Oil, small Pepper, and the bruis'd Seed of Nettles, and began by degrees to direct its Passage thro' my hinder Parts. With this Mixture she barbarously sprinkled me all over; and with the Juice of *Cresses* and *Sutbernwood* washing my Breast, she began with a Bunch of green Nettles to strike gently all the Vale below. Upon which, jumping from her, to avoid the Sting, I made off. The old Women in a great Rage pursu'd me; and tho' drunk with Wine,

and

and their more hot Desires, took the right Way, and follow'd me thro' two or three Villages, crying, *Stop Thief*; but having wounded my Hands in my precipitate Flight, I got off.

When I came Home, I went to Bed to ease my weary'd Limbs; but the Thoughts of my Misfortunes would not let me sleep; when considering how unparallel'd a Wretch I was, I cry'd out, Did my ever cruel Fortune want the Afflictions of Love to make me more miserable? O Unhappiness! Fortune and Love conspire my Ruin. Severer Love spares me no Way, or loving, or belov'd, a Wretch. *Chrysis* adores me, and is ever giving me Occasion to oblige her. She, that when she brought me to her Mistress, despis'd me for my mean Habit, as one beneath her Desires; that very *Chrysis*, that so scorn'd my former Fortune, pursues me even to the Hazard of her own; and swore, when she first discover'd to me the Violence of her Love, that she would be ever true to me. But *Circe's* in Possession of my Heart, I value none but her; and indeed who is so charming as she? Compar'd to her, what was *Ariadne* or *Leda*? What *Helen*, or even *Venus*? *Paris* himself, the Umpire of the wanton Nymphs, if with these Eyes he had seen her contending for the Golden Apple, would have given his *Helen* and the Goddesses for her. If I might be admitted to kiss her sweet Lips again, or once more press her divinely rising Breasts, perhaps my
 Vigor

Vigor would revive, which now I believe lies oppress'd by Witchcraft. I should dispense with my Reproaches, I should forget that I was beat, esteem my being turn'd out of Doors a Sport, so I might be again happy in her Favour.

These Thoughts, and the Image of the beautiful *Circe*, so rais'd my Mind, that I oft, as if my Love was in my Arms, with a great deal of fruitless Ardor, hug'd the Bed-cloaths, 'till out of Patience with the lasting Affliction, I began to reproach my Impotence; yet recovering my Presence of Mind, I flew for Comfort to the Misfortunes of ancient Heroes, and thus broke out:

*Not I alone have Heav'n's just Anger felt;
The Gods with others have severely dealt:
By Juno's Rage the Heavens Alcides bore,
And lost fair Hylas on the Pontick Shore,
Laomedon did Jove's Resentments feel,
And Telephus bled by the fatal Steel.
Fate's sure Decrees no mortal Pow'r can shun;
Nor can the swiftest from Heav'n's Vengeance run.*

Full of anxious Cares I spent the Night;
and *Gito*, being inform'd I lay at Home, the next Morning enter'd my Chamber by Day-break; when having passionately complain'd of my loose Life, he told me the Family took much Notice of my Behaviour, that I was
feldom

seldom in waiting, and that perhaps the Company I kept would be my Ruin.

By this I understood he was inform'd of my Affairs, and that some one had been in Pursuit of me ; upon which I ask'd him whether any Body was to enquire for me ? Not to Day, said he, but Yesterday there came a very pretty Woman, who, when she had tir'd me with a long sisting Discourse, at last told me you deserv'd to be punish'd, and should be us'd as a Slave, if you longer complain'd.

This so sensibly touch'd me, that I began afresh to reproach Fortune ; nor had I done, ere *Chrysis* came in, and wildly throwing her Arms about me, Now, said she, I'll hold my Wish ; you're my Love, my Joy ; nor can you think to quench this Flame, but by closer Embraces.

I was much disturb'd at *Chrysis*'s Wantonness, and gave her fair Language, to get rid of her ; for I was very apprehensive of the Danger of *Eumolpus*'s hearing it, since his good Fortune had made him so proud. I did therefore what I could to appease her Rage ; I dissembled Love, whisper'd soft Things ; and, in short, manag'd it so like a Lover, that she believ'd me one. I made her understand in what Danger we both were, if she should be found with me in that Place, and that our Lord *Eumolpus* punish'd the least Offence. Upon which, she immediately made out, and the more hastily,

stily, because she saw *Gito* returning, who had left me a little before she came.

She was scarce out, when on a Sudden one of the Slaves came to me, and told me, that our Lord so highly resented my two Days Absence, that unless, as he advis'd me, I invented a good Excuse to allay his Heat, I should certainly be punish'd.

Gito perceiving how concern'd I was, spoke not a Word of the Woman, but advis'd me to behave my self merrily to *Eumolpus*, rather than serious. I pursu'd the Counsel, and put on so pleasant a Face, that he receiv'd me in Drollery, without the grave Stiffness of a Master. He was pleasant on the Success of my Amours, prais'd my Mein and Wit, that was so agreeable to the Ladies; And I'm no Stranger, said he, to your Intrigue with a very beautiful Lady. But now, *Eumolpus*, consider, your Amours, rightly manag'd, may turn to our Advantage; therefore do you personate the Lover, I'll continue the Character I've begun.

He was yet speaking, when there enter'd the Room a very venerable Matron, her Name *Philumene*, who, by the well-manag'd Vertues of her Sex, had often got great Booties, and now grown old, and past her blooming Years, had a Mind to thrust her Son and Daughter upon a childless old Man; and to put her Device in Execution, she comes to *Eumolpus*, and addressing herself to him, commends her Children to his Conduct, affirming, that she committed herself
and

and all her Hopes to his Wisdom; that he was the only Person in the World she could confide in. In short, that she would leave her Children there, to hear his Wisdom, which was the only Portion she could give them. Nor was she worse than her Word; and leaving a very beautiful Girl, with her little Brother, went out under Pretence of paying Heaven publick Thanks in the Temple for the Favours she had receiv'd. *Eumolpus* was too quick-sighted not to perceive with what Intent the two young Objects were assign'd to his Care; and thinking it no Crime to betray a Trust which was founded on Treachery, invited the young Girl to celebrate the Mysteries of Love. The Damsel, tho' young, and seemingly unacquainted with the World, knew her Interest too well to refuse him any Thing, she lost what young Ladies value themselves upon, and feasted *Eumolpus* luxuriously with her Beauties. For my Part, as soon as I was sensible of the Intrigue, I put in for my Share of the lovely Prize. She consented to my Wishes, but my adverse Fortune still attended me.

I was not so concern'd at this, as the former; for a little after my Strength return'd, and finding my self more vigorous, I cry'd out, the courteous Gods are great, that have made me whole again. For *Mercury*, that conveys and reconveys our Souls, by his Favours has restor'd what his Anger had taken away. Now, thought I, my Reputati-
on

on shall be as great as that of *Protesilaus*, or any other of the ancient Heroes.

This great Blessing making us merry, we laugh'd at *Philumene's* cunning, and the young Lady's Compliance, which would profit 'em little with us; for to no other End were they left, but to be Heirs to what we had. When reflecting on this fordid Manner of deceiving childless Age, I took Occasion to consider the Condition of our present Fortune, and told *Eumolpus* that the Deceivers might be deceiv'd, that therefore all our Actions should be of a Piece with the Character we bore; that *Socrates*, the wisest of Men, us'd to boast he never saw a Tavern, nor ever had been in the common Company that frequents such Places; that nothing was more convenient than a discreet Behaviour. All these are Truths; nor should any Sort of Men, added I, sooner expect the sudden Assaults of ill Fortune, than those that covet what's other Mens. But how should Pick-Pockets live, unless, by some well-order'd Trick to draw Fools together, they get Employment? As Fish are taken with what they really eat, so Men are to be cheated with something that's solid, not empty Hopes. Thus the People of this Country have hitherto receiv'd us very nobly; but when they find the Arrival of no Ship from *Africa*, laden, as you told 'em, with Riches and your Retinue, the impatient Deceivers will lessen their Bounty, or I am mistaken; for Fortune already begins to repent her Favours.

I

I have thought of a Means, said *Eumolpus*, to make our Deceivers continue their Care of us. And drawing his Will out of his Pocket, thus read the last Lines of it.

All that have Legacies in this my last Will and Testament, my freed Men excepted, receives 'em on these Conditions, That they divide my Body, and eat it before the People; and that they may not think it an unjust Demand, let them know, that to this Day 'tis the Custom of many Countries, that the Relations of the Dead devour their Carcases, and for that Reason they often quarrel with their sick Kindred, because they spoil their Flesh by lingering in a Disease. I only instance this to my Friends, that they may not refuse to perform my Will; but with the same Sincerity they wish'd well to my Soul, they might devour my Body.

When he had read the chief Articles, some that were more intimately acquainted with him, enter'd the Chamber, and viewing the Will, earnestly intreated him to impart the Contents of it; he readily consented, and read the whole. But when they heard the Necessity of eating his Carcase, they seem'd much concern'd at the strange Proposal; but their insatiate Love of the Money, made 'em conceal their Surprise, and his Person was so awful to 'em, they durst not complain; *Gorgias* by Name told him, he was willing to accept the Conditions, so he might not wait for the Body.

To

To this *Eumolpus* reply'd, I'm not in the least apprehensive of your Performance, nor that your Stomach will refuse the Task, when to recompence one distastful Minute, you may promise your self Ages of Luxury. 'Tis but shutting your Eyes, and supposing, instead of Man's Flesh, you were eating an hundred thousand Crowns. Some Sawce may be added to vary the Taste ; for no Flesh pleases alone, but is prepar'd by Art to commend it to the Stomach. If you desire Instances of this Kind to make ye approve my Advice, the *Saguntines*, when they were besieg'd by *Hannibal*, eat human Bodies, without the Hopes of an Estate for doing it. The *Petavii*, reduc'd to the last Extremity, did the like ; nor had they farther Hopes in this Banquet, than to satisfy Nature. When *Scipio* took *Numantia*, Mothers were found with their Children half eaten in their Arms. But since the Thoughts only of eating Man's Flesh, create an Abhorrence, 'tis but resolving, and you gain the mighty Legacies I leave you.

Eumolpus recounted these shameless Inhumanities with so much Confusion, that his Parasites began to suspect him, and more nearly considering our Words and Actions, their Jealousy increas'd with their Observation, and they believ'd us perfect Cheats. Upon which, those who had receiv'd us most nobly, resolv'd to seize us, and justly take their Revenge ; but *Chrysis*, privy to all Stratagems, gave me Notice of their Designs ; the frightful News so struck me, that

I made off with *Gito* immediately, and left *Eumolpus* to the Mercy of his Enemies; and in a few Days we heard the *Crotonians*, angry that that old Rascal should live so long at such a sumptuous Rate on the publick Charge, had sacrific'd him the *Massilian* Way. Whenever the *Massilians* were visited with a Plague, some one of the poorest of the People, for the Sake of being well fed a whole Year at the publick Charge, would offer himself a Sacrifice to appease the Gods. He, after his Year was up, dress'd in holy Wreaths and sacred Garments, was led about the City with Invocations on the Gods, that all the Sins of the Nation might be punish'd in him, and so was thrown from a Precipice.

The End of the Second Part.





THE
THIRD PART
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Petronius Arbiter,

CONTAINING

Epigrams, Poems, and Satyrs.



By several Hands.





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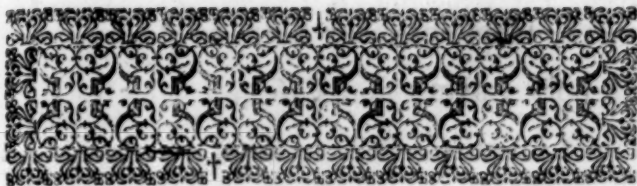
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EPIGRAMS, POEMS, and SATYRS.

*On a happy Life's consisting in Vertue.
A Fragment, beginning, Non est falleris,
&c. By Mr. Tho. Brown.*

YOU're mightily deceiv'd, I swear,
And mightily, my Friend, you err;
Wretched's the State in which you guess
Consists our Life's chief Happiness.
'Tis not your Fingers to behold,
Loaded with Rubies set in Gold;
Nor, like a Royal Miss, to wear
A Nation's Value in your Ear;
Nor all the Trifles to receive,
That the *Exchange* or *Mint* can give;
With all the shining Toys and Cost
The *Strand* or *Lombard-street* can boast.

Nor is't, like Popes, our selves to please,
With holy Luxury and Ease;
Nor yet on purple Beds to sleep,
Whilst Centinels your Palace keep;
Nor yet in mighty Pomp to feast,
Or smell the Odours of the *East*.
Nor is't to have our glitt'ring Board
Uncommon Rarities afford;
Tall Pyramids of Fowl and Fish,
For which e'en Epicures might wish;
And whatsoe'er the costliest Feast
Can boast of, when by *Locket* dress'd.
Nor to possess the Spicy Store,
Which our *East-India* Fleet brings o'er.
But 'tis to have a Conscience
Guarded with spotless Innocence;
And, with a Courage, to advance
'Gainst all the Shocks of Time and Chance;
And not, as *Monmouth* did, to go
Amongst the scoundrel Mob, and bow
On both Sides popularly low;
Nor yet to be with Fears possess'd,
Tho' naked Swords insult your Breast.

The happy Man, that thus can be
From all these anxious Sorrows free,
May giddy Fortune make his Sport,
And smile at both the Camp and Court.
A Mind so steddily, unconcern'd, and brave,
May force th' imperious Jilt to be his Slave.



A FRAGMENT.

Upon the Levity of Woman.

Beginning, Crede Ratem Ventis, &c.

COMmit your Ship to Sea and Wind,
But not your Thoughts to Womankind.
The veering Wind, and faithless Sea,
Have much more Faith, than any She.
All Maids are treach'rous in their Love;
And if, by chance, one constant prove,
I know not how she e'er should be
Made constant by Inconstancy.

IMpubis nupsi valido, nunc firmior annis
 Exfucco & tremulo sum fociata viro.
 Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate valentem
 Intactam tota nocte jacere Sinet.
 Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,
 O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.

Translated thus. By Mr. Tho. Brown.

Coming a tender Girl from School,
 Marrying, I met a thund'ring Tool;
 But fit for Love's Embraces grown,
 I've got a Man that's next to none.
 The first with Youth's too vig'rous warmth inspir'd
 With Love's untasted Joys, my Weakness tir'd.
 My second grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,
 He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.
 When I'd no Appetite, Love cloy'd me;
 Now I've a Mind to't, 'tis deny'd me.
 Oh! Hymen, Hymen, for my Quiet,
 Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

On the Power of GOLD.

By Mr. Burnaby.

Beginning, Quisquis habet nummos, &c.

WHOE'er has Money, may securely fail ;
 On all things with all mighty gold prevail;
 May *Danae* wed, or rival am'rous *Jove*,
 And make her Father pandar to his Love ;
 May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too ;
 And bawling win the Cause he does not know,
 And up to *Cato's* Fame for Wisdom grow.
 Wealth without Law will gain at Bar Renown,
 Howe'er the Case appears, the Cause is won,
 Ev'ry rich Lawyer is a *Littleton*.
 In short, of all you wish, you are possess'd,
 All Things prevent the wealthy Man's Request,
 For *Jove* himself's the Treasure of his Chest.

That

That the Dog of Hell was a Lawyer.

*By the Author of the London Spy, beginning,
Cerberus, forensis erat Causidicus, &c.*

SURE *Cerberus* a Lawyer first must be,
Whose clam'rous Mouth would open for a Fee;
But, since whene'er he wrangled, still he had
Three specious Reasons for the Noise he made,
To please his Client, to inform the Court,
And to gain Riches for his own Support;
Therefore he's doom'd in Hell three Heads to bear,
And in his Mouth three howling Tongues to wear,
That the loud Eloquence he once could boast,
To his own Int'rest, but his Client's Cost,
Might now be turn'd to dreadful Howls and Yelps,
The snarling Language of illit'rate Whelps:
And tho' on Earth no other Bribe but Gold
Would make the Pleader for his Client scold,
Yet now in Hell a greasy Sop must be,
Instead of Coin, the growling Puppy's Fee.

On a WIFE.

By the same, beginning, Uxor, legitimus debet quasi Census amari, &c.

A Wife, who as our own by Law we hold,
We ought to value as we do our Gold;
But even that, which few delight to pay,
On some Accounts we ought to throw away.

Wiving, like Coining, for our Ease began;
Both were intended for the Good of Man.
The Coin the Image of the Prince should wear,
The Woman should her Husband's Image bear.
Both from the Pow'r of others should be freed,
And both should serve us at a Time of need:
But if by keeping either Wife or Coin,
We find that neither answers our Design,
Both should be parted with whene'er we please,
And not be kept to interrupt our Ease;
For when the End propos'd, is once destroy'd,
The Vows that make us wretched, must be void.

True, we should prize our Money and our Wives,
So long as they add Comfort to our Lives;

But

But if the Metal or the Dame proves base,
 And bears the Stamp of an adult'rous Face,
 As worthless Dross and Counterfeits, they ought
 To be despis'd, whene'er we find 'em naught;
 And as each Plant their Fruits when rotten shed,
 So both should be divorc'd from Bag and Bed;
 For Coin that's bad's a Scandal to the Purse,
 And a false Woman is a matchless Curse.



Concerning our Choice in Marriage.

*By the same, beginning, Morbus & Vultu
 Mulier quærat habenda, &c.*

HE that for Money weds prepost'rous Shapes,
 Is brib'd to get a Brood of monst'rous Apes,
 Such as may fright their Nurseries, shame the Earth,
 And be hereafter bound to curse their Birth;
 For female Pigmies must infect their Breed,
 And stint the Growth of Man's prolifick Seed.
 The wary Farmer scorns to spend his Toil
 Upon a hungry and unfruitful Soil.
 The prudent Potter breaks and throws away
 The faulty Mold, that would deform his Clay.

What

What upright Mortal would not then disdain
The Womb that should degrade the Shape of Man,
And, by its strange distorted Cells, debase
The heav'nly Image of the God-like Race?

Which adds most Comfort to the Husband's Life,
Full Bags with a prepost'rous homely Wife,
Whose plenteous Fortune he may soon exhaust
On some kind Harlot, who has Charms to boast?
Or she, whose lovely Form is so divine,
That 'tis enough to bless thee, that she's thine?
What, tho' her Fortune's small, her Beauty's great,
And will delight thee more than an Estate.
She'll make thee happy in a sprightly Brood
Of infant Angels cloath'd in Flesh and Blood;
Such whose sweet Charms will please you more
(than Gold,
And cause you to be reverenc'd when old.

But the crook'd Arm-full of distorted Bones,
Will turn your nuptial Joys to Sighs and Groans,
And curse you with a Race of monkey Sons.

The

The Rope-Dancer.

By the same, beginning, Stupea suppositis tenduntur vincula lignis, &c.

SINCE active Man can in the Air rebound
 Upon a Rope, far distant from the Ground,
 And by unweary'd Practice grow so bold,
 To do what others tremble to behold;
 Why should we wonder *Icarus* should fly,
 Upon his Father's Wings, so high?
 Old *Dædalus* from Birds deriv'd this Whim,
 As Men by croaking Frogs were taught to swim.
 To these, Delight and Safety first inclin'd
 The active Pains of the industrious Mind;
 But what mysterious Project could induce
 Mankind to bring Rope-dancing first in Use?
 (An Art acquir'd with so much Fear and Pains,
 And next rewarded with so little Gains.)
 'Tis hard to guess, since ev'ry Step they take,
 The active Fool's in Danger of his Neck;
 And all the Profit to himself he draws,
 Is little more than scandalous Applause.

However,

However, by this Art we may discern,
That nothing is too hard for Man to learn;
Unheard of Wonders human Race might do,
Conquer *Herculean* Labours daily new,
Had we but Courage to pursue with Pains
The vast Conceptions of our teeming Brains.

*A Fragment imitated, beginning, Can-
dide fidereis, &c.*

By Tho. Brown.

Divine *Cosmelia* has two burning Eyes,
From which refulgent Beams and Glories
Her Neck with od'rous Sweets of Roses flows; ^{(rise,}
Her wanton Hair in golden Ringlets grows.
Her fragrant Lips are charmingly o'erspread,
Like young *Aurora's*, with a purple Red.
In various Branches each meand'ring Vein,
With azure Hills her lovely Bosom stain.
Beauty it self, Youth smiles, and ev'ry Grace,
Pay all their Tribute to her heav'nly Face;

256 *The WORKS of*

A dazzling Goddess's bright Form she bears;
 Not stronger Charms the Queen of Beauty wears.
 Your silver Hands will coldest Bosoms warm,
 And with a Touch the Old and Pious charm.
 Your pretty Foot, despising common Floors,
 On Carpets treads, or *Genoa's* Marble Stores.
 Nor shall th' ignoble Pavement of the Street
 Hurt or prophane *Cosmelia's* sacred Feet.
 When you amongst the Beds of Lillies stray,
 Their Leaves drop down, as proud to strew your way
 Whilst, like *Camilla*, over them you pass,
 Leaving no Print upon the Flowers or Grass.
 Let meaner Beauties with successless Care
 Purchase rich Pearls, and glitt'ring Gems prepare }
 T' adorn their Necks, or grace their lovely Hair. }
Cosmelia only can attract my Eyes,
 Rich in herself, when stript of Vanities.
 Not Flattery, nor yet poetick Fire,
 Can do her Justice, or enough admire.
 The Muses and the Syrens cease their Song,
 Pleas'd with the Musick of your charming Tongue,
 From which increasing Sweets do ever flow,
 And my poor panting Soul you ravish so,

That

That to your humble Slave you cruel prove,
 And dart at him a thousand Shafts of Love ;
 A raging Flame feeds on my wounded Heart,
 No Herbs can cure me, nor the Surgeon's Art.
 One Kiss from you will all my Cares remove,
 And make me smile like the young God of Love,
 This healing Med'cine can my Grief controul,
 And cure the wild Disorders of my Soul.
 Let not your Face such killing Fairness wear ;
 Ah ! do not thus my Nerves in Pieces tear :
 Nor let my Tomb, when I am dead, complain,
 That I was by my Dear's Unkindness slain.
 But if you think this Boon too great to grant
 To me your Slave, and humble Suppliant ;
 Yet grant me this, that when I breathless lie,
 Kill'd with the murd'ring Ligh'ning of your Eye,
 In mournful Arms you would the Dead embrace,
 I'll soon revive, touch'd by that lovely Face.

*A Fragment of Petronius, paraphras'd
by another Hand, beginning, Naufragius
ejecta natus rate, &c.*

From mutual Wounds the Wretched find Relief,
And social Woes calm or direct their Grief.
The Merchant, ruin'd by the faithless Main,
Seeks a known Partner of his Ship-wreck'd Pain,
On whose kind Breast he may his Loss bemoan,
Inclin'd to pity Sorrows by its own.
When pois'nous Blights wings the infectious Air,
And noxious Winds beguile the Tiller's Care,
Reluctant Furrows twice the Corn entomb,
And faded Poppies lose their purple Bloom;
In barren Fields no teeming Seeds appear,
Lost are the hopeful Blossoms of the Year.
To some low Vale the frighted Farmers fly,
And mourn the Ruins of the angry Sky.
Their various Wrongs the sad Convention show,
And in the publick lose their private Woe.
Funerals the Sad in mutual Friendship bind,
And childless Parents Consolation find;
Each of the others Pain assumes a Part,
Divides his Sorrows, but unites his Heart.

Instructions

Instructions to the Roman Youth, beginning, Artis severa si quis amat affectus, &c.

WHoe'er would with ambitious just Desire,
 To Maſt'ry in ſo fine an Art aſpire,
 Muſt all Extreameſt firſt diligently ſhun,
 And in a ſettled Courſe of Vertue run.
 Let him not Fortune with ſtiſſ Greatneſs climb,
 Nor, Courtier-like, with Cringes undermine;
 Nor all the Brother Blockheads of the Pot
 Ever perſwade him to become a Sot;
 Nor flatter Poets, to acquire the Fame
 Of, I proteſt, a pretty Gentleman.
 But whether in the War he would be great,
 Or in the gentler Arts that rule a State;
 Or elſe his am'rous Breſt he would improve
 Well to receive the youthful Cares of Love,
 In his firſt Years to Poetry inclin'd,
 Let *Homer's* Spring bedew his fruitful Mind;
 His manlier Years to manlier Studies brought,
 Philoſophy muſt next employ his Thought.
 Then let his boundleſs Soul new Glories fire,
 And to the great *Demosthenes* aſpire,

When round in Throngs the list'ning People come,
 T'admire what sprung in *Greece* so slow at Home.
 Rais'd to this Height, your leisure Hours engage
 In something just, and worthy of the Stage;
 Your Choice of Words from *Cicero* derive,
 And in your Poems you design should live;
 The Joys of Feasts, and Terrors of a War,
 More pleasing those, and these more frightful are,
 When told by you, than in their acting were.
 And thus, enrich'd with such a golden Store,
 You're truly fit to be an Orator.

Tryphæna's Speech for Peace, on Board
 the Ship of Lycas, beginning, Quis furor
 exclamat, Pacem convertit, &c.

WHAT Fury did these sudden Broils engage?
 How have these guiltless Hands de-
 (serv'd the Rage?
 No *Paris* a stoll'n Dame to *Troy* conveys,
 No Witch *Medea* here her Brother slays:
 But slighted Love must needs resenting be;
 And 'midst the Waves, who is the raging he,

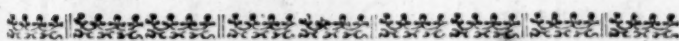
Now

Now robb'd of Arms, that can attempt my Fate?
By whom is simple Death so little thought?
Let not your murd'rous Rage out-florm the Seas,
And Dangers of the angry Waves increase.



On the Misery of Mankind, beginning,
Heu, Heu, nos Miseros, &c.

U unhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread
Our Lives depend! How like this Puppet Man
Shall we, alas, be all, when we are dead!
Therefore let's live merrily while we can.



In Defence of Satyr, beginning, Quid
me constricta spectatis fronte, &c.

W WHY do the strict-liv'd Cato's of the Age
At my familiar Lines so gravely rage?
In Measures loosely plain blunt Satyr flows,
Which all the People so sincerely shows.
For who's a Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Who can't the Thoughts of such soft Pleasures move?
Such Epicurus own'd the chiefest Bliss,
And such Lives the Gods themselves possess.

An Epigram on Tantalus, beginning,
Nec bibit inter aquas, &c.

U Nhappy *Tantalus*, amidst the Flood,
 Where floating Apples on the Surface flood,
 Ever pursu'd them with a longing Eye,
 Yet could not Thirst nor Hunger satisfy.
 Such is the Miser's Fate, who curs'd with Wealth,
 In midst of endless Treasures starves himself.

~~~~~

*On the Plurality of Gods, beginning,*  
*Primus in Orbe Deos fecit timor, &c.*

*By Capt. Ayloffe.*

F Rom slavish Fear the dreadful Gods arose,  
 Who still on tim'rous Fools strange Laws  
 (impose.  
 When from the burning Sky fierce Thunder came,  
 And Walls are tumbled down with the impetu-  
 (ous Flame;  
 And lofty *Athos* shook with blasting Fires,  
 Fill'd mortal Breasts with pannick Dread and  
 (fond Desires;  
 Then *Phæbus* mounting up the *Eastern* Skies,  
 From prostrate Man receiv'd his Sacrifice.

Then

Then to the waining Moon strange Rites were paid,  
And to the growing Honours on her Head.

Hence sprung the Mob of Idols, Brass and Stone,  
And humbler Wood, th' imagin'd Gods t' atone,  
And the divided Year, by changing Months, was  
(known.)

This Crew the Projects of degen'rate Vice  
Supported, and promoted still by Lies.

*Vain Error* first the Husband-man compell'd

To give the Autumn Honours of the Field

To yellow *Ceres*; *Bacchus*, hence divine,

Had his Head crown'd with the full cluster'd Vine.

Misled by *Error's* powerful Command,

*Pales* grew glad from the dull Shepherd's Hand.

Blue *Neptune* roul'd thro' all the rolling Waves,

And *Pallas* challeng'd all the gloomy Caves.

The perjur'd Wretch, a Traytor, now combine

To purge their Guilt by forming Gods divine;

And ev'ry one, with Avarice and Lies,

Contend to multiply the Brood of spurious Deities.

*Upon the Vanity of our Taste, beginning,  
Nolo quod Cupio, &c.*

**W**Hat's soon obtain'd, we nauseously receive,  
All hate the Victory that's got with Leave:  
We scorn whate'er from our own Isle proceeds,  
And follow Fops our neighb'ring Climate breeds.  
The Mulletts which *Sicilian* Nets betray,  
Exceed not those which in the *Tyber* play.  
But these are cheaply taken, those come far,  
With Difficulty got, and cost us dear.  
Thus the kind She abroad we admire above  
Th' insipid Lump, at Home, of lawful Love;  
Yet once enjoy'd, we strait anew desire,  
And absent Pleasures only do admire.



*Hymn to Priapus, beginning, Nympharum Bacchique comes, &c.*

**B***acchus* and Nymphs Delight, O mighty God!  
Whom *Cynthia* gave to rule the blooming Wood.  
*Lesbos* and verdant *Thasos* thee adore,  
And *Lydiens* in loose flowing Dress implore,  
And raise devoted Temples to thy Pow'r.

Thou



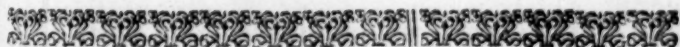
Thou *Dryad's* Joy, and *Bacchus's* Guardian, hear  
My conscious Prayer with attentive Ear.

My Hands with guiltless Blood I never stain'd,  
Nor yet the Temples of the Gods prophan'd.

Restore my Strength, and lusty Vigor send,  
My trembling Nerves like pliant Oziers bend.  
Who sins thro' Weakness, is not guilty thought,  
No equal Pow'r can punish such a Fault.

A wanton Goat shall on your Altars die,  
And spicy Smoak in Curls ascend the Sky.

A Pig thy Floors with sacred Blood shall stain,  
And round the awful Fire and holy Flame,  
Thrice shall thy Priests, with Youth and Gar-  
(lands crown'd,  
In pious Drunkenness thy Orgies sound.



THE

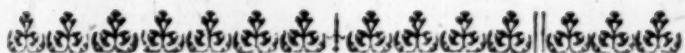
THE  
O R A C L E.

*A Fragment, paraphras'd, and adapted  
to the modern Times, beginning, Linque  
tuas fedes Juvenis, &c.*

**H**Ast, gen'rous Youth, a foreign World explore,  
And quit this cruel, this ungrateful Shore;  
The rapid *Rhine*, and *Ister's* foaming Wave,  
Expect a Chief so resolute and brave.  
Upon their Banks you shall the War decide,  
And routed Troops shall swell the purple Tide.  
In vain the *French* uncertain Saints invoke,  
*Dunkirk* once more shall feel the *British* Yoke;  
*Ipres* our Troops, our Arms shall *Lisle* subdue,  
And storm *Namur*, when reinforc'd by you.  
But prudently of future Wrongs afraid,  
If you deny, ungrateful Squadrons aid,  
Charge with the *Prussian* Foot, or *Danish* Horse,  
And Lines defended by the Household Force.

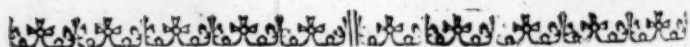
Or

Or if your Thoughts on bolder Hazards run,  
 Fir'd by the Rays of a *West-Indian* Sun,  
 O'er unknown Ways your daring Fleet shall go  
 Far to the *South* of burning *Mexico* :  
 No more in Gems their Pagan Gods shall shine,  
 But all the Treasures of the *West* be thine.  
*Ulysses* bury'd in his barren Isle,  
 Illustrious *Greece*, by Banishment and Toil,  
 His adverse Fate did but his Worth approve,  
 And sighing Goddesses pursu'd his Love.



*An Epigram of Flaminius, to his Drinking Mistress.*

**C***Hloe*, you write to me for Coin,  
And in Return I send you Wine,  
Like Wealth, its Pow'r is equally divine.  
E'en stick to that, 'twill make you merry,  
For mine or others Absence chear ye;  
That softens ev'ry Nymph that's cruel,  
For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel.  
So *Ariadne*, when her Wanderer,  
False *Theseus*, left her, wash'd off Grief and Care,  
Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.



*A Translation out of the Priapeia.*

*The Complaint of Priapus for being veil'd.*

By Charles Blount, Esq;

**T**H' Almighty's Image, of his Shape afraid,  
 And hide the noblest Part e'er Nature made,  
 Which God alone succeeds in his creating Trade.  
 The Fall this *Fig-leav'd* Modesty began,  
 To punish Woman, by obscuring Man;  
 Before, where'er his stately Cedar mov'd,  
 She saw, ador'd, and kiss'd the Thing she lov'd.  
 Why do the Gods their sev'ral Signs disclose,  
 Almighty *Jove* his Thunder-bolt expose,  
*Neptune* his Trident, *Mars* his Buckler shew,  
*Pallas* her Spear to each Beholder's View,  
 And poor *Priapus* be alone confin'd  
 T'obscure the Womens God, and Parent of Man-  
 Since free-born Brutes their Liberty obtain, (kind?  
 Long hast thou\* Journey-work'd for Souls in vain.  
 Storm the *Panttheon*, and demand thy Right,  
 For on this Weapon 'tis depends the Fight.

---

\* *Anima ex Traduce.*



Cupid *crucify'd*. Written in Latin by  
Ausonius. Aeris in Campis, memorat  
quos Musa Maronis, &c.

W<sup>I</sup>thin the Aerial Fields by *Maro* sung,  
That to the gloomy State of *Dis* belong,  
Where Myrtle Groves the frantick Lovers shade,  
The HEROINES kept their Orgies in the Glade.  
Each in her Hand the fatal Weapon bore,  
That sent her bleeding to the *Stygian* Shore.  
In pathless Woods, in Desarts waste and wide,  
By a malignant Light they wand'ring glide,  
Thro' drowsy Poppies, and thro' sedgy Brakes,  
O'er silent Brooks, and smooth unruffled Lakes,  
Around whose rueful Banks were thinly spread  
The drooping Flow'rs of various Heroes dead;  
Uncheer'd by any Sun, they languid lay,  
And scarce distinguish'd by the sickly Ray.  
The self-belov'd *Narcissus* there was found,  
And *Hyacinthus* slain by foreign Wound.  
The golden Saffron, and the purple Flow'r,  
Dy'd with the Blood of *Venus* Paramour.

All that could make their Sorrows yet survive,  
 And keep the Memory of Pain alive;  
 In spite of Death the *Heroines* compel  
 To feel below the Woes by which they fell,  
 Recal their fatal Scenes of hap'less Love,  
 That rag'd within their tender Hearts above;  
 The Loss of Life no Loss of Grief obtain'd,  
 For e'en in Death their fond Desires remain'd.  
 Poor *Semele*, lost by *Juno's* curs'd Deceit,  
 Deplores, in empty Tears, her dreadful Fate;  
 The Midwife-Thunder still renews her Pain,  
 And she laments her blasted Joys again;  
 While the dissembled Light'ning's idle Flame  
 She waves around, she feels the mimic Wounds  
 (the same.  
*Canis* with Rage upbraids her Lover God,  
 That rules the wat'ry Kingdoms with his Nod,  
 That with fallacious Gifts he but betray'd  
 An injur'd, yet a fond believing Maid,  
 When in a fleeting Manhood he deny'd  
 The Sum of all her Wishes and her Pride;  
 Since forc'd to her old Figure to return,  
 She here must still her ravish'd Honour mourn.

Still

Still *Procris* stenching of her Blood is found,  
 Yet blessing still the Hand that gave the Wound;  
 Fond of the Hand that sent the fatal Dart,  
 Her *Cephalus* still fills her love-sick Heart.  
 The *Sestian* Maid down to the fatal Shore,  
 Where her belov'd *Leander* lay before,  
 The smoaky Taper head-long with her bore.  
 The manly *Sappho*, without Fear or Dread,  
 Threatens to leap from off the cloudy Head  
 Of lofty *Leucade*, a Med'cine sure,  
 And by the Gods, for Love, a promis'd Cure.  
 The sad *Eriphyle* does still refuse  
*Harmonia* dang'rous Ornaments to use.  
 Here all the Stories of the Aerial Crete,  
 In dusky Images appear compleat.  
*Pasiphae* does the snowy Bull pursue,  
 And *Ariadne* bears the fatal Clew.  
 The love-sick *Phaedra* with dispairing Eyes,  
 Her Suit rejected with her Letters spies;  
 This bears the Noose, her wretched End to own,  
 And that the Shadow of her empty Crown.

Here

*Here Laodamia still renews her Pains,  
And of her disappointed Love complains,  
Hoping her Lord from Trojan Wars in vain.  
The first of Grecians fell upon that Coast,  
She first of Grecians there a Husband lost;  
A Husband dearer to her, than her Life,  
So fierce a Lover she, so fond a Wife!  
The Fates in pity of her wild despair,  
Gave him again to her impetuous Pray'r;  
But oh! the fleeting Gift is of one Night,  
For with the dawn he takes eternal flight,  
And she thro' Shades pursues his gloomy way,  
Resolv'd no more to view the hostile Day.  
Sorrow, or Rage appear'd in every Face,  
And e'ry Hand a naked Sword did grace.  
Thisbe and Canace; the Sidonian Queen,  
With mournful Eyes and armed Hands were seen.  
This bore her Husband's Sword, her Father's that,  
And this her Guest's, the Causes of their Fate  
Unhappy Dido wanders through these Groves,  
To seek the Faithless Fugitive she loves.  
Thus horn'd Diana with her starry Crown,  
And her pale Torch, in dusky Night, alone,*

T

Through

274 PETRONIUS ARBITER:

*Trough Latmian Hills her secret Steps convey'd,  
With strange desires, to the dear conscious Shade,  
Where her Endymion in kind Sleep was laid,  
To feed her odd fantastick Love with Bliss,  
That reach'd no farther than an empty Kiss.  
A thousand more about dejected rove,  
Repeating still the Wounds of ancient Love,  
With sweet, yet sad Complaints their Pains renew,  
Pleas'd yet to suffer for their being true.*

*Amidst this mournful Train, for want of Eyes,  
Uncautious Love with sounding Pinnions flies;  
His flaming Torch, with hostile Light dispels,  
The native darkness of those dismal Cells.  
All knew the fatal Boy, one common smart,  
His presence gave to e'ry love-sick Heart.  
Tho' humid Clouds obscure his shining Belt,  
And his light Torch the pressing Darkness felt,  
And his gay Quiver now but faintly shone,  
Yet to the conscious Troop the guilty God was known.  
They rouse their empty Vigour by consent,  
All, to revenge their ancient Ills, are bent:  
Their common Foe had ta'en a devious Flight  
Beyo' his Empire, to the Realms of Night.*



So thronging close into a Crowd, they press  
 Upon the trembling God; who in distress,  
 In vain designs to make a swift Retreat;  
 All thoughts of safety came, alas! too late:  
 Into the middle of this furious Throng,  
 The captive Deity is dragg'd along.

A well-known Myrtle in this dismal Grove,  
 Is chose to execute the God of Love;  
 A Tree invidious to the Gods of yore,  
 For on this Tree Adonis hung before.

The God they fix upon the loftiest Bough,  
 His Hands behind him ty'd, his Feet below;  
 Their Threats no bounds, no moderation know.  
 And LOVE accus'd, without a Judge or Crime,  
 Is guilty made in that infernal Clime.

Each would her self of proper Faults absolve,  
 And on the suffering God their Guilt devolve.  
 And each with furious exprobrating Breath,  
 Prepares the cruel Instrument of Death.  
 This is their Glory, their malignant Joy,  
 Their sweet Revenge upon the captive Boy,  
 To punish him with the same Weapon here,  
 By which above she fell in her Despair.

276 PETRONIUS ARBITER.

*This holds the Noose on high with eager Hand;  
And this the Dagger with her Gore distain'd.  
This brings the Image of the hollow Stream,  
And this the lofty Rock, and this the Flame.  
Some, as relenting, only seem to play,  
And with a gay Insult but mock their Prey:  
While subtil Points of airy Weapons draw  
Nectareous Blood from out some little flaw.  
From the nectareous Blood springs up the Rose,  
That does its Parent, in its Blush, disclose.*

*Amid these wild Debates and Tumults loud,  
Bright Venus safely penetrates the Crowd;  
Obnoxious as her Son to their Decree,  
Yet, by th' Injustice of the Sex, is free.  
She brings no Joy to drooping Cupid's Grief,  
She gives no Help, she offers no Relief;  
But doubling, with contracted Brow, his Pain,  
The pausing Furies she provokes again:  
Upbraids him loudly with her own Disgrace,  
How oft he made her doat on Mortal Race.  
That he expos'd her, as a publick View,  
In Vulcan's Net, to all the heavenly Crew.*

*But*

*But not content with angry Words, she chose  
A Rod made up of many a new-lorn Rose,  
And gave the weeping Boy a thousand Blows.  
The frequent Blows by repetition drew  
From his bruis'd Flesh a sweet and purple Dew.  
The purple Dew a nobler Red supplies,  
And the faint Rose with double Blushes dies.  
Mov'd with the Sufferings of the lovely Boy,  
Their furious Threats no more his Ears annoy,  
Accusing Venus of excess of Rage,  
The Heroins strive her Anger to assuage.  
And each ascribes her Death to cruel Fate,  
And not to Cupid's Fury or his Hate.  
The pious Mother thanks the gentle Dames  
For quitting of her Son, his Darts and Flames.  
The Crowd disperse each to her several Care,  
Alone to groan, eternally despair;  
And Cupid upward took his speedy flight,  
Resolv'd no more to seek the Realms of Night.*



T H E  
F A B L E  
O F  
P A S I P H A E

Beginning, Filia Solis, &c.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

*T* H E Daughter of the glorious Sun  
 Wanders to her self unknown ;  
 Burning with new and monstrous Fires,  
 Raving Pangs, and impotent Desires ;  
 Roving o'er the Lawns and Meads,  
 Among the horned Herd her frantick Life she leads.  
 The decent Honours of her Nuptial Bed,  
 The Royal Dignity, nor Name,  
 Nor care of her great Husband's Fame  
 Aw her with a modest Shame ;  
 The care of Honour, Fame, and Modesty is fled.  
 Her Charms, that Women ever prize,  
 The force of her victorious Eyes,

The

The ruddy Beauties of her Face,  
In which the Sex their greatest Glories place,  
With indignation, she does now despise,  
Since the white Bull insensible remains  
Of all their Darts, and all their amorous Chains;

The Cow's more happy Figure she admires,  
The Cow's more happy Figure she desires,  
Proportion'd more to her unhappy Fires.

She Prætus wana'ring Daughters happy deems,  
Doom'd by the angry Wife of Jove  
To range with Herds, the Forest and the Groves.

Jo to her most blessed seems;

Not for the Honours of Joves's Bed,

Or for the nobler Fame

Which she obtain'd in His sacred Name;

But for the horny Honours of her Head.

When Fortune smiles upon her Fires,

And gratifies her wild desires,

About his sinewy Neck she'll throw

Her Arms, more white than driven Snow;

His Horns she'll deck with all the Flowers

That spring from April's pregnant Showers.

Her balmy Lips she to the Bull will join,

To ease the rigour of her Pain.

To



*Th' outrageous force of Cupid's Darts,  
 Fires with daring boldness Female Hearts.  
 Unlawful Arts she now employs  
 To reap the soul detested Joys.  
 For by Dædalian Skill she pregnant grows,  
 And does a double Nature soon disclose;  
 Which the Cecropian Theseus flew,  
 Conducted to his Fate by Ariadne's Clew;*

---

*The End of Petronius Arbiter.*

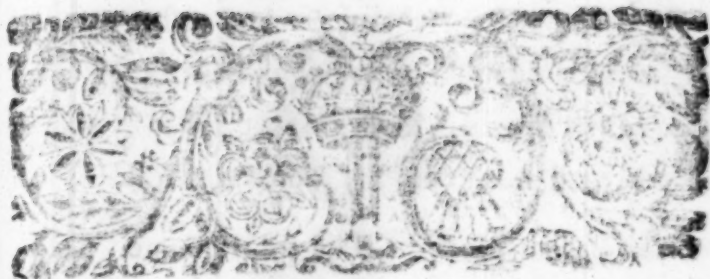
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TRANS-



V E N V S.





# TRANSLATIONS

OUT OF

*Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius,  
Pindar and Anacreon.*

---

By Several Hands.

---

T O

*Lesbia from Catullus.*

**B**LEST as th<sup>e</sup> Immortal Gods is he,  
The Youth, who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Sotly Speak, and sweetly smile.

A a

'Twas

'Twas that depriv'd my Soul of rest,  
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast :  
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,  
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

My Bosom glow'd : The subtil Flame  
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame ;  
On my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,  
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

With dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd ;  
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd ;  
My feeble Pulse forgot to play ;  
I Fainted, Sunk, and Dy'd away.

---

**T H E**





THE FIFTH  
EPIGRAM  
OF  
CATULLUS,

---

By Francis Wiltis, Fellow of New Col. Oxon.

---

*Vivamus mea Lesbia, &c.*

COME, *Lesbia*, let us live, and love,  
And all those fleeting joy improve,  
Those soft delights, that fly so fast,  
And like your lovely Beauty wait;  
For grave men's talk what need we care,  
Whom peevish age has made severe?  
The Suns that set, again may rise,  
And smile and wanton in the skies;

But

284 Catullus, Tibullus, &c.

But when alas! our life's short day,  
 On Time's soft wings has stohn away;  
 All joys must cease, all our delight  
 Be buried in eternal Night.  
 Come then (that I may longer live)  
 A *Thousand* vital kisses give;  
 Come give me now an *Hundred* more,  
 Add t'other *Thousand* to the score,  
 A second *Hundred* will not doe,  
 Another *Thousand* must ensue;  
 Let us kiss on; till at the last  
 (When many *Thousands* have been past)  
 We Bankrupt grow, nor can account  
 To what vast summs our joys amount:  
 Till no malicious spie shall know  
 How much (my Dear) I'me kiss'd by you.

---

T H E

THE THIRD  
ELEGY  
Of the THIRD  
BOOK  
OF

Tibullus to his Mistress.

---

By the same Hand.

---

**I**N vain (*Fair Nymph*) oft to the Gods I pray'd,  
And Courting Odours on their Altars layd;  
Not that I might my wanton wishes please,  
And pride my self in Marble-Palaces,  
Or for the wealth the largest Farm can yield,  
Stiling the Lord of some extended Field,  
Whose fertile Glebe might bless me with a Crop,  
Vast as the promise of my boundless Hope:  
All I entreat of Heav'n's with thee to Live,  
And drain all joys Life's longest Treat can give;  
That my Age too with you might melt away,  
And in your Bosome pleasingly decay,

There

There drops its Silver-Hairs, which ne'er will vie  
 With snow that on those little *Alps* does lie :  
 Then I when Life is thus run out, must go  
 A naked shadow to the Realms below :  
 For why should I unsolid joys entreat,  
 Or wish for all the trash, a *Lombard-street*  
 Is loaded with ? what pleasure can there be  
 In a Rich *Manour's* useless Luxury?  
 Were all *Cheapside* and the *Piazza's* mine, (sign)  
 Nay should the courteous Heav'n's with kind de-  
 Cast in the pomp of such a Grove beside,  
*St. James's* Park might envy in its pride :  
 Might I enjoy in e'ry glitt'ring room,  
 The freight, that an *East-India* Fleet brings home:  
 Nay all th' arrears of bliss mis-understood, (good  
 Which the false common Vogue has stamp'd for  
 'Twere trivial all : all but the game of fate,  
 The copious Theme for envy, and for hate ;  
 No *Care* alas ! is by such state controll'd,  
 Nor *Quiet* bought with Treasuries of Gold :  
 But ah ! how pleasantly should I tho' poor  
 (May Heav'n such humble blessings have in store)  
 Enjoy my Love ; but if compell'd to loose  
 That happiness, a Kingdom I'de refuse ;  
 Blest be the Day, and thrice auspicious light,  
 Which shall restore you to my longing sight :

But

But if my Vows for your return are vain,  
And to the Stars unpitied I complain,  
If no complying God will lend an Ear,  
To the soft Accents of a Lover's Prayer :  
No promis'd Empire then, no wealth can please,  
Or Sooth the fury of my fond disease ;  
Let some unthinking Mortals vainly prize,  
This goodly Stock of glorious Fooleries.  
All that I wish for is a quiet Life,  
A pleasant Cottage, and a Loving Wife;  
May *Juno*, and the *Paphian Queen* combine  
To grant me this, and favour my design ;  
Or if such blessings inconsistent be  
With *Fate's* inevitable black decree;  
May Death befriend me, and Eternal rest  
Lull fast asleep the tumults of my Breast.

---



## THE FOURTEENTH

## ELEGY

Of the FIRST

## BOOK

OF

Propertius to his Friend Tullus.

By the same Hand.

**T**HO' you (my *Friend*) in some cold arbour ly,  
 Where *Tibur's* silver-streams glide softly by  
 And quaff rich Goblets of your *Lesbian* Wines,  
 T' encourage mirth, and push on gay designs;  
 Or there perhaps sometimes have wond'ring stood  
 To see the Vessels move along the flood;  
 Sometimes (to please your sight) amidst the throng  
 Observ'd tall Ships sail lazily along;  
 And tho' your *Groves* make such a pompous show  
 Shelt'ring from Storms the Infant-shrubs below,  
 With Trees as high as on tall *Caucasus* do grow,  
 Yet think not all this State can equal prove,  
 To one soft minute of indulgent Love.

How

How mean is Greatness if compar'd to this,  
 And what are Riches to a Lover's bliss?  
 For whether my *Dear She* all over charms,  
 Kindly at night repofes in my Arms;  
 Or whether we consent to fpend the day,  
 In eafy pleasure, and in wanton play:  
 I fancy then *Pactolus* fstreams are roll'd  
 Thro' my rich Chambers and I fwim in Gold;  
 Methinks I am as wealthy, and as blest,  
 As if the *Indies* were by me poffest: (figh,  
 Sure proudest *Monarchs* would their Crowns re-  
 And tiresome greatness, for delights like mine:  
 For who can dote on wealth, or value Crowns,  
 When Love's unkind, and when a Miftrefs frowns:  
*Venus* can ev'n Heroick minds enslave,  
 Soften the stout, and Captivate the brave;  
 No Palaces, no Beds of Down can prove,  
 Strong counter-charms to the great Queen of Love.  
 She can disturb at night a Lover's ease;  
 How then alas! can all our Riches please?  
 Who while she smiles on me, I will contemn  
 The trifling Glories of a *Diadem*;  
 I'll look on *worlds* of Wealth with gen'rous hate,  
 And pity rich *Alcinous's* Fate.

O N

*Acme and Septimius.*

WHILST on *Septimius* panting Breast,  
 (Meaning nothing less than Rest)  
*Acme* lean'd her loving Head;  
 Thus, the pleas'd *Septimius*, said.

My Dearest *Acme*, if I be  
 Once alive, and love not Thee;  
 With a Passion far above  
 All that e'er was called Love;  
 In a *Lybian* Desert may  
 I become some *Lion's* Prey,  
 Let him, *Acme*, let him tear  
 My Breast when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who stood to hear him,  
 (The God of Love was always near him)  
 Pleas'd and tickl'd with the sound,  
 Sneez'd aloud, and all around;  
 The little Loves that waited by,  
 Bow'd, and blest'd the Augury.

*Acme,*

*Acme*, inflam'd with what he said,  
Rear'd her gentle bending Head,  
And her purple Mouth with Joy,  
Stretching to the Delicious Boy ;  
Twice (and twice would scarce suffice,)  
She kiss'd his drunken rolling Eyes.

My little Life, my All, (said she)  
So may we ever Servants be  
To this best God, and ne'er retain  
Our hated Liberty again :  
So may thy Passion last for me,  
As I a Passion have for thee.

Greater and fiercer much than can  
Be conceiv'd by thee a Man,  
Into my Marrow it is gone,  
Fixt, and settled in the Bone ;  
It reigns not only in my Heart,  
But runs like Life thro' every part.  
She spoke, the God of Love aloud  
Sneez'd again, and all the Crowd  
Of little Loves, that waited by,  
Bow'd and blest'd the Augury.

This good Omen thus from Heaven,  
 Like a happy Signal given,  
 Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace  
 And Hand in Hand run all the Race :  
 To poor *Septimius* (who did now  
 Nothing else but *Acme* grow)  
*Acme's* Bosom was alone  
 The whole World's Imperial Throne,  
 And to faithful *Acme's* mind,  
*Septimius* was all Human Kind.

If the Gods would please to be  
 But advis'd, for once, by me,  
 I'd advise 'em when they spy  
 Any illustrious Piety,  
 To reward her, if it be She;  
 To reward him, if it be He;  
 With such a Husband, such a Wife,  
 With *Acme's* and *Septimius's* Life.



# On the Death of his Mistress's Favourite SPARROW.

COME all ye *Venus's*, ye Cupids all,  
 And whatsoe'er we gay or pretty call,  
 Come and lament my *Lesbia's* Sparrow's fall.  
 My *Lesbia's* Sparrow's Dead! the sweetest Bird,  
 The most delightful Chirper e'er was heard;  
 So much the darling of my charming Fair,  
 Scarce her own Eyes were to her self more dear.  
 No Child his Mother ever better knew  
 Than he his Mistress, to whose Arms he flew,  
 There dwelt, and bid his fellow-Birds adieu;  
 There skipt about and play'd, and there was blest,  
 Her downy Bosom was his only nest;  
 All her discourse to him he understood,  
 And kindly answer'd in what Voice he cou'd;  
 But now he's gone, gone to his silent Urn,  
 From whence, they say, none ever can return:  
 Curse on ye all, ye darkeſt Shades of Hell!  
 Ye envious Shades, by you my Sparrow fell.  
 Thus all the best, the prettiest Things we have,  
 Are made the Plunder of the greedy Grave;  
 Ah! lovely, hapleſs Bird, ſince thou art dead,  
 With Tears my *Lesbia's* ſwelling Eyes look red.

## TO LESBIA.

**L**ETS live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and Love,  
 The little time that Nature lends, improve;  
 In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the Day,  
 Nor care a Farthing what old Dotards say.  
 The Suns may rise again that once were set,  
 Their usual Labour, and old course Repeat;  
 But when our Days once turn'd have lost their  
 (light,

We must sleep on one long eternal Night.

A Thousand Kisses, Dear, a Hundred more,

Another Hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor,

Another Thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,

Let every touch surprize, and pressing Charm:

And when repeated Thousands numerous grow,

We'll kiss out all again that none may know,

How many you have lent, and what I owe;

While I'll ingross, with eager haste repay,

And kiss a long Eternity away.

## TO LESBIA.



LESBIA, dost ask how many Kisses  
Will satisfy insatiate Wishes?  
No less a number than are Sands  
On *Lybian Cyrene's* Lands,  
Between *Jove's* Temple and the Fane,  
Where *Battus's* sacred Bones remain.  
No less than there are Stars above,  
Which see by Night Man's stolen Love.  
So many Kisses wou'd I give,  
(Who now for want of Kissing grieve)  
As best Accountants shou'd not tell,  
As shou'd Arithmetick excell;  
And spight of Witchcraft last for ever,  
Whose Charms shou'd not our Lips dis sever.

## On Womens Inconstancy.

**M**Y *Lesbia* swears she wou'd *Catullus* Wed,  
 Tho' *Jove* himself shou'd come and ask  
 (her Bed;

True this she swears by all the Powers above,

But she's a Woman speaking to her Love.

That single Thought my growing Faith defeats,

'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:

They must be false, they must their Oaths forget,

So pleasing is the Lechery of Deceit.

What Women tell their Servants fades like  
 (Dreams,

And shou'd be writ in Air or running Streams.

## On LESBIA.

**G**ellius is Fair, and Beauteous to the View,  
 Why not? Since *Lesbia's* Choice has made is  
 (true.

*Lesbia* that more admires his handsome Face .

Than thee *Catullus*, and thy noble Race;

But yet this Fop, this Bawble of the Kind,

This lump of Ignorance without a Mind;

Wou'd

Wou'd poor *Catullus* to himself prefer,  
If told what Things had pass'd t'wixt him and  
(her.

---

TO HYPsITHILLA.

**M**Y *Hypsithilla*, charming Fair,  
My Life, my Soul, Ah ! hear my Pray'r !  
Thy grateful Summons quickly send,  
And bless, at Noon, with Joy, thy Friend.  
But if my Fair One will comply,  
And not her sighing Swain deny,  
Take care the Door be then unbarr'd,  
And let no Spye be on the Guard.  
And thou, the Aim of my Desire,  
Attend at home my amorous Fire.  
Prepare thy Bosom to receive  
All, that so much Love can give :  
Prepare to meet repeated Joy,  
Continued blifs without Alloy ;  
Dissolving still in thy dear Arms,  
Still rais'd, by thy reviving Charms,  
To Onsets fresh of sprightly Pleasure  
Tumultuous Joy beyond all Measure.

But



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But dally not with my Desire,  
Nor quash with your delays my Fire.  
Bursting with Love upon my Couch I lie,  
Forestalling, with desire, the distant Joy.

---

TO CÆLIUS.

**T**Hat *Lesbia*, *Cælius*, that dear faithless she;  
That *Lesbia*, who was all in all to me;  
That *Lesbia*, whom alone *Catullus* priz'd  
Above himself and Friends, for whom he all  
(despis'd;  
False to her Vows, to her attested Flame,  
Forgetful of her Love, and of her Fame.  
Now upon Bunks, in every Alley, lies,  
And in the Arms of Brawny Porters dies.

---

To Calvus on Quintilia.

**C**ALVUS, if Tears which we profusely shed  
Are grateful and accepted by the Dead,  
As Memory laments our past Amours,  
And mourns that Friendship lost which time de-  
(yours.  
Death to *Quintilia*, can't so grievous prove,  
Tho' sudden, as the Joys to think how well you  
(Love.

## TO VARRUS.



VARRUS, that Wretch, *Suffenus*, whom  
(you know,  
Is Handsom, Talkative, and is a Beau  
What's more——The Coxcomb makes pretence  
to Wit,

And Verses has incontinently Writ:  
So great's his stock of Rhimes, so large his Store,  
He has at least ten thousand Lines or more,  
All written out so curious, and so clean  
That common writing-Paper's thought too mean.  
His Paper's Royal, and his Books are new,  
With Silver-Bosses tempting to the View,  
Ty'd up with Ribbons of the deepest Red,  
Each Page with Pumice smooth'd, and rul'd with  
(Crimson-Lead.

But read him, and this Fop so neat and nice,  
Is chang'd into a Sloven in a Trice.  
*Suffenus*——Oh! The foolish scribbling Dotard,  
In's Writings seems a Ditcher, or a Goatherd.

So

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So much he's alter'd from the Man he was :  
 How can this be ? And what can be the Cause ?  
 Yet he that but just now in others Sense  
 Was destitute of every Excellence,  
 Was made the common Jest of all the Town,  
 And thought much more unlearned than a  
 (Clown,  
 Is wise, and to Perfection, in his own:  
 When he puts Pen to Paper, and Endites,  
 No Man so bless'd as he, in what he writes:  
 He joys so much, and wonders at his Skill,  
 As if the Muses had inspir'd his Quill :  
 No wonder, all are subject to Mistakes,  
 None but in something a *Suffenus* makes.  
 Our Neighbour's Bunch upon his Back is known,  
 But we forget what rises from our own.

---

On Cinna's P O E M, call'd Smyrna.

**S**myrna, my Cinna's little Book has ta'en  
 Its Author nine Years labour of the Brain ;  
 When swift *Hortensius* has, in less than one,  
 Of fifty thousand Lines a Volume done.  
 But here's the Difference, Times unborn shall hear  
*Smyrna* rehears'd with an attentive Ear.

When

When vile *Hortensius*'s short-liv'd work shall dye,  
Neglected by our Ear and by our Eye;  
For nothing fit, though noisy and sublime,  
But to wrap Mack'rel with in Mack'rel-time.  
Oh! may my Verse be few, but great my Pains,  
None but the Mob can like *Antimachus*'s Strains.

---

## To Juventius.

**J**uventius, might I kiss those Eyes,  
That such becoming sweetness dart,  
The Numbers might to thousands rise,  
Yet be too few to satisfy my Heart.  
A Heart no Surfeit wou'd allow,  
Ev'n though the Harvest of our kisses were,  
More thick than what succeeds the Plough,  
And speaks the Blessings of a fruitful Year?

T O

---

 TO R A V I D U S.
 

---

**W**Hat Fiend or Wizzard ow'd thee Shame?  
 To push thee forwards for thy Crimes,  
 And make thee in the Devil's Name,  
 Thus to provoke my pointed Rhimes.  
 What God averse to thee and thine,  
 Has suffer'd thee to dare my rage,  
 And against my Repose design,  
 To bring thy Follies on the Stage.  
 Was it, because thoud'st be the common Jest,  
 The sport of all the Town?  
 Thou of thy Wishes stand'st possess'd,  
 Villain thou shall't be known.  
 Since thou my Rival could'st commence,  
 Love on, but Love in pain;  
 To shew thy scarcity of Sense,  
 And penury of Brain.

To



## To J U V E N T I U S.

**L** Ovely *Juventius*, while you toy'd I stole  
A Kiss, that got th' Ascendant of my Soul,  
Sweeter than is Ambrosia to the Taste  
But not unpunish'd for my Thievish haste;  
For to this Gain succeeds a greater Loss,  
I seem as if whole Hours upon a Cross.  
Yet not Excuses you, nor Tears allow,  
But cruelty sits frowning on your Brow;  
For I no sooner my Excuses make,  
But wish to be more Faulty for your sake:  
As my moist Lips run over at your sight,  
And melt with an impatience of Delight.  
Besides, what gives increase, to this my Pain,  
No sense of what I suffer you retain,  
But make me like a Slave to drag the Chain. }  
Fresh Torments with fresh Beauties you create,  
And in exchange my Love's return'd with hate.  
So grievous are my Sufferings, and so sore,  
Th' *Ambrosian* Kiss is worse than *Hellebore*.

Since

Since I for kissing this Return receive,  
Believe't, I'll Kiss no more without your leave.

---

## To the QUEEN.

**I**RIS, would you the Cause be told,  
Why I not ancient Customs hold,  
But flow'ry Gifts decline ;  
Now Nature pregnant by the Sun  
Has put her best Apparel on,  
And Mantle gayly Fine.  
As much as when cold Winter's Blast  
Its Frosts upon Earth's Bosom cast,  
And cramp'd and pinch'd the Ground,  
That cou'd not let its Products rise,  
Or shew its Fruits to mortal Eyes,  
With Icy Fetters bound.  
To *Flora's* Kingdom yesterday  
Where all the Flowers their Sweets display,  
I went by Duty led,  
To gather you a Posie, might  
Be not unworthy of your sight,

But

But be an Offering made,  
Ten thousand Flowers fully blown  
Strove which shou'd first your Empire own

By flying to my Hands :

The Lilly, Jessamine and Rose,  
Spight of the Goddess *Flora* chose

To dye by your Commands.

A Death fair Queen, they'd undergo  
Rather than they wou'd live and grow;

For any other Name;

Since they esteem'd a Grant so bless'd

As dying in your Beauteous Breast,

The way to purchase Fame.

At length the Goddess angry grown,  
Cry'd, *Zephyr*; save my tott'ring Throne;

Such Honours are too great ;

I cannot bear to see them pay'd

While my Prerogative's decay'd,

To one in mortal State.

*Zephyr* made ready to engage,

And swell'd both Cheeks with Wind and Rage,

At's Mistresses Commands;

And from his Mouth discharg'd a Storm,

*Flora's* Injunctions to perform,

C<sub>c</sub>

And

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And snatch'd 'em from my Hands.  
 With Pleasure I beheld the Clown  
 On all the springing sweetness Frown,  
 To gratifie her spight ;  
 Which is an Indication plain  
 Of your unalterable Reign,  
 And your unquestion'd Right.  
 This Jealousie that *Flora* shows,  
 More Honour on your Charms bestows,  
 Than all the Flowers cou'd give,  
 Which her rude Lover snatch'd away;  
 Nay, more than all that own her sway,  
 And in her Empire live.

---

Catullus to Varus.

By Mr. Herbert.

**T**Here's that *Suffenus*, whom you rightly  
 (know,  
 The Man's a Wit, a Dapper and obliging Beau,  
 That fame too far most Verses makes; we ghes  
 He has Ten thousand by him, more or less:

From

From *Vellam* Table-book transferr'd, writ fair,  
And Royal Paper all his Volumes are;  
New Books in Quarto, deck't with finish Things,  
New-fashion'd Bosses, and your Scarlet-Strings:  
All of 'em Ruled with Lead, exactly done,  
And nothing scapes the useful Pumice-stone.

But read the gaudy Book, and that will Show  
The pretty Fellow, most obliging *Beau*:  
He's changed again, so horribly quite thro' it,  
Looks like a Milker of the Goats, and not a Poet.

What may we count this Thing? but now Buff-  
fohn,  
Or if there's any thing more Thread-bare grown,  
He's Sillier than a sorry Country Clown,  
When e'er he aims at Verse the Bumkin's shown.

Nor do's the Ninny think at any time  
He's half so bless'd, as when he's Scribbling  
(Rhyme.

He Cocks, Struts, Arms a-kembo has the Elf,  
He so admires, hugs and strokes himself.

M O R A L.

*Indeed we all alike our selves beguile;  
There is not one, consider him a while,  
But you are able, Varus, to discover  
Suffenus in him in some thing or other:*



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To every one there's a blind Side assign'd,  
We see not what's ith' Wallet hangs behind:  
In that before, our Neighbour's Faults are shown;  
But late or never we discern our own.

# TO FABULLUS.

By the same Hand.

**T**Hou, my *Fabullus*, shortly Sups with me,  
And well too, if the Gods so favour thee;  
But bring along with thee what's good and Great,  
And add a pretty Girl, to crown the Treat:  
Bring those varieties of Wine and Wit,  
And all the laughing Stories thou canst get.  
If these, I say, thou bring'st, our Sumptuous  
(Guest,)  
Then is *Fabullus* sure of a Feast:  
For Spiders Webs fill thy *Catullus* Chest.

But I've stark Love and kindness here for thee:  
Or if there's any greater Raritie,  
Any thing Sweeter or more delicate;  
I, my *Fabullus*, I pretend to that:

That precious Unguent I will give my Friend,  
The Cupids *Venus's* did *Lesbia* send.

Perfumes

Perfumes so rich, *Fabullus* we suppose  
Will ask the Gods to be all over Nose:

---

MÆCENAS's Mistress  
—*Hor.*

---

By Mr. Herbert.

---



OR my new Song the Lyric Muse  
Bids me the fair *Lycimnia* Chuse.  
So fine a Face, so sweet a Voice,  
Command, and justify the Choice.

But what does all *Lycimnia's* Charms improve,  
She's constant, still returning Love for Love.

And when She turns her Neck to thee,  
To meet a Kiss so full of fire,  
Or with an easy cruel tie  
Seems to refuse what you require.

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What should be took by force she rather wishes,  
Oft in refusing is she snatching Kisses.

*Diana's* Day, when our young Ladies meet,  
And try their Skill, she wins the Prize of  
(Wit:

When in the Dance among the finest seen,  
She moves with such a charming Grace and  
(Meen!

Wou'd you not for a Locket of her Hair,  
Give all the Riches *Asian* Monarchs Share?

---

The

T H E  
Seventh E L E G Y,  
O F T H E  
Third Book of *Tibullus*.

To the Cruel *Nemesis*, against the Bawd,  
who disappointed his Happiness.

---

By Mr Otway.

---

 ANY by Death their fatal Evils end,  
*Credulous* hope do's still their Reign  
(extend,  
And promise Wonders from the fol-  
(lowing Day;

To *Morrow's* Sun Shines always bright and gay.  
Hope feeds the Husband-Man, and sooths his  
(Toil;  
Hope lends the Seed-Corn to the furrow'd Soil,  
That with a large encrease the fertile Field  
May to his thirsty wishes Golden Harvests yield:  
This to the Snare the heedless Birds betrays,  
This to the hidden Hook the finny Race.  
The Gally-Slave bound fast in solid Gyves  
From this a comfort in his woes derives ;

Who, whilst his Legs resound with clinking Chains  
 Tugs at the Oar and sings amidst his Pains.  
 Hope shews me *Nemesis* all soft and kind,  
 But still averse the froward Nymph I find.  
 Let not the Goddess of thy Name appear,  
 Ah ! Cruel Maid ! less fierce and less severe,  
 Ah ! spare my anguish and thy Hate abate  
 I begg this for thy Sister's timeless Fate.  
 Disturb not with thy Cruelty her Grave,  
 But with a speedy smile thy *Votary* save.  
 She is my Saint, I to her Tomb will bear  
 My Gifts and Chaplets wet with many a Tear,  
 Yet to her Tomb I'll flie, her Suppliant prove,  
 And with her Silent Urn deplore my Love :  
 She will not leave her Client to his Pain,  
 Nor let his Tears, for thee, be ever vain.  
 I charge thee therefore in her Name to prove ;  
 More Swiftly kind to my complaining Love.  
 Lest her neglected *Manes* in the Night  
 Thy conscious Slumbers, with sad dreams affright ;  
 And stand before thee all besmear'd with Blood,  
 As She fell downward to the Stygian Flood.  
 But hold——that dismal Story I'll forbear,  
 Lest I renew my Fair One's anxious Care ;  
 I am not so much worth to call from her one Tear

Nor



Nor is it fit that Tears shou'd e'er disguise  
 The Lustre of those dear Loquacious Eyes.  
 The Bawd's my Foe, and makes my Vows all vain  
 The tender Maid would Plty else my pain ;  
*Phryne* the Bawd against me barrs the Door,  
 A Bawd is still, obdurate to the Poor.  
 Within her secret Bosom she conveys  
 The Am'rous, Billets for the Man that pays.  
 Oft when the pleasing Musick of her Voice,  
 Alarms my Heart with the approaching Joys,  
 'Tho' to the Door the well known Accents come,  
 This Cursed Bawd will swear she's not at home.  
 And often when my Soul is all on Fire,  
 Summon'd by Love, and swelling with desire,  
 E'en in the Harbour all my Joys are split,  
 The eager Lover, *Phryne* won't admit:  
 But with dissembled Terrour in her Air,  
 Pretends that sudden Pangs have seiz'd my Fair,  
 Or that some threaten'd Danger must that Night  
 Prorogue the promis'd moments of Delight,  
 Oh ! then my wounded Soul in Cares Expires,  
 And feel's new anguish from my jealous Fires :  
 My pregnant Fancy soon begets Alarms,  
 And paints some happy Lover in her Arms;

Paints

Paints all the Tumults of the ravish'd Pair,  
 And all the several ways he grasps the Fair.  
 Then fall my Curses on thy destin'd Head,  
 Detested *Phryne*! better thou wer't Dead,  
 Than that the Gods but one of them shou'd hear;  
 For all the Racks that the most guilty fear,  
 Wou'd be thy hated Lot, thy cursed share.

## ELEGY III. BOOK IV. of the same Poet.

*Sulpitia to Cherinthus, against his Hunting*  
 By Mr. Otway.

**A**h! spare, ye gentle Boars, my lovely Boy  
 (From his dear Arms you need not fear  
 annoy)

Whether thro' Flow'ry Meads you take your way,  
 Or o'er the shadowy pathless Mountains stray.  
 Nor Whet your Tusks with Fury to destroy;  
 Love is the Guardian of my Lovely Boy:  
 The lust of Hunting leads his Feet a-stray,  
 And far from Love directs his devious way.  
 Oh! perish all ye Woods, ye yelping Hounds,  
 Wound me no more with your detested sounds.  
 What

What strange fantastick Notions fill that Mind,  
That in these sports can any pleasure find ;  
To set the Woody Hills a-round with Toils,  
With Hands all torn, to seek such worthless spoils!  
Yet cou'd I wish my dear *Cherintus* Rove,  
Through devious Forests and the shady Grove,  
O'er Mountains, I the winding Net wou'd bear,  
And Chase with pleasure the swift-footed Deer ;  
I wou'd uncouple with these Hands the Hounds,  
And fancy Music in their deep-mouth'd Sounds;  
Then Wou'd the Fields, then wou'd the Woods de-  
light:

If in thy Arms I lay my Love, my Light,  
Before the very toils, my charming Boy,  
Dissolv'd in Pleasure Panting, with the Joy:  
Tho' in the Net, the Boar might safe retire,  
And not disturb our Bliss with furious Ire.  
Then without me ne'er taste the sweets of Love,  
But a Chaste Hunter in my absence prove ;  
And may the rav'nous Beasts of Prey destroy  
Whatever She wou'd clasp my lovely Boy,  
Then to thy Parent quit the Huntsman's Charms,  
And swiftly fly to thy *Sulpitia's* Arms.

T H E  
 XI. Elegy of the II. Book  
 O F  
*PROPERTIUS;*

In which he Exults and Triumphs, that  
 he has enjoy'd his Mistress.

---

By Mr. *Hopkins.*

---

**T**HE great *Arride* felt a feebl' Joy,  
 When they triumphant view'd expiring  
Troy.  
 Not such the Joy, the Sage *Ulysses* knew,  
 When the high Cliffs presented to his View  
 The welcome prospect of his Native Soil,  
 After the Errours of a Ten years Toil.  
 Not so *Electra* did rejoyce to find  
 Her Lot less Cruel, and the Fates more kind;  
 While they *Orestes* to her Eyes restore  
 Whom she, as dead so often did deplore.  
 Not half the Transports found the *Cretan* Maid,  
 When *Theseus* was deliver'd by her Aid,  
 As I last Night possess'd in *Cynthia's* Arms,  
 Amid the Raptures of her naked Charms.  
Another

Another Night like that cou'd I but know,  
 Like that ye Gods! I shou'd Immortal grow!  
 But whilst at distance suppliant I did lye,  
 How vile and little was I in her Eye!  
 Now of my boldness she'll no more complain,  
 Nor View me with the Eye of Cold disdain.  
 Oh! that I sooner had my state explor'd,  
 With closer Zeal she had been then ador'd;  
 In vain the Light did shine, I cou'd not see,  
 Else she before had been possess'd by me.  
 Alas! I by myself most plainly find  
 Whoever Loves is by his Love made Blind  
 Obliging Force will make the Fair one kind.  
 Ye Lovers therefore force your pleasing way,  
 Tho' Cruel yesterday, she'll yield to day.  
 Others in vain their wish'd for Entrance press,  
 For the coy Dame lay Panting on my Breast.  
 This Victory to me is greater far,  
 Than with the *Parthians* a successful War;  
 This is my Spoils, my fetter'd Kings, and my  
 Triumphant Carr.  
 By grateful Gifts, bright *Venus*, soon shall prove,  
 How well you have bestow'd the joys of Love:  
 Upon a lofty Column those I'll place,  
 While these two Lines my offerings shall grace;  
 These



318 Catullus, Tibullus, &c.

*These Gifts Propertius, Goddess, to the vow'd;  
For one whole live-long Night of Love bestow'd.  
'To thee my Light, safe may my Vessel move;  
If in the way it stick full fraught with Love,  
(As it must do if ought shou'd change your mind  
And render you less tender and less kind,)  
Dead at your Door your Lover you will find.*

T H E  
First E L E G Y  
O F

*T I B U L L U S.*

That he Contemns Riches and Glory,  
Love only, and *Delia's* Charms be-  
ing worthy his Ambition.

By Mr. Otway.



E T others raise enormous heaps of  
Gold,  
And by sure Tenure, num'rous Acres  
hold;  
Whom daily fears of neighbor'ing Foes affright,  
While

While the shrill Trumpet breaks their sleep at  
Night.

Me let my easy Poverty release  
From anxious cares, in Liberty and Ease ;  
While my glad Heart with daily Fires is bright,  
And Slumbers, undisturb'd with Cares, at Night.  
Still let the Seasons Crown my smiling Field,  
Of kindly Fruits a plenteous Harvest yield.  
Still may the product of my loaded Vine  
Swell all my Vessels with nectareous Wine:  
My self th' industrious Husband-man will be,  
And set with ready Hand the Apple Tree ;  
And in due Season plant the tender Vine ;  
Nor e'er the joys of Solitude resign.  
Nor shall I blush the rustick Fork to wield,  
Or goad the sluggish Ox to plow the field ;  
Or in my Arms to bear the straggling Lamb,  
Or tender Kid home to the mourning Dam.  
With rural Rites my careful Shepherd here  
I'm us'd to lustrate each revolving Year ;  
Propitious sacred *Pales* to retain,  
I sprinkle Milk upon the rising Grain.  
For still I worship wherefoe'er I see  
An ancient Stone, or remnant of a Tree,  
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd in open Field,  
Or where three ways decisive limits yield.

The

320 Catullus, Tibullus, &c.

The rural Gods as offerings shall receive  
 The earliest Fruit, my loaded Orchards give:  
 Thy Temple-Gates O *Ceres* I'll adorn  
 With auburn Wreaths of ripen'd Ears of Corn  
 And in my Orchard let *Priapus* stand  
 With the dire sickle in his ruddy Hand,  
 To scare the noxious Birds from off my Land.  
 And you, my Household - Gods shall have your due,  
 More spreading Fields were once preserv'd by you,  
 The Guardians once of large extended Plains;  
 Now one small Farm your kind Protection gains.  
 A Cow-Calf then for num'rous herds of Kine  
 Fell a lustration to your Powers Divine.  
 A Lambkin now at Your blest'd Altar dies  
 Of narrow Soil the mighty Sacrifice.  
 A Lambkin to your Deities shall fall,  
 While round the rustick Youths on you shall call!  
*Good Harvest and good Vintage oh! bestow!*  
*Harvest and Vintage to your smiles we owe.*  
 Be present O ye Gods! nor yet disdain  
 To take the off'rings of a Lowly Swain,  
 Tho' such small Earthen Vessels them contain:  
 The Swains of old in earthen Bowls carous'd,  
 E'er glittering Gold or Silver yet were us'd.

And

And you, ye Thieves and Wolves my Flock re-  
 train,  
 Your prey from larger Herds you'll easier gain.  
 My Father's Wealth's below my just desire,  
 Or the full Gran'ries of his potent Sire.  
 A little Crop my wishes will supply,  
 It is enough upon my Couch to lie.  
 Let me on that my weary'd Limbs repose,  
 And give a Toilsome Grandeur to my Foes;  
 On that reclin'd how pleasing 'tis to hear  
 The Winds inclement make tumultuous War,  
 Clasp'ing within my Arms my clinging Fair.  
 Or when by Winter's Cold congeal'd the Rain,  
 In rattling show'rs assaults my Hat in vain.  
*Della* and I secure to slumbers haste,  
 Lull'd by the rocking storms and Winter's Blast:  
 This be my Fate; let Riches be their Share,  
 Who can the Fury of the Billows dare,  
 And patient of the Weather, tempests bear.  
 My wishes move within a narrow bound,  
 Content at last with Little I have found:  
 The tedious Paths to wealth no more I'll stray  
 My easy Soul abhors that rugged way.  
 Beneath the shadow of some spreading Tree,  
 From Fear, from Hope, from Toil, from Wishes  
 (tree,

Upon the Brink of a cool tumbling Stream,  
 I shun the Dog-Star's fierce and sultry Gleam!  
 Oh! perish rather all ye glittering Gold,  
 And Jewels which fond Mortals precious hold;  
 Than any tender *She* let fall a Tear,  
 Struck, by the Danger of my Ways, with fear!  
 In thee *Messala*, War has wond'rous Charms,  
 While Land and Sea are conquer'd by thy Arms:  
 When as the Crown of all thy glorious Toils,  
 Thou seest thy house adorn'd with hostile Spoils.  
 Bound with Love's Fetters here will I remain,  
 I cannot break soft Beauty's lovely Chain.  
 No lust of Praise invades my Peaceful Breast,  
 Whilst thus with thee, my *Delia*, I am blest.  
 Of Sloth and Idleness I court the Fame;  
 Thou art a solid Good, That but a name.  
 If thou, My *Delia*, still with me remain  
 To yoke the Steers my self, affords no Pain.  
 I can when thou art by, on lonely Downs  
 Feed my own Herds, secure from *Delia's* frowns;  
 While Thee I can within my Bosom keep,  
 I on the rugged Ground can calmly sleep.  
 Of what avail are *Tyrian* Beds of Down  
 When Love averse will only give a frown?



The tedious Night in Tears will slowly move,  
 The Joys of Night we only owe to Love:  
 Tis not the Down, nor yet the *Tyrian* Loom,  
 Nor all the Golden Carpets of thy Room,  
 Nor the soft murmurs of the waters fall,  
 Can to thy Rescue gentle slumbers call.  
 How dull is he ! more lumpish far than Lead,  
 Who can have thee within his happy Bed,  
 And yet wou'd leave thee for the dire Alarms,  
 (In chase of Spoils) of horrid martial Arms:  
 Tho' his victorious Troops subdue the Foe,  
 And wait his Nod where e'er he please to go;  
 Tho' clad in Silver, cover'd o'er with Gold,  
 Upon his prancing Horse, most graceful to behold.  
 Thee let me view when I resign my breath,  
 Thee let me grasp e'en in the Pangs of Death;  
 And press with fault'ring Hands thy Lovely Arms,  
 In Death, my *Delia* still wou'd have her Charms.  
 You'd weep my *Delia*, when you saw me die,  
 Beheld me on my Bed expiring lie,  
 On my cold Lips thy kisses thou wou'dst fix,  
 While flowing Tears with thy dear kisses mix.  
 Yes you wou'd weep, you wou'd let fall a Tear;  
 Those lovely Eyes a drooping grief wou'd wear.

I know thee well, all tenderness thou art,  
 Nor Steel, nor Stone in thee have any part,  
 But Love and soft Compassion fill thy Heart.  
 No from my Funeral, no kind Youth wou'd go,  
 Nor tender Virgin ere their Tears did flow.  
 Spare, spare my *Manes*, gentle *Delia*, spare  
 Thy lovely Locks, thy bright dishevell'd Hair,  
 And violence to that dear Face forbear.

While Fate permits, then let us joyn our loves,  
 Death with his gloomy Brow too swiftly moves;  
 And feeble Age Steals on, when Love will be  
 Indecent and in vain in thee and me.  
 With hoary Hairs soft toys will not agree.  
 Now is the time bright *Venus* to enjoy,  
 And taste the pleasures of the wanton Boy;  
 While Youth is high, the petty Strifes of Love,  
 It's War and Peace a sweet delight will move.  
 In this a Soldier's Merit I may claim,  
 And e'en a General's more exalted Fame:  
 Far hence ye Ensigns, far ye Trumpets Sounds,  
 To those who court them, bear your Blood and  
 Wounds  
 Bear to the same the heaps of Gold away,  
 For Gold and Fame I yield their fordid Prey.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with my present store Securly wife,  
Hanger and Wealth I equally despise.

---

*S A P P H O,*  
To the Goddess of Love.

From the Greek, By Mr. Herbert.



*Venus!* Daughter of the mighty Jove,  
Most knowing in the mystery of Love;  
Help me, O help me! quickly send  
(relief,

And suffer not my Heart to break with grief.

If ever thou didst hear me when I Pray'd,  
Come now, my Goddess, to thy *Sappho's* Aid:  
*Orison's* us'd, such favour hast thou shown,  
From Heaven's Golden Mansions call'd thee down.

See see, she comes in her Cerulean Carr,  
Passing the middle Region of the Air.  
Mark how her nimble Sparrows stretch the wing,  
And with uncommon speed their Mistress bring!

326 Sappho, to the Goddess of Love.

Arriv'd and Sparrows loos'd, hastens to me;  
Then smiling, asks what is it troubles thee?  
Why am I call'd? tell me what *Sappho* wants;  
Oh! know you not the cause of all my plaints?

I Love: I burn! and only Love require;  
And nothing less can quench the raging Fire:  
What Youth, what raving Lover shall I gain?  
Where is the Captive that shou'd wear my chain?

Alas, poor *Sappho*! who is this Ingrate  
Provokes thee so, for Love returning Hate?  
Does he now fly thee? he shall soon return;  
Pursue thee, and with equal Ardour burn.

Wou'd he no presents at thy Hands receive?  
He will repent it, and more largely give;  
The force of Love no longer can withstand,  
He must be fond, wholly at thy Command.

When wilt thou work this change? now, *Venus*,  
free,

Now ease my Mind of so much misery:  
In this Amour my powerful Aider be,  
Make *Phaon* Love, but let him Love, like me?

*In Imitation of XIIth Elegy of Propertius.*

By Mr. W——

O Happy Lover ! O delicious night  
 Distinguish'd thro' the Year, and mark'd  
 (with white !  
 How great my Joy ! how various was my Bliss,  
 In each soft Struggle, and each ravish'd Kiss !  
 What warm Ideas fed the am'rous fire,  
 And luscious Images provok'd desire !  
 Sometimes her naked Breasts to hide she strove,  
 With sweet reluctancy inflaming Love:  
 Sometimes her Mantle left her Body bare,  
 And her white Skin and Snowy Limbs appear'd  
 At length when my tired Members sunk to rest,  
 And drooping, Nature's impotence confess'd ;  
 The wanton Girl upheav'd, and whisper'd low ;  
 O Painful hour ! O scene of longing woe !  
 Unhappy fair ! how vain are all thy Charms,  
 To languish in a Sleeping Lover's Arms !  
 O Cupid tell ! O tell the drowsy Swain,  
 Who gives not pleasure, gives his Mistress pain.  
*God ? what a Speech was this ! —*  
 How on her Tongue the melting accents dy'd !  
 How soft she spoke ! how eloquently sigh'd !  
 O charming Maid, reproach not me, but Night ;  
 Lay all thy Beauties open to my Sight :



In Love whate'er we feel the Eye excites,  
 Kindles our rage, and doubles our delights.  
 The seeing Lover miracles performs,  
 Nor sooner views the Maiden Fort, but Storms.  
 This powerful charm enamour'd *Venus* knew;  
*Phæbe*, tho' chaste, to young *Endymion*'s view  
 Expos'd her lovely form in ev'ry part;  
 And *Helen*'s nakedness caught *Paris* Heart.

### Sappho's description of a Rose,

From a Greek fragment.

By Mr. Herbert.

**S**hou'd Jove a Queen of Flowers ordain;  
 The Rose wou'd have the Crown, the Rose  
 (must reign;  
 The Rose Earth's ornament, of Plants the Grace;  
 An Air of Majesty, adorns her Face.

The Rose, the Meadow's Blush, the Eye of Flowers;  
 A shining Beauty in *Idalian* Bowers:  
 A Nymph, still Breathing all the Sweets of Love,  
 Inviting Couples to the Myrtle-Grove.

What Plant to such a noble Fulness grows?  
 Or a more Beautiful Complexion shows?  
 What curious Leaves, what Spriggs the Bud in-  
 close!  
 The Cup still laughing, as kind *Zephyr* blows.

S A P P H O ' S

## SAPPHO'S Vindication.

By Anacreon.

COME golden-locks, come God of Love,  
And take me up from this low Crowd,  
Carry me thro' the Orbs above,  
Invelopt in a Purple Cloud.  
Expand thy Various-colour'd Wings,  
And that same way thy Poet bear,  
The *Cayster*-Swan a soaring Sings  
When she divides th'harmonious Air!

For more and more thy Philters press,  
Provoking still to Wantoness:  
For the Fair *Lesbian* Maid I burn,  
Who, pcevish Girl, makes no Return  
She rally's me, no Wit she Spares,  
And falls a pulling out gray Hairs:  
But this rekindles fond Desire,  
Blows up a new, and fiercer Fire,  
In vain; and yet she is a Lover,  
And pines and wishes for Another!

PART

PART OF  
*Pindar's First ODE,*  
 PARAPHRASED.

---

From the *Greek*, by Mr. *Herbert*.

---



WATER is a precious Thing,  
 Of Elements the best;  
 Far excelling all the rest.  
 Whether you the Jewel bring,  
 From a pure crystal-Spring,  
 Of celebrated silver-Stream,  
 The Poet's softest Theme ;  
 Whose Art turns ev'ry drop into a Gem :  
 Come it from either *Source*, Salubrious bright,  
 Tis grateful to the Taste, and pleasing to the Sight.

And Gold, that rich produce of Earth !  
 The good Man's Plenty, but the Miser's Dearth :  
 Refulgent

Refulgent Gold ! where-ever it appears,  
 Darts a Majestic Awe, and Dread ;  
 What else the name of Metal bears  
     Shrinks, and hides the Head ;  
 And sinks into the Womb, which gave it's Birth.  
     Gold, like a Fire, that Burns by Night,  
     On ev'ry side casts such a Light,  
 As still astonishes the wond'ring sight.  
 It flames, it lightens, flashes in the Face,  
 Eclipses ev'ry other shining Mass,  
     Silver, *Corinthian* Brass.  
 Riches that elevate the Mind to such a height,  
 Amidst those lesser Stars, the Queen of Light.

And, as there is not any Star,  
 Or constellation to be seen by Day  
     Thro' the wide desert, open Air ;  
     Nor *Venus*, *Berenice's* Hair,  
     Nor *Ariadne's* Crown :  
 All, for their lustre, eminently known ;  
 There's no contending with the Solar Ray,  
 All, with the shades of Night, seem'd chas'd a-  
                                             (way.

But my dear *Genius*, if thou Lov'st to tell,  
 The Fame of contests to thy Chorded Shell,  
 The Fair *Olympic* Games the rest excell :

So

So far surpassing, as the Olive-Tree;  
 (Which gives a Crown, the Prize of Victory)  
 Excels those Plants, a Victor Claims,  
 At the *Nemean*, *Pythian*, *Isthmian* Games:  
 Hence, with *Olympia* does the Muse begin;  
 To her we owe the celebrated Hymn:  
 That sacred Song, compos'd by learned Bards!

The Muse *Olympia* so regards;  
 For her, the Goddess brings  
 A Robe of Various-colour'd Thoughts,  
 Of Curious interwoven Notes;  
 Each Poet is Composer too and Sings.

This Hymn to *Jove* they Sing, as soon as come  
 To *Hieron's* Royal Home;  
 That stately, Hospitable Palace, blest  
 With all the Riches of the East;  
 The *Tyrian* with the *Persian* Loom,  
 Contending here for Mastery:  
 Gold, Silver, in their Grandeur, here you see,  
 Vessels of Honour, and Antiquity,  
 Subserving all to Hospitality.

*Hieron* the just *Sicilia's* Scepter-sways;  
 Fertile *Sicilia* gladly Tribute pays.  
*Sicilia*, vastly Rich in Wooll!  
 With this, *Sicilians* fill their Coffers full;

But



But first for *Hieron*, the finest cull;  
For *Hieron*, who great Examples shows;  
Who, as the Flocks on shrubby Sallows  
(browse,  
Is reaching up to highest Boughs;  
Cropping the tops of ev'ry noble Tree;  
Those Standards of Morality;  
Justice, and Temperance his Food,  
Vertues of Sublimity;  
Cardinal, extremely good.  
Then, in the Sciences, *Politest* Arts,  
Who is more conversant than he?  
In Musick, nicely knowing all its Parts,  
Skillful in the pride of Harmony;  
Such is the sweetest Instrument, the Lyre,  
How charming are the Notes it does respire!  
This constantly is layd  
Before the Company,  
When we at friendly Tables sit,  
Where Men well-bred, constantly meet;  
And Act, pursuant to the Rules are made  
For Conversation, Learned Symposie.  
But take the Lyre down, the *Doric* Lyre;  
Tune it, and if the Muse has been so kind  
To drop some Tuneful thoughts into thy Mind;  
In

In Honour of *Pisa*, or that famous Steed

*Pherenicus* of generous Breed ;

Touch, touch the charming Wire :

Strike it for that Inestimable Horse,

Who, with unparallel'd, most Nervous force,

Over the strong *Alphean* Course,

Unspurr'd, has wond'rous swiftly Run ;

Swift, as the Chariot of the Sun,

*Pherenicus*, our Winged Courser fly's,

And for his Royal Master wins the Prize.



THE

# Charms of Liberty :

A P O E M, occasion'd by the Arch-Bishop of Cambray's *Telemachus*. Writ in the Year 1707.

---

*By the late Duke of Devonshire.*

---

**C**ambray ! whilst of Seraphick Love you  
(Write,  
The noblest Image in the clearest Light !

A Love by no Self-interest debas'd,  
But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd !  
A Love in which true Piety consists,  
That soars to Heaven without the help of Priests,  
Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,  
Support the Cheat from which her Income flows ;  
Her Censures may condemn but not confute,  
If best your elevated Notions suit  
With what to Reason seems the Almighty's due.  
They have, at least, an Air of being true.  
And what can animated Clay produce,  
Beyond a Guess, in matters so abstruse ?  
But when, descending from the Imperial height,  
You stoop of sublunary things to treat,  
*Minerva* seems the Moral to dispense :  
How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense.  
Not

Not the *Aonian Bard* with such a flame  
 E'er sung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theam  
 In your *Telamachus* his Hero's Son  
 We see the great Original outdone.

There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm,  
 To force Esteem and Envy to disarm;  
 Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'r had been de:  
(sign'd

T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.

Happy your Native Soil, at least by Nature so,  
 In none her Treasures more profusely flow:  
 The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with flow'rs the  
(plain

Without the Sun's too near approach serene:  
 But Heaven in vain does on the Vineyards smile,  
 The Monarch's Glory mocks the Labourer's Toile  
 What tho' elaborate Brass with Nature strive,  
 And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive,  
 With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,  
 With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought;  
 And here the ruins of a taken Town,  
 There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:  
 Such Prodigies of Art, or costly Pains  
 Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabbles Chains,  
 Oh! abject state of such as tamely groan  
 Under a blind dependency in One!

How

How far inferior to the Herds that range,  
 With native Freedom o'er the Woods and Plains?  
 With them no fallacy of Schools prevail,  
 Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale  
 Can give to one amongst themselves a Power,  
 Without controul, his fellows to devour.  
 To Reasoning Human Kind alone belong  
 The Arts to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong;  
 Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,  
 Of trusting *absolute* to lawless Man:  
 Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist;  
 For who would be a Slave that can resist?  
 Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,  
 Who make the People's Interest their own;  
 And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,  
 Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.  
 Oh Liberty! too late desir'd, when lost,  
 Like Health, when wanted, thou art valued most!  
 In Regions where no Property is known,  
 Thro' which the *Garone* runs and rapid *Rhone*,  
 Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own!  
 How gladly would they quit their Native Soil,  
 And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil.  
 As Wretches chain'd and labouring at the Oar,  
 In sight of *Italy's* delightful Shoar,  
 Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.



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 As Wretches chain'd and labouring at the Oar,  
 In sight of *Italy's* delightful Shoar,  
 Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.

338      *The Duke of Devonshire*

Thy Laws have still their force above the rest  
 Of *Gothick* Kingdoms, happy *Albion*! blest.  
 Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,  
 And servilely of their Subjection boast.  
 Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists  
 Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests,  
 Unshaken yet the Government subsists. }  
 While streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,  
 Red'ning the *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,  
 Thy *Thames*, auspicious Isle, her Thunder sends  
 To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.  
 Say Muse, since no surprize, or foreign stroak,  
 Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak;  
 Since wholesome Laws her Liberty transfer  
 To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear?  
 Can she the dear-bought Treasures throw away?  
 Have Universities so great a sway?  
 The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect  
 On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.  
 Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,  
 My creeping Numbers are forbid to climb;  
 Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,  
 And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.  
 An antick Pile near *Thameses* silver Stream,  
 Was the first Object of my airy Dream;

In ancient times a consecrated Fane,  
But since apply'd to uses more prophane :  
Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,  
Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong :  
Of Good and Bad the variable Test,  
Where the Religion that is voted best  
Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.  
On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,  
Of hideous form, Second to none in Hell :  
The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,  
Her Teeth and Jaws with clods of Goar besmear'd,  
Her particolour'd Robe obscenely stain'd  
With pious Murthers, Freeman rack'd and chain'd,  
With the implacable and brutish Rage  
Of fierce Dragoons, sparing no Sex nor Age.  
With all the horrid Instruments of Death,  
Of torturing Innocents to improve their Faith,  
Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.  
Thus she began, Are then my Labours vain,  
That to the Powers of *France* have added *Spain* ?  
Vain my attempts to make that Empire great ;  
And shall a Woman my Designs defeat,  
Baffle th' Infernal Projects I've begun,  
And break the Measures of my favourite Son ?  
Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,  
That made their Humours of their Laws take place,

340 *The Duke of Devonshire, &c.*

And, slighting Coronation-Oath's, disdain'd  
 Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.  
 Tho' her own Isle is blest with Liberty,  
 Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?  
 Under this Roof, with management, I may  
 The Progress of her Arms at least delay,  
 From a contagious Vapour I shall blow;  
 Within those Walls Breaches may wider grow.  
 Here let imaginary Fears be shown  
 Of Danger to the Church, when there is none.  
 From trivial Bills let warm Debate arise,  
 Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.  
 If once my treacherous Arts, and watchful Care,  
 Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,  
 Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,  
 And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,  
 Which would all Order and all Peace confound,  
 I cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;  
 Thee, with her Arms, let *Anna* overcome;  
 Who here reigns Queen, by Heav'ns on us bestow'd,  
 To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.  
 As *Rome* of old gave liberty to *Greece*,  
*Anna* th' invaded sinking Empire frees.  
 The Allies her Faith, her Power the *French* proclaim,  
 Her Piety th' Opprest, the World her Fame.  
 At *Anna's* Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,  
 The execrable Fantom disappear'd.



---

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
P O E T R Y,

By His GRACE,

*John Duke of Buckingham,*

Lord President of Her Majesty's  
Most Honourable Privy-Council.

---

1852

1852

1852

1852



TO THE  
Duke of *Buckingham*  
ON HIS  
ESSAY  
ON  
POETRY.

---

By Mr. *WELSTED*.

---

HERE the Young Muse instructed how to sing,  
Forms for the distant flight her tender Wing;  
As in a Mirror, here, delights to view  
What Ornaments are false, and what are true;  
Here every shining Grace and Vertue sees,  
And learns with pain, and reaches by degrees:

So

# 344 To the Duke of Buckingham.

So when bright *Buckingham* her Charms displays,  
 And Envy's self is tortured into Praise,  
 There meaner Beauties fix their Eyes alone,  
 And by her Dress and Mein design their own;  
 All see Perfection in *Zelinda's* Air,  
 Copy her Form, and practice to be Fair;  
 Her Grace of Shape and Motion still they view,  
 While she expresses still some Grace that's new;  
 Each Nymph by faint resemblance aims to please;  
 This slides into her Step; that gains her Ease;  
 Some her fine Feature; some assume her Pride;  
 All steal *Zelinda* and her Charms divide.

A N





APollo



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# An ESSAY on POETRY.

*Written by the Right honourable John Earl  
of Mulgrave, the present Duke of Buc-  
kingham.*

OF Things in which Mankind does most excel,  
Nature's chief Master-piece, is, *Writing well* ;  
And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are  
That can the least with *Poetry* compare ;  
No kind of Work requires so nice a Touch ;  
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.  
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,  
To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name.  
'Tis not a Flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes  
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes ;  
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done ;  
*True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun* ;  
Which, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.  
Number and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound  
Which never does the Ear with *Harshness* wound,  
Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts* ;  
For all in vain these superficial Parts

F f

Contribute

346 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

Contribute to the Structure of the whole,  
 Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul*:  
 A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,  
 As that of *Nature* moves the World about:  
 A *Heat* which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ,  
 'Tis something of *divine*, and more than *Wit*;  
 It self unseen, yet all Things by it shown,  
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.  
 Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain  
 Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain?  
 When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,  
 O where dost thou retire! And why dost thou return,  
 Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away  
 From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the Day?  
 E'en now too far transported, I am fain  
 To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.  
 As all is *Dulness*, when the Fancy's bad,  
 So without *Judgment*, Fancy is but mad;  
 And Judgment has a boundless Influence,  
 Not only in the Choice of *Words* or *Sense*,  
 But on the *World*, on *Manners*, and on *Men*;  
 Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen*.

*Reason*

*Reason* is that substantial useful Part,  
Which gains the *Head*, while t'other wins the *Heart*.

Here I should all the various Sorts of Verse,  
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse;  
But who that Task can after *Horace* do?  
The best of *Masters*, and *Examples* too!  
Ecchoes at best, all we can say, is vain,  
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.  
'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with Ease;  
But who with that sad Shift himself can please?  
Without an *Actor's* Pride, a *Player's* Art  
Is above his, who writes a *borrow'd* Part.  
Yet *modern* Laws are made for *later* Faults,  
And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts*.  
What need has *Satyr* then to live on *Theft*,  
When so much *fresh* Occasion still is left?  
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,  
And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.  
But hold, the *Fools* shall have no Cause to fear,  
'Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the Subject here.  
Defects of witty Men *deserve* a Cure,  
And those who are so, will e'en this endure.

348 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,  
 Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found; [*Songs.*]  
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws  
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* Laws;  
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part  
 Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer* Art;  
 For as in Rows of *richest* Pearl there lies  
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,  
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shown  
 In some *small* Ring, and brings the Value down.  
 So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought;  
 Yet where can we see one without a Fault?  
 Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought,  
*Expression* easy, and the *Fancy* high,  
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;  
 No Words *transpos'd*, but in such *Order* all,  
 As, tho' *hard-wrought*, may seem by Chance to fall.  
 Here, as in all Things else, is most unfit  
 Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit.  
 Such *nauseous* *Songs* by a late Author made,  
 Call an *unwilling* Censure on his Shade.  
 Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,  
 Can shock the *Chaste*, or the *Nice*st cloy;

But



But *obscene* Words, too gross to move Desire,  
Like Heaps of Fuel, do but *choak* the Fire.  
On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,  
But palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next Elegy, of *sweet*, but *solemn* Voice, [*Elegy.*]  
And of a *Subject* grave, exacts the Choice ;  
The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valour*, *Wit* contains,  
And there too oft despairing Love complains.  
In vain alas! for who by *Wit* is mov'd?  
That *Phoenix* *she* deserves to be belov'd.  
But *noisy* *Nonsense*, and such Fops as vex  
Mankind, take most with that *fantastick* Sex.  
This to the Praise of those, who better knew  
The *many* raise the Value of the *few*.  
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,  
*Women* have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aside  
Their greatest Fault, who in this Kind have writ,  
Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit;  
But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,  
And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,  
If yet a just *Coherence* be not made  
Between each Thought, and the whole *Model* laid

350 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

So *right*, that ev'ry *Step* may *higher* rise,  
 Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the *Skies*.  
 Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,  
 And may be lik'd a while, but never last.  
 'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will ;  
 But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill ;  
 No \* *Panegyrick*, nor a † *Cooper's Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,  
 Are \* *Odes*, the Muses most unruly Horse,  
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,  
 But foams at Mouth, and moves like one *possess*.  
 The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd  
 With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fir'd.  
*Cowley* might boast to have perform'd this Part,  
 Had he with *Nature* join'd the Rules of *Art* ;  
 But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*  
 To that *rich* *Fancy*, which can ne'er *decay*.  
 Tho' all appear in Heat and *Fury* done,  
 The *Language* still must *soft* and *easy* run.  
 These Laws may seem a little too severe,  
 But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there ;  
 Which,

---

\* *Waller's*. † *Denham's*. \* *Pindarick Odes*.

Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,  
And makes the Work much easier than it shows:

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find [*Satyr.*]

To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,  
Satyr well writ has most successful prov'd,  
And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.

'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,  
Without repeating Things said oft before.

Some vulgar Errors only we remove,  
That stain a Beauty which so much we love.

Of well chose Words some take not Care enough,  
And think they should be, as the Subject, rough.

This great Work must be more exactly made,  
And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd:

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,  
As if their only Business was to rail.

But human Frailty nicely to unfold,  
Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.

Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;  
*A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown:*

So, while you seem to slight some Rival Youth,  
Malice it self may sometimes pass for Truth.

352 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

The \* *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise,  
Crown'd by † *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;  
Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's \* Rhimes,  
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes.  
But once his *Pegasus* has born *dead Weight*,  
Kid by some *lumpish* Minister of State.  
Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend my Cares a while,  
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil;  
And as some *Eagle* that designs to fly  
A long *unwonted* Journey thro' the Sky,  
*Considers* all the dangerous Way before,  
Over what *Lands* and *Seas* she is to soar;  
*Doubts* her own Strength so far, and justly fears  
That lofty Road of *airy Travellers*:  
But yet incited by some fair Design,  
That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,  
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views herself with Care,  
At last *resolv'd*, she cleaves the yielding Air.  
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,  
She *lessens* to us, and is *lost* at last.

Sp

---

\* Mr. D——n.

† A famous satyrical Poem of his.

\* A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded,  
tho' intirely innocent of the whole Matter.

So (but too weak for such a weighty Thing)  
The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing;  
And why should Truth offend, when only told  
To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?  
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage  
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The *Unities* of Action, Time, and Place, [*Plays.*]  
Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a Grace,  
Are, tho' but little *practis'd*, too well known  
To be taught here, where we pretend alone  
From *nicer* Faults to purge the present Age,  
Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,  
Extreamly *short*, and spoke in *Passion* too;  
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for Want  
Of others, make the *Pit* their *Confident*;  
Nor is the Matter mended yet, if thus  
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us;  
Th' Occasion should as *naturally* fall,  
As when \* *Bellarion* confesses all.

Figures

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\* *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.



354 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,  
 Art's *needle's* Varnish to make Nature shine,  
 Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,  
 And in *Description* only claim a Place.  
 But to make *Rage declaim*, and *Grief discourse*,  
 From Lovers in Despair *fine* Things to *force*,  
 Must needs succeed ; for who can chuse but pity  
 A *dying* Hero miserably *witty* ?  
 But oh ! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock  
 Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock !  
 Or else like Bells, eternally they chime,  
 They *sig*h in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.  
 What *Things* are these who would be Poets thought,  
 By *Nature* not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught ?  
 Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve  
 A better Course than this by which they *starve*.  
 But to write Plays ! why, 'tis a bold Pretence  
 To *Judgment*, *Breeding*, *Wit*, and *Eloquence* ;  
 Nay, more, for they must look *within*, to find  
 Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the Mind.  
 Without this Part, in vain would be the whole,  
 And but a Body all without a Soul.

All this together yet is but a Part  
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'ful Art,  
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,  
 From whence the *Romans fainter* Copies drew,  
 Scarce comprehended since but by a few.  
*Plato* and *Lucian* are the best Remains  
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains;  
 Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,  
*Shakespear* and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now.  
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,  
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before;  
 For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,  
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,  
 That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep,  
 The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *Wise* to weep.  
 Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.  
 First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts:  
 Turn it with Time a thousand several Ways;  
 This oft alone has giv'n Success to Plays.  
 Reject that vulgar Error, which appears  
 So fair, of making perfect Characters;  
 There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw  
 A faultless Monster, which the World ne'er saw.

Some

356 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

Some *Faults* must be, that his Misfortunes drew,  
But such as may deserve Compassion too.

Besides, the main Design compos'd with Art,  
Each moving *Scene* must be a *Plot* apart.

Contrive each little *Turn*, mark ev'ry Place,  
As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future Face ;

Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,  
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining* Thoughts to place,  
As what a Man would *say* in such a *Case*.

Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,

The *Player* too must be before your Eyes ;

And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,

To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose no *single* Fop, but lay the Load  
More *equally*, and spread the Folly broad.

The other Way is *vulgar*, oft we see

A Fool *derided* by as bad as *he*.

*Hawks* fly at nobler Game ; in this low Way

A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird* of Prey.

*Ill* Poets so will one poor Fop devour ;

But to *collect*, like *Bees* from ev'ry Flow'r,

*Ingredients*

*Ingredients* to compose that precious Juice  
Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for *Use*,  
In spite of Faction this would Favour get:  
But \* *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,  
Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall  
So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,  
That all his Fools speak *Sense*, as if *possess*,  
And each by *Inspiration* breaks his *jest*.  
If once the *Justness* of each Part be lost,  
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.  
That silly Thing Men call *Sheer-wit*, avoid,  
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd.  
*Humour* is all, *Wit* should be only brought  
To turn agreeably some *proper* Thought.  
But since the Poet we of late have known  
Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their *own*,  
The better by *Example* to convince,  
Cast but a View on this *wrong Side* of *Sense*.

First a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,  
Where ev'ry Reason is *exactly* weigh'd;

Which.

---

\* An admirable Character in a Play of *Shakespear's*.

358 *The Duke of Buckingham's*

Which once perform'd, most opportunely 'comes  
 A *Hero* frighted at the Noise of Drums,  
 For *her* sweet Sake, whom at *first Sight* he loves,  
 And all in *Metaphor* his Passion proves;  
 But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,  
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He freight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,  
 And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *die*;  
 But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells  
 The *absent* Nymph how much his Flame excels,  
 And yet bequeaths her *generously* now  
 To that dear Rival whom he does not know ;  
 Who freight appears (but who can Fate withstand?)  
 Too late, alas ! to hold his hasty Hand,  
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,  
 At which this very *Stranger's* Heart is broke ;  
 He more to his *new* Friend than Mistress kind,  
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind ;  
 Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *Charms*  
 To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.  
 How shameful, and what monstrous Things are  
 these?  
 And then they rail at those they cannot please ;

Conclude



Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,  
 And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's* Head.  
 When the *intrinsic* Value of the Stage  
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age;  
 For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,  
 May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a Time.  
 But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,  
 And *Sense* no longer will *submit* to Fools.

By painful Steps we are at last got up [*Epick*  
*Parnassus* Hill, on whose bright airy Top *Poetry.*]  
 The *Epick Poets* so divinely shew,  
 And with *just Pride* behold the rest below.  
*Heroick Poems* have a just Pretence  
 To be the utmost Reach of human Sense;  
 A Work of such inestimable Worth,  
 There are but *two* the World has yet brought forth,  
*Homer* and *Virgil*; with what awful Sound  
 Do those mere Words the Ears of Poets wound?  
 Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest  
 Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast,  
 So these *Gigantick* Souls amaz'd we find,  
 As much above the rest of human Kind.

*Nature's*

360 *The Duke of Buckingham's, &c.*

*Nature's* whole Strength *united*, endless Fame,  
 And universal Shouts attend their Name.  
 Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,  
 For all Things else appear so dull and poor.  
*Verse* will seem *Prose*; yet often on him look,  
 And you will hardly need another Book.  
 Had \* *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,  
 Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill;  
 As something of *Divine* the Work admir'd,  
 Not hop'd to be *instructed*, but *inspir'd*:  
 But he disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,  
 Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,  
 Describ'd the *Seeds*, and in what Order sown,  
 That have to such a vast Proportion grown.  
 Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,  
 Who thro' this *Labyrinth* has giv'n the *Clue*.  
 But what, alas! avails it poor Mankind,  
 To see this *promis'd Land*, yet stay behind?  
 The Way is shewn, but who has Strength to go?  
 Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?  
 Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,  
 And yet has *Judgment* to direct it right?  
 Whose *just* Discernment, *Virgil* like, is such,  
 Never to say too little, or too much?  
 Let such a Man begin without Delay,  
 But he must do much more than I can say;  
 Must above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too, prevail,  
 Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater  
 (*Spencer* fail.

---

\* A late Author.

F I N I S.

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London, Printed for George Strahan. 1713.

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Translated by several Hands.

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MVSEVM  
BRITAN



